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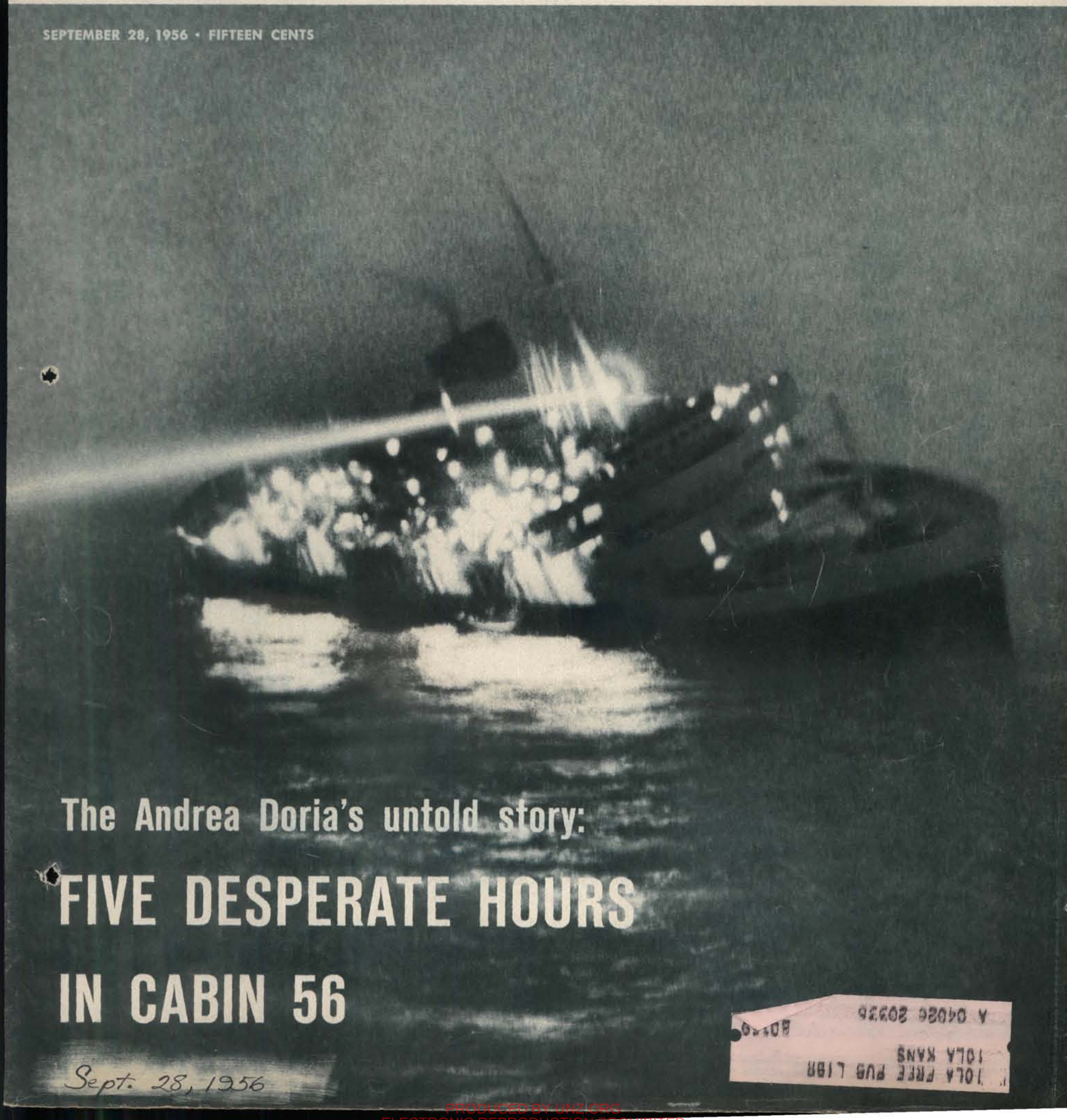
SEPTEMBER 28, 1956 • FIFTEEN CENTS



The Andrea Doria's untold story:

FIVE DESPERATE HOURS IN CABIN 56

Sept. 28, 1956

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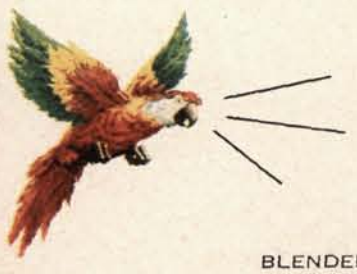

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A CALL TO SOMEONE OUT OF TOWN MEANS SO MUCH—AND COSTS SO LITTLE

When things happen—and they do every day—don't save them. Share the fun while it's fresh. Telephone. Calling out of town is quick and easy to do. It's the personal way to keep in touch with family and friends. And it costs so little. Somebody you know would like to hear your voice—and your news—right now.

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FIRST COWBOY SUIT

"It's just what I wanted, Grandma!"

FISHERMAN'S REPORT

"They're hitting like crazy, Bob!"

SURPRISE VISIT

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"How I use Murine for tired eyes"

Lilly Daché
Fashion and beauty authority

"I'm always on the lookout for *any* good idea", says Lilly, who's famous for her fashion ideas. "Murine is wonderful! So refreshing when my eyes feel tired or dull." Why don't *you* latch onto this pleasant and helpful idea? Get a bottle of gentle Murine—use a couple of drops in each eye any time you want your eyes to feel soothed and refreshed—quick as a wink.

MURINE *for your eyes**

The Murine Co. Inc., Chicago, U.S.A.
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COLLIER'S

September 28, 1956 Vol 138 No. 7

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COLLIER'S, title Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., is published every other week and sold simultaneously in the U.S. and Canada. Entered at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Paul C. Smith, President; Vance Johnson, Peter J. Dennerlein, E. P. Seymour, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, David R. Cunnison, William D. Phelan, John R. Reiss, Robert N. Woodruff, Sumner Blossom, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS in the U.S. and Possessions, and Canada, are priced at 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. All other countries, 1 year $7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in U.S. funds. Address all subscription correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Subscription Department, 204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Please give both old and new addresses.

CHARACTERS in all fiction stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary.

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One of these eight will go to the hospital this year

It is true that, on the average, one out of every eight Americans will go to the hospital this year. It may be because of accident, sudden illness or need for surgery, or it might be a happy occasion like the birth of a baby. In any event the chances are that you or members of your family will need hospitalization *several* times in the course of your family life.

The cost of illness or injury can be a sudden and staggering blow to the family budget. Not only may there be medical and hospital expenses, but also loss of income. This is why it is well to be prepared for such an emergency . . . to have one of Metropolitan's new Accident and Sickness Policies to help pay for your loss of time from work . . . and, of course, Hospital and Surgical Expense Insurance to help cover the cost of hospital confinement or surgery.

How do you select such insurance policies? No advertising message could give you a complete answer to this question. Two of the more important considerations, however, in selecting sickness insurance are:

1. Choosing a policy which contains benefits appropriate to your family needs, at a premium cost within your budget.

2. Insuring with a company which has the facilities and the reputation for giving prompt and considerate attention to your claims.

Sound, competent advice by an insurance expert can help tailor a plan suitable to your needs. Your Metropolitan Representative is such a person. He has been carefully trained in the analysis of insurance needs, and he is interested in helping you get the most coverage for your money.

With Representatives located in more than a thousand Local Offices in the United States and Canada, insurance service *the Metropolitan way* is always nearby. You will find it a continuing source of comfort and security to know that in times of emergency . . .

Metropolitan service is
as local as Main Street . . .
as close as your phone

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please have my local Metropolitan Representative bring me more information about Accident & Sickness and Hospital & Surgical Expense Insurance. 10-56-C.

Name_____ **Age**_____

Street_____ **Wife's Age**_____

City_____ **State**_____

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Appointment with

ONE OF THE REASONS, although by no means the only reason, that I never caught Oscar Levant on his television show was that it was not seen on the East Coast. Consequently I am not sure what he said that got him his walking papers, although I gather he was too outspoken in his comments on movie personalities.

Well, what on earth did they hire him for in the first place? Did they want him to go just so far but not beyond so far? Were they expecting maybe Minerva Pious? Dr. Frank Baxter? Tom Frandsen? Don McNeill?

Speaking of Levant, I notice his friend Clifton Fadiman is now making like Sam Levenson with a children's quiz show. Fadiman is getting to be the Harry Wismer of Channel 2.

* * *

WHAT I AM ABOUT to say may get me in wrong at a very fine club I belong to in New York, which was founded by a group of gentlemen who owned and bred dogs. So if I am read out of the club I trust that the members of the Radnor or Rose Tree hunts will adopt me.

You see my sense of fairness forces me to suggest that if those television ads brag about the horse meat that is being used in dog food, the stables should be able to find some use for chopped-up dogs. This is a two-dog household and I love both animals, but I have always known more about horses than about dogs, and while I never have overestimated the horse's intelligence, I have been fond of them all my life; and it seems to me they get a rough deal.

Mr. Hemingway and the rest of the bullfight people pay hardly any attention to what happens to the horses in the bull ring, although they talk about the nobility of the bull. The horse's defense against the horns of the bull is speed, but by the time a horse gets into a bull ring it is not going to be clocked at under 10 minutes for the mile.

And these TV ads about horse meat for dog food make me sad. According to an English sporting magazine I read the other day, there is a serious shortage of saddle horses in the British Isles, and in this country the mule is getting as scarce as the Eohippus. I repeat: I love our Golden Retriever and our Toy Poodle, but I don't like to think that the Retriever's coat and the Poodle's wool are so healthy because they are being fed out of the Stud Book.

* * *

EVERY YEAR toward the end of July, the earliest days of August, there comes a slight touch of coolness in the air that is different from all other coolness. It may come only for a minute or two and is gone then for as much as three weeks. But I have breathed that first coolness and I know that another autumn that I love is on the way. Autumn everywhere that I have been is lovely. It has been, and will be again, the early darkness of the New York evenings; the self-conscious young men with their squash bats in their hands and the well-bred kids in their school caps and the excitement of dinner parties and the new shows. And it will be nights when I was alone and walking through the towns of the Middle West, knowing no one but feeling in the midst of homes. And of course it will be football. Rides home or back to New York after big games and little ones, some that I had covered for my paper and some that I had gone to because I loved a girl and some I had gone to because I loved the game. And back beyond those days: the new corduroy suit for school, the new blue suit for the dancing school that I pretended to be bored with but was not. A girl who was pretty and is still pretty, almost forty years later. The moon. The aromatic smoke. The new music from the shows. The new start. That's what it was, among many other things. The new and exciting start, and so much going to happen in the quickly darking evenings. But I could write and write for years and tell it all as I feel it, as I have seen it, without sharing the sweetness that is not sweet and the sadness that is not gloom.

* * *

A YOUNG WOMAN I knew once came back from a football game at New Haven and I saw her that night in "21." She was oddly depressed and when I asked her why she said: "I can tell *you*. Do you remember when we were in school, we used to say to some dumbhead, 'You're so dumb you won't get out of school till 1940.' Remember how we used to think 1940 was the end of the world? Well, I saw some boys at Yale today and they were wearing hats with 1940 on them."

I've been thinking about that because the last Union veteran of the Civil War has died, and I vaguely remember a story in The American Boy about the last veteran of the Civil War. It was laid in the future, a future so remote that I had not even begun to write the annual Memorial Day newspaper interviews with Civil War veterans. (My grandfather was an officer in the Union Army. In fact my daughter had a great-grandfather who fought for the North and a great-grandfather who fought for the South.)

Those bonds you bought during World War II—remember how far off their maturity seemed?

* * *

I WAS NOT GOING to comment on the threatened separation of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, because it makes no difference to me. Fortunately, however, their parting does give me another opportunity to be helpful. I suggest that Martin do nothing until he has heard from Harold Stassen.

* * *

WHEN I BECOME Impartial Chairman of the Broadcasting Industry one of my first rules will be partial to the composers of songs. The other night a lyric writer was being interviewed, and naturally he favored us with snatches of forty or fifty of his hit songs, each of which got a nice hand. But the funny thing was he never once mentioned the name of the man who had written the music, and it was quite possible to infer that the writer of the lyrics was also the writer of the tunes. As a matter of fact most of the tunes were written by Harry Revel, and if you want to know the name of the man who wrote the lyrics, you get no help from me. My rule as Imp. Chrmn. will state that when lyric writers wish to leave out the name of the composer, they will have to leave out the music and just talk the words.

* * *

A YOUNGISH SOCIETY MATRON of my acquaintance has perfected a maneuver that I submit to my friends among the less well-known movie actresses. When the photographer is shooting groups of two or more couples my society acquaintance always manages to get in the group all right, but she also manages to be the only one who resolutely does not face the camera. It is always as though she were so attentive to the conversation of her husband—which I doubt—or to some other man that she has no idea her picture is being taken. She frequently ends up the only person standing in profile, and, naturally, the one whose name you look for first in the caption.

—JOHN O'HARA

Oscar Levant got his walking papers from a West Coast TV program. Were they expecting maybe Minerva Pious?

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More road horsepower for hill climb! Bob Unser sets a new record in 1956 Pikes Peak Hill-Climb Race in car powered with a Jaguar engine and Champion spark plugs. Champions give him more power in his family car, too.

New Champion spark plugs can increase road horsepower by 24%!

Tests show new Champions can give you an immediate boost in road horsepower if you have driven about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change

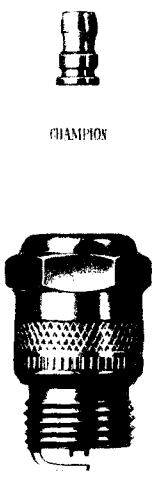
WHATEVER make of car you drive, you'll be amazed at the difference in performance a set of new 5-rib Champions can give you.

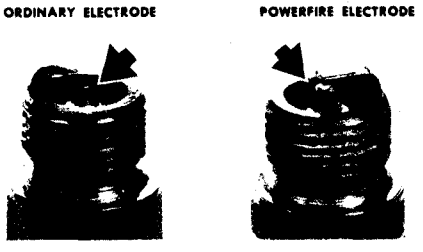
That difference has been proved *conclusively* in tests by independent engineers. When they put new Champions in cars whose plugs had gone 10,000 miles or so, there was an *immediate* increase in road horsepower – the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels! *The average gain for all cars tested was 24%!*

There just never has been a spark plug to match these new 5-rib Champions! Replace your old plugs with Champions today. You'll feel the difference *at once!*

CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS





New Powerfire electrode stands up better in today's engines. Photo shows how ordinary electrode (*left*) burns away. Champion's Powerfire electrode (*right*), after identical use, is still good for many more miles of powerful, full-firing performance.

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ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF
STANDARD BRANDS INC.

This coffee tells you it's fresher

It greets you with a louder *whoosh* and the livelier aroma that forecasts fresher, fuller-flavored coffee in each satisfying cup. Why? Because Chase & Sanborn Coffee is the *only* leading brand that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than any vacuum can or bag.

Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand.

Chase & Sanborn

Fresher because it's pressure packed

A remarkable new instant coffee is underneath this lid . . .

Yes, you can now enjoy Chase & Sanborn's famous flavor in this brand-new full-bodied instant!

THE FULL-BODIED INSTANT 100% PURE COFFEE IT'S NEW!

New Instant Chase & Sanborn

COLLIER'S CREDITS

A FORCE OF 10 photographers, artists, researchers, interpreters and reporters backed up writer Cornelius Ryan on the story of the Andrea Doria's Cabin 56. In a matter of days after the ship went down, these people collectively had learned more about the tragedy than almost anyone involved in it.

One of the most interesting things they did, and an example of the trouble they went to, was to go aboard the Doria's sister ship, the Cristoforo Colombo, when she came into New York two weeks after the sinking. Four men spent several hours reconstructing the minute-by-minute movements of Dr. Thure Peterson and other key figures in the "five desperate hours," as Marvin Newman photographed them. This was done for the benefit of John Groth and Mel Hunter, whose illustrations are a major part of our feature.

MARVIN NEWMAN

Left to right, Ryan, Carter and Groth act out exciting moment in Doria drama

As they acted out the scenes of heartbreak and heroism, Ryan, reporter Christopher Carter, Groth, Newman and Hunter got so in the mood of the drama that they found themselves leaning against the Colombo's bulkheads to simulate the list of the stricken Doria.

Here we see the moment when Peterson (Ryan), frantically searching for help, runs into first-class headwaiter Pietro Nanni (Carter) and cabin-class waiter Giovanni Rovelli (Groth).

★ ★ ★

THE MAROTH BAT—which figures in Tom Meany's piece on the livelier ball—was invented by a man who never saw a ball game in his life before a few weeks ago, when he attended a Little League match between Westport and Wilton, Connecticut (his home town). The main reason he went was to start the pint-sized players swinging a Little League version of the Maroth Bat.

Andrew Maroth says, "I've been working about 14 hours a day as long as I can remember, and I haven't had time for baseball, I'm sorry to say."

Maroth is a consulting engineer and inventor who expects his company to make 50,000 of the bats next year (you can get one for $12.95) and is confident that it will revolutionize the game—perhaps by teaching Mantle to swing slower, for reasons the story explains. The Maroth gauge, which is the key to the whole invention, will also be adapted for use in golf clubs, tennis rackets and any place else where it's important to groove or time your swing. It operates on a principle which permits it to measure speeds that are circular in motion. That's centrifugal force, you know, and it's as much as we feel prepared to explain right now.

Buzzy Bavasi, vice-president of the Dodgers, now has Maroth figuring out how to attach the measuring device to the throwing hand of a pitcher, so he can determine the guy's centrifugal force and find out if he's throwing too slow or too fast, or whether he should be a first basemen, let's say.

Or in the stands tossing bags of peanuts underhand to the customers?

★ ★ ★

WHAT A SMALL WORLD! While we're running the second installment of Ed Sullivan's autobiography (page 66), in the same issue is a short fiction story by his friend and Sunday night TV rival, Steve Allen. Even better, it gives us a chance to repeat this one from Allen's latest book, The Funny Men:

He tells how the world came to be divided into the various time bands, or zones. The man who devised the plan was a nineteenth-century Norwegian scientist named Andersrag. Alex Andersrag. To this day you will hear people talk about the Alex Andersrag Time Band.

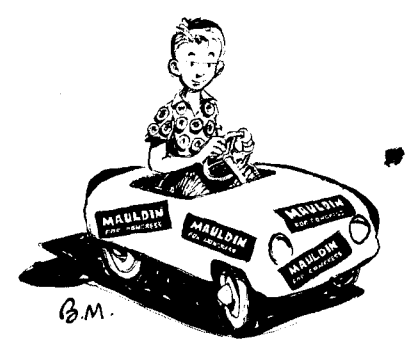
★ ★ ★

BILL MAULDIN hopes that his drawings of voters (page 38) won't cost him any votes. So do we. What is really costing him votes is the behavior of his four boys, Andy, eight; David, six; John, four; and Nathaniel, two.

They are nuts about campaign buttons and stickers, like any kids, and as fast as Mauldin has them made, they grab handfuls of them and the whole neighborhood in New City, New York, breaks out in a rash of MAULDIN FOR CONGRESS mottoes on hats, lapels, pants and whatnot. "All these kids are considerably below voting age," Mauldin complains to his wife, Natalie, "so it's a complete waste."

If Mauldin's elected, he'll be the first Democrat ever sent to the House of Representatives from the sprawling 28th District on the west bank of the Hudson River. He's the first to campaign piloting his own airplane and jeep, too. We're not allowed to endorse any candidates here, so all we can say is he's the best man in the race. He's running against Mrs. Katharine St. George, the incumbent.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.



Mauldin shows us how young, nonvoting Andy Mauldin hogs campaign propaganda

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THE OLD CROW PORTRAIT GALLERY

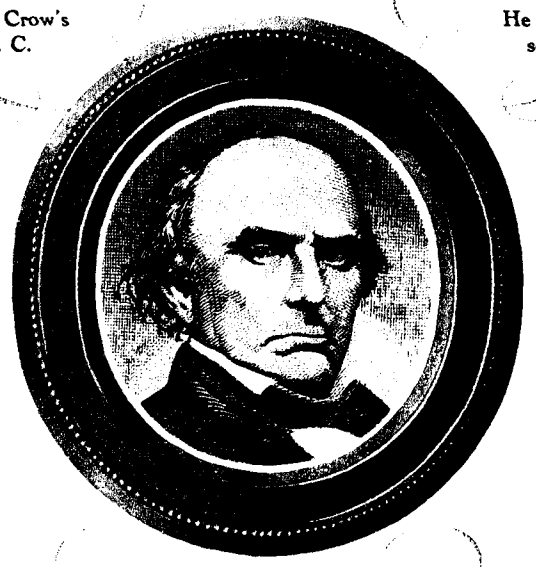
Famous men of history who enjoyed Old Crow . . . the finest Kentucky bourbon ever put into glass

HENRY CLAY

The famous Kentucky Senator ordered James Crow's whiskey for his home in Washington, D. C.

MARK TWAIN

He paid a visit to the Old Crow Distillery to see how his favorite bourbon was made.



DANIEL WEBSTER

This great orator proclaimed Old Crow, the whiskey of his choice, as "the finest in the world."

JACK LONDON

Friend and neighbor Martin Eden received a gift of Old Crow from this celebrated author.

GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN

Leader of Morgan's Raiders, he sent Old Crow ("as good as ever went down your throat") to a friend.

Today enjoyed by millions-Old Crow-now in a milder, lower-priced 86 Proof bottling!

Scan the pages of Old Crow's past and you will see a proud procession of celebrated men who knew and enjoyed Dr. James Crow's bourbon generations ago.

Today, Old Crow is more popular than ever, for it is available in a milder, lower-priced 86 Proof bottling, companion to the famous 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

100 Proof Bottled in Bond Kentucky Straight Bourbon available as usual.

OLD CROW

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.

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The Secret

By STEVE ALLEN

"Interesting," a voice said. "Yes," I said, not looking away from the body on the table

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS

I DIDN'T know I was dead until I walked into the bathroom and looked in the mirror. In fact, I didn't even know it then. All I knew for sure was that I couldn't see anything in the mirror except the wallpaper behind me.

I think I just stood there for perhaps ten seconds. Then I reached out and tried to touch the mirror, because I thought I was asleep on the couch in the den and I figured that if I moved around a bit, so to speak, in my dream I could sort of jar myself awake.

The first moment I really knew I was dead was when I couldn't feel the mirror. I couldn't even see the hand I had stretched out to touch it. That's when I knew there was nothing physical about me. I had identity, I was conscious, but I was invisible. I knew then I had to be either dead or a raving maniac.

Just to be sure, I stepped back into the den. I felt better when I saw my body lying on the couch. I guess that sounds peculiar, but what I mean is, I'd rather be dead than insane. Maybe *you* wouldn't, but that's what makes horse races.

My next sensation was that there was something pressing on my mind, some nagging matter I had almost forgotten. It was very much like the feeling you sometimes have when you walk over to a bookshelf or a clothes closet, let's say, and then suddenly just stand there and say to yourself, "Now why did I come over here?" I felt a bit as if I had an imminent appointment.

I went over to the couch and looked down at myself. The magazine was open on the floor where it had slipped from my hand, and my right foot had fallen down as if I might have been making an effort to get up when I died.

It must have been that round of golf that did it. Larkin had warned me about overexertion as long as three years ago, but after a fearful six months I had got steadily more confident. Inactivity annoyed the hell out of me. I remembered the headache that had plagued me over the last three holes, the feeling of utter weariness in the locker room after the game. But the cold shower had refreshed me and I felt pretty good when I got home.

It had come while I was asleep, that's why I didn't recognize it. I mean, if it comes in the form of a deathbed scene with people standing around you shaking their heads, well, it's no surprise. But it came to me while I was lying there asleep in the den after reading the magazine. When I found myself standing in front of the mirror I thought it was all just part of a dream.

It wasn't, of course. You know that. You do if you read the papers, anyway, because they played it up pretty big on page one. *Westchester Man "Dead" for 16 Minutes.* Notice those quotation marks around the word "dead." That's always the way the papers handle it. I say "always" because it happens all the time. Last year alone there were six of us around the country. Ask any of us about it and we'll just laugh good-naturedly and tell you the papers were right, we weren't dead. What else could we tell you?

So there I was, beside the couch, staring down at myself. I felt a flicker of some kind that would be hard to describe: an urgency, an anxiety, a realization that I had left a few things undone. Then I tried a ridiculous thing. I tried to get back into myself. But it wouldn't work. I couldn't do it alone.

Jo would have to help, although we had just had a bitter argument. She had been in the kitchen when I had gone in to take a nap. I hurried to the kitchen. "Jo," I said, but of course she couldn't hear me.

However, suddenly she stood up, wiped her hands, and walked down the hall to the den. I don't know how, but in a vague way she had got the message.

She let out a tiny scream when she saw the color of my face. Then she shook me and said, "Oh, my God," and started to cry, quietly. Thank Heaven she didn't go to pieces or I wouldn't be able to tell the tale today.

Still crying, she ran to the hall telephone and called Larkin. He was at the house inside of ten minutes. I remember he ran past me as I stood at the door of the den and knelt down beside my body on the couch. "When did you find him?" he said.

"Ten minutes ago," Jo said.

He injected the body with Adrenalin, and then they bundled "me" off to the hospital. I followed.

I never would have believed a crew could work so fast. Oxygen. More Adrenalin. And then one of the doctors pushed a button and the table my body was on began to lift, first at one end and then at the other, like a slow teeter-totter. "Watch for blood pressure," Larkin whispered to an assistant.

I was so fascinated watching them I did not at first realize I had visitors.

"Interesting," a voice said.

"Yes," I answered, without consciously directing my attention away from the body on the tilting table. Then I felt at one and the same time a pang of fear and the release of the nagging anxiety that had troubled me earlier. I must have been expecting them. There was one on each side of me.

The second one looked at the body, then at Larkin. "Do you think they'll succeed?" he said.

"I don't know," I said. "I hope so."

The two looked at each other. "Would it matter so much to you either way?" one of them said.

"Why, yes," I said. "I suppose it would. I mean, there's work I've left unfinished."

"Work isn't important *now*, is it?"

"No," I agreed. "It isn't. But there are things I have to do for Jo, for the children."

Again the two seemed to confer, silently. "What sort of things?"

"Oh," I said, "there are some business details. There'll be legal trouble, I'm sure, about the distribution of the assets of my firm."

"Is that all?" the first one said, coming closer to me. Larkin began to shake his head, slowly. He looked as if he were losing hope.

Then I thought of something else. "You'll laugh," I said, "but there *is* something."

"What is it?" asked the second one.

"I would like to apologize to Jo," I said, "because we had an argument this afternoon. I'd forgotten I'd promised to take her and the children out to dinner and a movie. We had an argument about it. I suppose it sounds ridiculous at a time like this but I'd like to apologize to her. And I'd like to take the children to see that movie, even if it is some cowboys-and-Indians thing that'll bore the hell out of me."

THAT'S WHEN IT ALL BEGAN to happen. I can't say that suddenly the two were gone. To say *I* was gone would be more to the point. They didn't leave me—I left them. I was still unconscious, but now I was on the table, myself.

That night when I woke up, I felt weak and shaky. There was some kind of an oxygen tent over my chest and head, and my mouth felt dry and stiff. But I was alive. I could see Larkin and I could see Jo. She looked beautiful.

The next day the men from the papers came around and interviewed me. They wrote that I was in good spirits and was sitting up in bed joking with the nurses, which was something of an exaggeration. It was almost a month before I could keep that date with Jo and the kids.

People still ask me what I felt while I was "dead." They always treat it as something a little bit amusing. And I go along with it, of course. You can't say to them, "Why, yes, I was dead." They'd lock you up.

Funny thing about it all was that I'd always been afraid of the idea of death. But after dying, I wasn't. I always knew I'd eventually die again, but it never worried me. I did my best to make a go of my relationships with other people and that was about the size of it. One other thing I did was write this little story and give it to a friend of mine, to be published only after my death.

If you're reading it, that means I've gone again. But this time I won't be back. THE END

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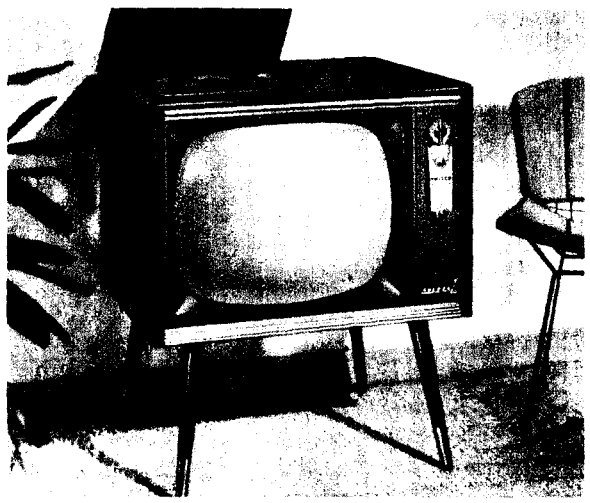

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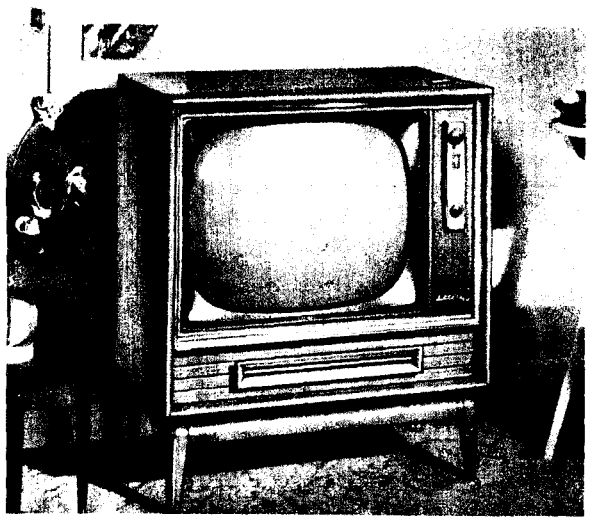

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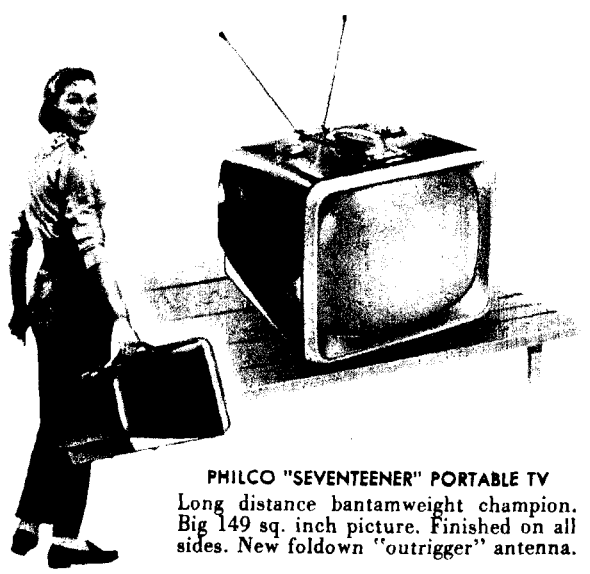

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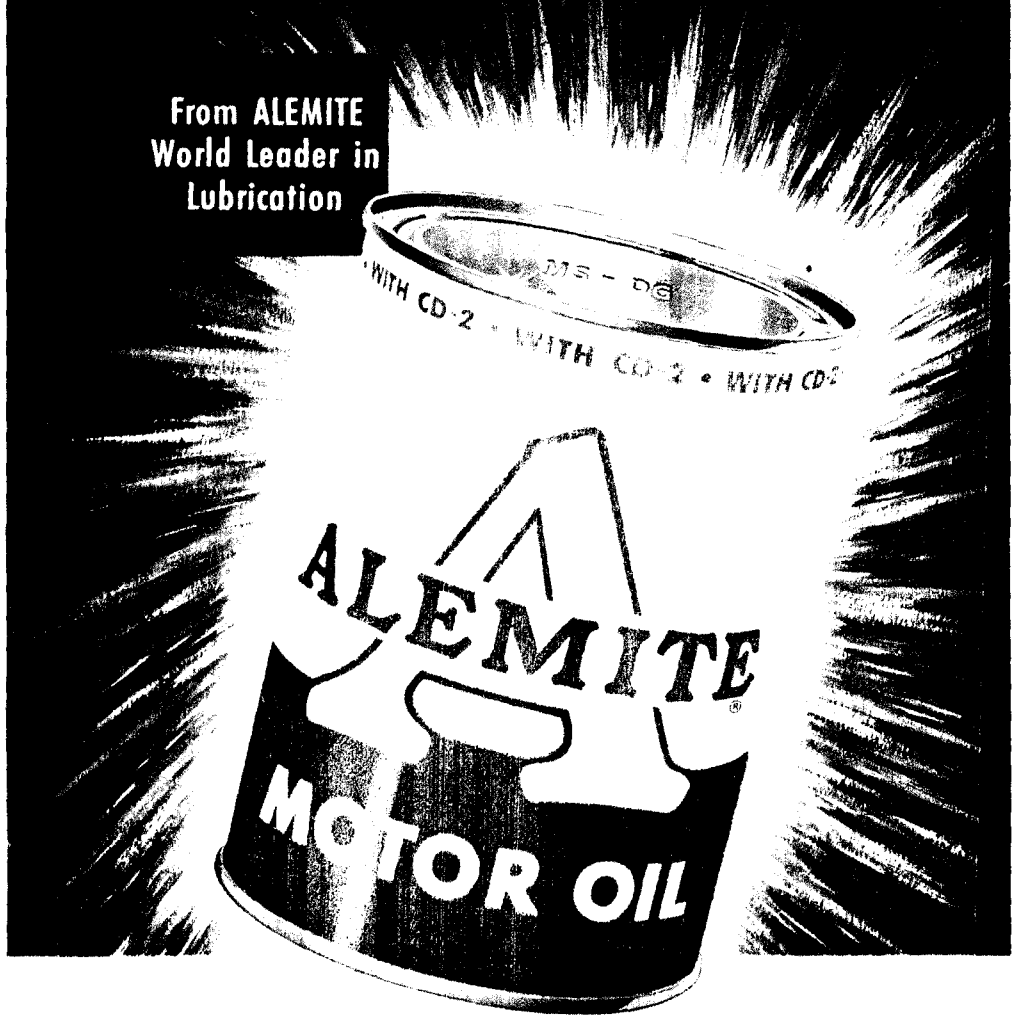

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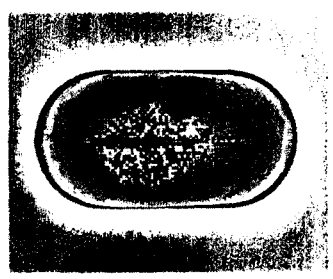
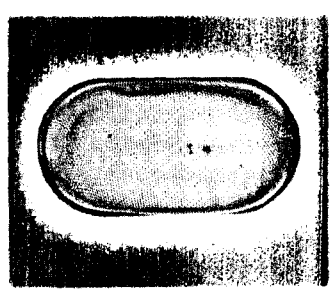


BEFORE. Photograph of car's oil screen after service test using conventional motor oil. Note filter-clogging deposits of sludge.



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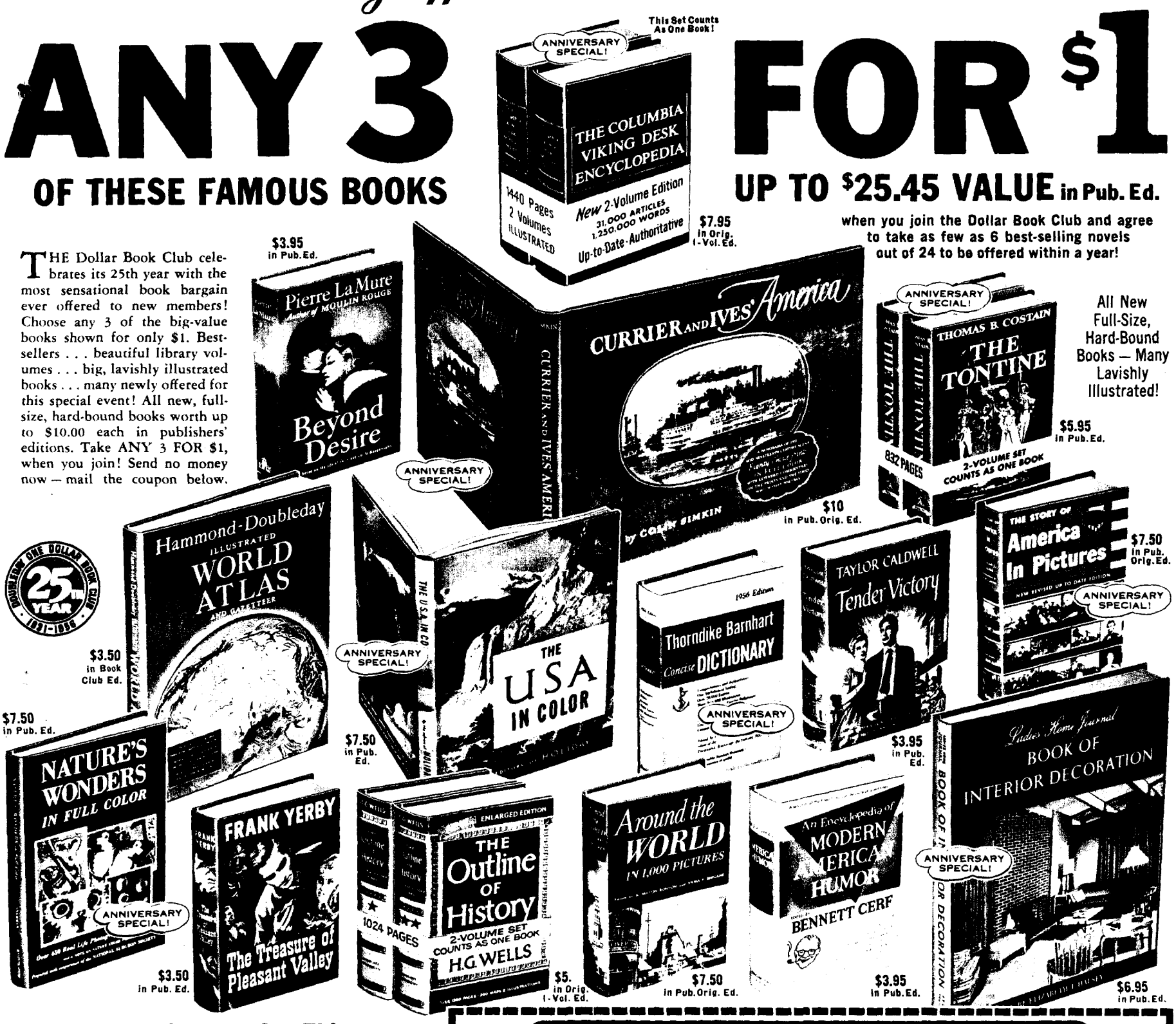

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states of mind

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By WALTER DAVENPORT

To those of you who think running a newspaper is a soft job, complete with every other desirable reward, Mr. Will Sumner, Jr., of the Evansville (Wisconsin) Review would like a word. "How," asks Mr. Sumner, "would you like to spend your wedding anniversary listening to the city council discuss sewer extensions? Or whether creosoted telephone poles are as good as those treated some other way?"

★ ★ ★

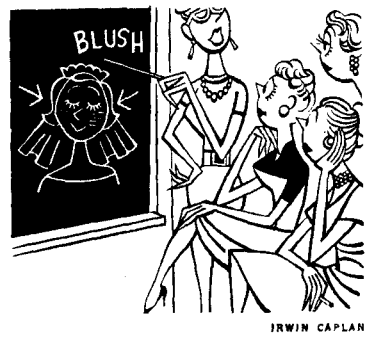
This week's report from Minneapolis, Minnesota, is all about two gentlemen meeting for the first time. It happened in an extra large supermarket. Neither had been there before. Said the first: "Pardon me, sir. Do you know where I can find the meat department?" Replied the other: "Brother, I can't even find my way out."

★ ★ ★

Until wiser words are uttered on the subject, we're lining up with Judge William B. Neely, who at that Child Welfare Conference in Los Angeles, California, spoke as follows: "When an adult behaves like a juvenile, we simply call him adolescent. But when a juvenile acts like some adults he sees, we call him a delinquent."

★ ★ ★

It says here in this unidentified newspaper tear-out that a short course in blushing can be had by prospective brides at Miss Jenkinson's beauty salon.



Graduates will thus be equipped to save the local newspaper's society editor from making a bum of himself in describing "the blushing bride." As we say, that's what it says here.

★ ★ ★

The Honorable Sam Geddes, California legislator, has struck a blow in behalf of those of us who are not ashamed to look a cow straight in the eye. To the management of the Solano County fair he said: "Every cow has two ends. Why then should we fairgoers viewing these stanchioned creatures be compelled to look only at their tails? Turn them around. They may be as interested in seeing us as we are to see them." And this was done, the people and cows meeting face to face for the first time, we understand, in the history of all Solano County.

★ ★ ★

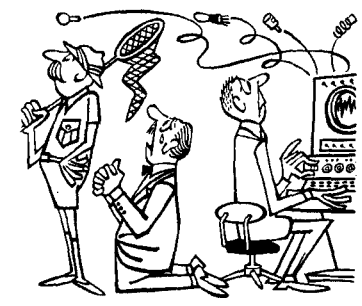
Just a friendly tip to you guys who are touring California: Don't offer a highway patrol cop a cigarette. And above all don't thrust your lighter friendly-like in his direction. He may go into sudden and damaging action. His boss, Commissioner B. R. Caldwell, has warned him that someone has been rebuilding cigarette lighters to fire .22 caliber bullets when the sparker is snapped. Anyway, there's always a chance that the cop doesn't smoke.

★ ★ ★

Just as we arrived at our wit's end —a surprisingly short distance—about how to answer this Illinois gentleman, we received the answer. He wants to know what has become of the cavalry of our armed forces. The Defense Department's report to Congress confesses that the Navy owns six horses, the Marine Corps has 37 and the Army 124. All we need is a few men who have sabers and can ride. Also the Army owns 314 mules, used only in emergencies—such as work.

★ ★ ★

You've heard quite a lot about our country's dearth of young engineers. Congress is being asked to set up a technological West Point to do something about it. But here's worse news:



a shortage of entomologists. Lacking insect-minded scientists, who's going to take the bugs out of the gadgets our government-trained engineers produce? That's what Mr. Al Lo Basso, of Smackover, Arkansas, would like to know.

★ ★ ★

As you are approaching Dover, Delaware, feeling in the need of a bit of nourishment, you'll see a drive-in offering "Pie à la mode with ice cream." You will, that is, if you're alert as Mr. Julius Haddad, touring upholsterer. He says that ice cream gives a nice gustatory flourish to pie à la mode.

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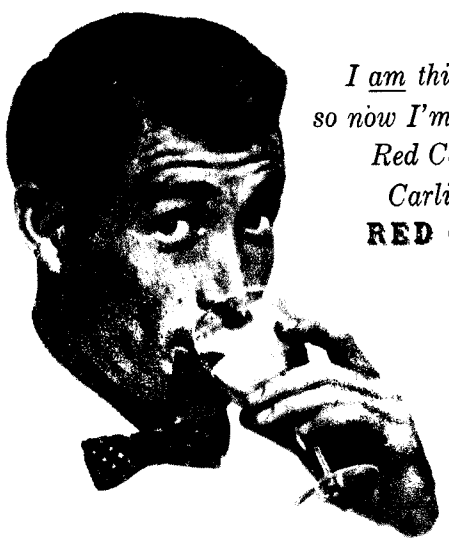
NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only *fine ale* can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP, the *light-hearted* ale! Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.



I am thinking . . .
so now I'm drinking
Red Cap . . .
Carling's
RED CAP *Ale*

THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

LETTERS

The Negro Voter

EDITOR: Congratulations on the Negro voter article (Aug.17th) . . . and in assigning Theodore White to write it. . . . White's combination of facts, insight, objectivity and controlled passion is in the tradition of great magazine writing. . . . CARL RUFF, Board Member, Urban League of Greater N.Y.

. . . Can the Negro voter elect a President? . . . The answer, of course, is yes . . . with the help of white comrades like Harriman, (Mennen) Williams, Stevenson, Roosevelt, Reuther (and) Warren. . . .
CARL STODOR, Chandler, Ariz.

. . . If he uses his head he *will* elect the next President. . . .
HENRY NORDIN, Baltimore, Md.

. . . Should cause all serious-thinking white men and women . . . to see and realize the real story and danger. . . .
A. R. BORNE, Naco, Ariz.

. . . THERE WERE NO NEGRO SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. . . .
E. B. COWLEY, Atlanta, Ga.

. . . An excellent picture of the Negro situation as it exists today in the large centers where they hold the balance of voting power . . . It is also recommended reading for my staff and field-workers. . . . VAL J. WASHINGTON, Director of Minorities, Republican National Committee, Washington, D.C.

. . . A survey of that situation was made under my direction when I was in the White House, and the subject is familiar to me. . . .
HARRY S. TRUMAN, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . Extremely interesting. . . .
GOODWIN J. KNIGHT, Governor of California

Sheer Nonsense

EDITOR: Like your earlier editorial, People's Capitalism, the current Collier's Comment, Every Man a Capitalist (Aug. 17th), is sheer nonsense. . . .
VIRGLE GLENN WILHITE, Professor of Economics, The University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

100 Per Cent Natural

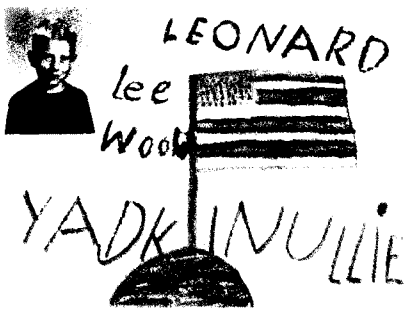
EDITOR: I have never, no never, read a more entertaining story than Ben Masselink's Prove You Love Me (Aug. 3d). It was 100 per cent natural.

Ben Masselink must be a tall, un-co-ordinated young man himself to come forth with such an understanding and amusing story. . . .
CARYL JANE BARNETT, Ludington, Mich.

Author Masselink is a tall, co-ordinated thirty-seven-year-old skin-diver.

Leonard's Work

EDITOR: As soon as your July 6th issue arrived with David Eisenhower's drawings in it, our 7½-year-old son Leonard sat right down and went to work . . . He wanted me to send them to you. . . .
MRS. WILLIAM L. WOOD, Yadkinville, N.C.



Not So Academic

EDITOR: I found your editorial Not-So-Academic Scholarship (Aug. 3d) most interesting and am indeed happy that Collier's supported the Hoffman brothers' endowment (for "average" college students). Collier's must be commended for its courage as well as its foresight. . . . C. V. CARLEY, Berkeley, Cal.

. . . You might be interested in learning that little (capacity: 200 students) Shimer College has spent close to $250,000 in scholarship funds over the past five years to provide "average" students with . . . opportunity . . .

. . . Unfortunately the scholarship funds have been exhausted, and Shimer . . . must raise $75,000 . . . or face the prospect of closing the doors of this remarkable little college this fall. . . . ROBERT L. BOTHWELL, Shimer College, Mount Carroll, Ill.

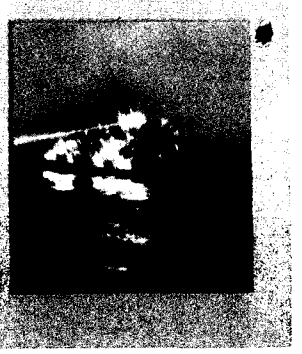
Needling TV

EDITOR: Appointment with O'Hara, as documented by its recent supposed essay on television news (July 20th), only confirms the sad decline into which the once distinguished writer has fallen.

. . . It isn't criticism, which television needs . . . Instead it is sheer malicious mischief. O'Hara writes about radio and television news as a man from

The Cover — **Mike Churchill**

This dramatic photo of the sinking Italian liner Andrea Doria was taken from the deck of the rescue ship Ile de France by a passenger, Mike Churchill, of Philadelphia, with a 35-mm camera. Among the 739 Doria survivors who were brought aboard the Ile de France during the three hours it remained on the scene were two passengers, Dr. Thure Peterson and Mrs. Camille Cianfarra, and a dining steward, Giovanni Rovelli—all three of them principal characters in Collier's exclusive report on the tragedy, Five Desperate Hours in Cabin 56. Told by Cornelius Ryan, it begins on page 22.



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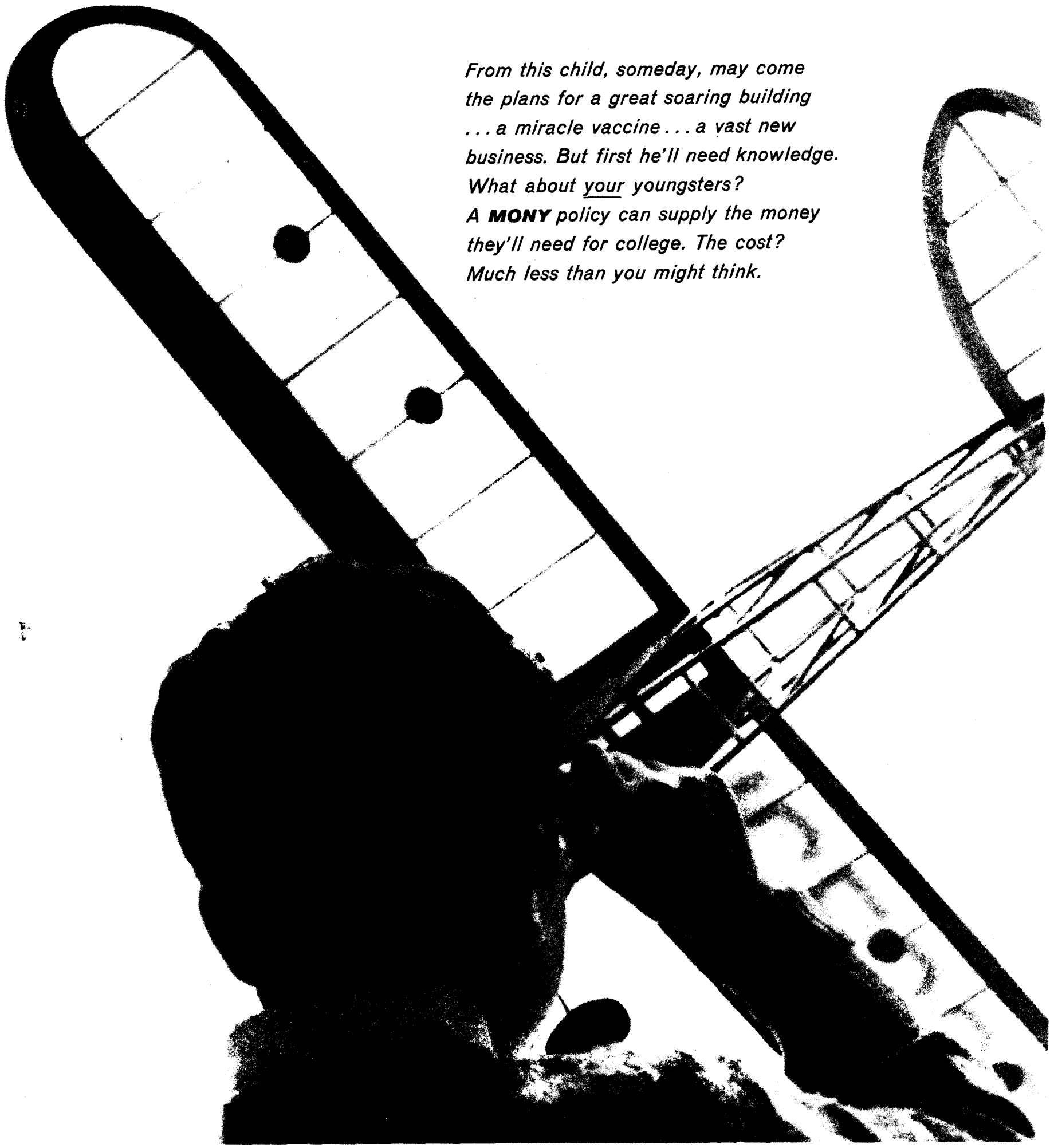
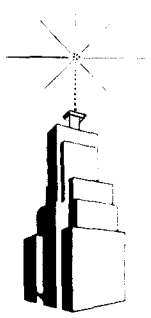


From this child, someday, may come the plans for a great soaring building . . . a miracle vaccine . . . a vast new business. But first he'll need knowledge. What about your youngsters? A ***MONY*** *policy can supply the money they'll need for college. The cost? Much less than you might think.*

WEATHER STAR SIGNALS ON TOP OF OUR HOME OFFICE
Green . . . . . Fair
Orange . . . . . Cloudy
Orange flashing . . . Rain
White flashing . . . . Snow



MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Life Insurance—Accident and Sickness—Hospitalization—
Retirement Plans . . . FOR INDIVIDUALS AND EMPLOYEE GROUPS

MONY offices are located throughout the United States and in Canada.

MONY TODAY MEANS **MONEY** TOMORROW!

For further information, mail this coupon today!

Mutual Of New York, Dept. C96
Broadway at 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

I would like further information about a MONY policy for college education.

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LETTERS

Mars might write about New York after a five-minute visit during which he was hit by a taxi. He doesn't know anything about the subject except that he doesn't like it.

. . . Yours for more responsible and thoughtful journalism—in magazines as well as on the air. JOHN F. DAY, Director of News, Columbia Broadcasting System, New York

. . . Congratulations to John O'Hara for his ridicule of the inanities of radio coverage of conventions and other special events. . . .

CHARLES S. BREWARD, Coral Gables, Fla.

. . . His misinformation, though not boring, is ridiculous. . . .

DAVID A. KYLE, WPDM, Potsdam, N.Y.

. . . I fear that Mr. O'Hara is writing about radio-TV news coverage as it may have been . . . in the Harding-Cox election returns. . . .

WILLIAM BALCH, Minneapolis, Minn.

Вознесенский

EDITOR: There is a serious error in the cartoon by Stan Hunt (Collier's, Aug. 17th, page 35). On the tombstone is written in the second line the word Воз(N)есенский. However, there is no such letter "N" in the Russian alphabet. Is it the letter "H" or "И"?

Даня Томассон, Valparaiso, Fla.

Cartoon editor Jerome Beatty, Jr., testifies that the rough drawing submitted to him was correct in every respect (see reproduction of the first rough draft below). Somewhere between that stage and the final printing, the H was changed to an N.

The man under the stone, by the way, is Nikolai M. Voznesensky, a deputy premier of the Soviet Union before he "disappeared" in March, 1949. He really has been restored to favor, post obitum.

Past and Present

EDITOR: . . . I don't know about you Americans, but everyone else in the world is fed up with your "glorious past" (900 Men Who Shook an Empire, Aug. 17th)—especially in view of your inglorious, to say the least, present. FRANK WYLIE, Victoria, B.C., Can.

. . . Have you reprinted the series: The American Tradition . . . and are they available? . . . DAVID C. ADKINS, Marblehead, Mass.

Not yet.

How Many Sides?

EDITOR: Your article on the Gaza Strip (Aug. 3d) demonstrates in pictures the true story behind the Arab-Israel conflict. On one page we see the poverty-stricken refugees . . . on the next page . . . is pictured part of Egypt's powerful army. . . .

SHELDON PORTMAN, SP3, Camp McCoy, Wis.

. . . It has taken eight years before any responsible publisher has dared to show some of the consequences of this "noble pioneer spirit" that created Israel. VERN M. PINGS, Madison, Wis.

. . . Entirely from Egypt's point of view. . . . LOUIS PENNER, Chicago, Ill.

. . . Not one picture or word about the Israel side. . . .

JULES SCHWARZ, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

. . . It would be encouraging to see a more balanced appraisal . . . in Collier's in the near future. . . .

HILLEL BARDIN, New Haven, Conn.

. . . One-sided and narrow-minded. . . .

LINDA SALZMAN, New York, N.Y.

. . . We Americans need to know more about these fine people, citizens of Palestine, who have been dispossessed by Israeli aggression. . . .

MRS. FAYE REDDING, Chairman, Columbus Committee, American Friends of the Middle East, Columbus, Ohio

. . . Your article infuriated me . . .

ELAINE S. HOCHHEISER, Newark, N.J.

. . . How much foreign aid trickles down to the man at the grass roots? . . .

L. E. ANDERSON, Oakland, Cal.

Into the Pit

EDITOR: John O'Hara (Appointment with O'Hara, June 22d) . . . wrote how Jane Wyatt starred with Dick Powell in a movie called Pitfall . . . Wasn't the title of that movie Triangle? . . .

JOE LOMBARDI, Danbury, Conn.

Collier's research department triangulated the title. It is *Pitfall.*

Where Is Newport?

EDITOR: The article Hot Time in Old Newport (July 20th) would make me ashamed to sign my name to it . . . Rhode Island, as a place, state or otherwise, was never mentioned. Is it so small it doesn't rate? . . .

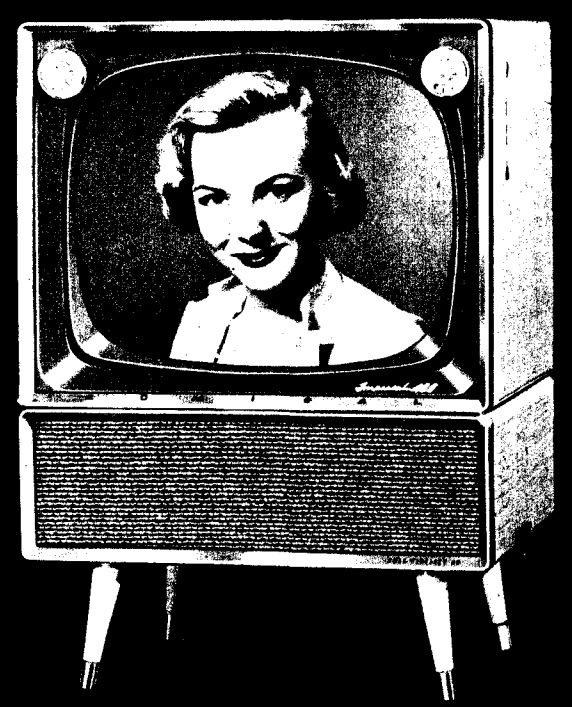
RAY C. SHERWOOD, Orlando, Fla.

Ouch!

NEW! **Admiral** CONVERTIBLE

MOST VERSATILE TV YET! That's Admiral's new *Arlington 21*†—like four sets in one! Has double-bright aluminized picture tube with exclusive deep-tinted Optic Filter Screen for crisply-detailed pictures that won't "wash out". Convenient Top Front Tuning with lighted dial and push-button on-off. Long-range Imperial 400 chassis. Trimly styled cabinets in Mahogany or Blonde Oak grained finishes, Metallic Bronze, Grey Linen, or popular Charcoal finishes.

†Overall diagonal. Viewable area 262 sq. in.



It's a Table Model!

Only 19⅛" high, 24" wide, and 18 7/16" deep, *The Arlington* is designed to look well on almost any table in your home . . . big-screen TV for even the smallest living space!

It's a Consolette!

Matching "Full-Fidelity 88" consolette base (optional) gives you the "console look" at table model price. Enjoy acoustically matched *dual speakers* with second heavy-duty PM speaker mounted in base.

AUTOMATIC POWER TUNING AND REMOTE CONTROL AVAILABLE

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. . . As a writer I was amazed to note . . . application of the obsolete word "authoress" in reference to Elaine Guthrie Lorillard's article (on Newport).

. . . Why should sex be indicated in a purely mental activity? . . .

EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN,
South Orange, N.J.

Collier's authority, as always, was Webster's New International Dictionary.

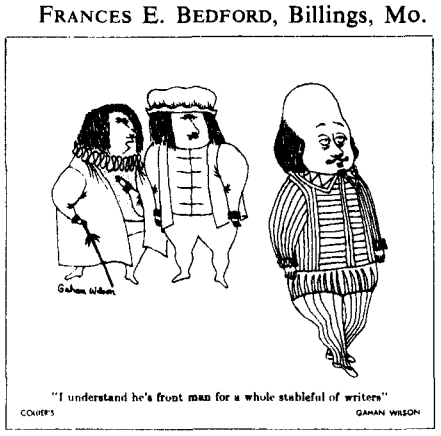
Wilson Did It

EDITOR: Wow! I never thought I'd do such a thing—but Gahan Wilson made me do it.

I cut out that cartoon, and pasted it . . . inside the front cover of my Red-letter Shakespeare. . . .

Give that fellow a free hand . . .

FRANCES E. BEDFORD, Billings, Mo.



What Kind of Magic?

EDITOR: That Old Monroe Magic (Aug. 3d) is the most disgusting thing I've seen in a long time. . . .

REGINE PREUTLER, Rochester, N.Y.

. . . I am amazed to find pictures so far out of line . . .

KARL H. MOORE, Ardmore, Okla.

. . . You must have a new editorial staff. . . .

HELEN K. KELLY,
Springfield, Ohio

. . . A disgrace. . . .

IRENE POWELL, Pampa, Tex.

. . . How refreshing . . . at last a picture of Marilyn Monroe with her mouth closed. . . .

LOUISE BLAD,
Saint Paul Park, Minn.

. . . Just out of curiosity, how many letters did you receive calling attention to the holes in Miss Monroe's hose, page 29?

GWEN S. TYLER, Monticello, Ind.

Two.

No Personality Cult Here

EDITOR: Mr. Peter Kalischer wrote (Upsetting the Red Timetable, July 6th): "One man alone . . . can claim credit for breathing life into South Vietnam: fifty-five-year-old President Diem . . ."

. . . President Ngo dinh Diem has never claimed that the achievements in Free Vietnam . . . have been the results of his work *alone* . . . Personality cult is not at all encouraged by President Ngo dinh Diem. In fact he has always discouraged it.

. . . An illustration of this is the banning of the song Suy Tôn Ngô Tông Thông (Let Us Worship President Ngo) from the movie theaters where it had been played together with the national anthem.

TÔN-THÂT-THIÊN,
Acting Chief of the Press Bureau,
Presidency of the Republic,
Saigon, Vietnam

New Features

EDITOR: I find that Family Living in Collier's is becoming for me what the Woman's Page in The New York Times is. I don't turn to it first, but I definitely work toward it. . . .

MRS. FRANK J. MUENCH,
New York, N.Y.

Who Got Shots?

EDITOR: Has author Robert Zacks discovered a new preventive for malaria (Wise Guys Finish Last, Aug. 17th)? I did not know there were any shots for this.

LEONARD J. SCHIFF, M.D.,
Plattsburg, N.Y.

There aren't. That was Mr. Zacks's version of poetic license in his short story about golf and India.

An Apple at Dawn

EDITOR: In your August 17th issue you ran a special article (Kim Novak—She Walks at Sunrise).

She is seen purchasing an apple from the cart of a vendor who doesn't know her from a "pomegranate." The man in that picture is my father. . . .

VINCENT D'AMATO, New York, N.Y.

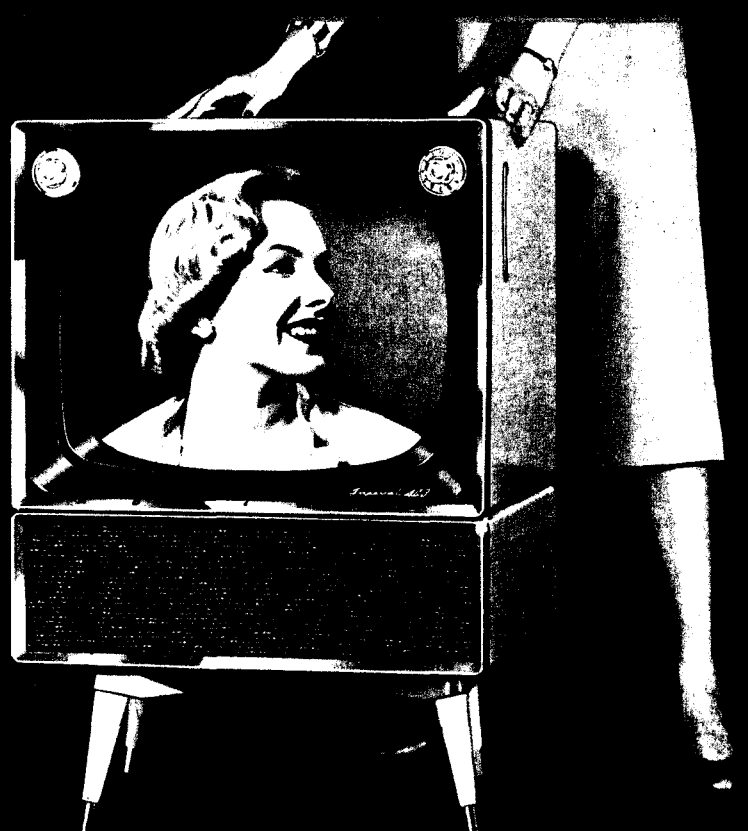
. . . Keep this up and you will succeed in spoiling her as they did Marilyn Monroe. Too bad; she actually has talent. J. A. SCHNEIDER, Chicago, Ill.

No Wonder

EDITOR: The interview with Frank Lloyd Wright in your August 3d issue is about the best I've ever read.

No wonder he is a great architectural designer! JAMES D. SCARSDALE,
Minneapolis, Minn.

TV! . . . . Yours to Enjoy 4 Ways !



It's a Swivel Consolette!

Just add Admiral's optional "Lazy Susan" swivel to the base, and your dual-speaker consolette will turn a full circle. Place it where it does most for your room setting, yet enjoy head-on viewing wherever you sit!

It's a Roll-Around TV Cart!

Big 5-inch rubber wheels (optional) turn *The Arlington* into an easy-rolling TV cart that glides over doorsills and carpets. An exciting new entertainment idea that brings you television enjoyment wherever you want it!

AT SLIGHT EXTRA COST ON MANY ADMIRAL TELEVISION MODELS

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IMPORTED

MARTINI & ROSSI

IT'S DELIGHTFULLY LIGHT... downright delicious. Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks"— and taste why so many smart people are serving it today!

EASY TO SERVE! Pour Martini & Rossi Imported Sweet or Extra Dry Vermouth, or half and half, over ice. Add twist of lemon peel.

FOR
Matchless Manhattans
OR
Marvelous Martinis

MAKE THEM WITH
MARTINI & ROSSI
SWEET OR EXTRA DRY
VERMOUTH

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Why don't they?

PROVIDE inexpensive, disposable cardboard or plastic combs in dress shops so hairdos ruffled while trying on dresses can be quickly repaired?—*Mrs. J. Blackey, New York, N.Y.*

WRAP typewriter ribbons in specially prepared paper which can be used to wipe ink off your fingers after the new ribbon has been placed in the machine? —*Nancy Brown, Caldwell, N.J.*

PUT a loop inside all men's work pants similar to the hang-up loop inside coat collars to save belt loops from wear and tear when hanging up pants?—*Stanley E. Edwards, Tucson, Ariz.*

MARKET plastic covers for baby-carriage wheels so carriages can be brought inside without tracking up floors?— *Mrs. L. E. Gehrig, Mahopac, N.Y.*

INDENT telephone receivers so that women don't have to remove earrings to talk on the phone?—*Sharon Lea Swartwood, Cheektowaga, N.Y.*

EQUIP cars which have automatic transmissions with a horn button on the floor that works like the headlight dimmer —*Glen Thompson, Peoria, Ill.*

MANUFACTURE filing cabinets with hydraulic lifts so that by stepping on a lever you can raise the cabinet to the desired level and not have to bend over? —*Mrs. G. E. Sargent, Seattle, Wash.*

MAGNETIZE sewing thimbles so that pins and needles can be picked up easily?—*John Thorpe, Glenview, Ill.*

MAKE an alarm clock with a double face for the night table between twin beds so that both sleepers can see the time?—*Mrs. F. J. Holleran, Jr., Roslyn Heights, N.Y.*

FURNISH cafeteria tables with built-in ash trays that have revolving tops and waste bins out of sight below. This will eliminate the need to clean ash trays each time the table is cleared.—*Helen Martilla, Worcester, Mass.*

IF YOU'VE A NEED no one seems to have filled, address a post card to Why Don't They?, Collier's, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Each published idea is worth $5. No contributions are returned or acknowledged. If ideas are duplicated, earliest postmarks get precedence.

Now they've done it!

Unusually useful for both house and garden: A power tool that tills, cultivates and mulches the soil, trims and edges the lawn, and has attachments that make it a floor scrubber-waxer-polisher, power drill, bench grinder and table saw. Weighing 10 pounds it's equipped with a handle and switch like a vacuum cleaner, and an electric motor with reduction gear powerful enough to work the toughest soil, including clay, up to six inches deep.

For bounced and jounced truck and tractor drivers, there's a seat with a torsional rubber-spring suspension system that soaks up shock, levels out erratic pitches and jolts, and is said to provide the smoothness of a passenger-car ride.

Tired of sewing up or skewering stuffed poultry? An aluminum plate fits snugly over the opening after the bird is prepared and hooks right into the skin. It's easily attached, comes off readily after roasting, and is re-usable indefinitely.

For comfort in bed: A new adjustable headboard you can hang on the wall behind a Hollywood or cut-down bed, or slip over an old headboard. It has sliding padded cushions that slip forward and adjust to any angle, float with movement of the mattress and are upright when not in use.

A new clothes rack for kids grows right along with them and measures their growth too. The upper tubular steel rod on the two-piece unit raises to any level up to 64 inches, has an imprinted ruler to show the child's height.

A door bumper that goes on the hinge saves walls, cabinets and doors from damage—and eliminates the problem of floor stops. Quickly installed on the top hinge pin, it's adjustable for regulating the door opening.

To end baby chasing, there's a walk-around trainer-exerciser with an "anchor" on one rear wheel of the frame. Result: Junior, holding on inside it, can move about as much as he likes—but always within a five-foot safety circle. Also for safety, it's built on the principle of an untippable turtle.

JAMES FLORA

If you'd like to process your own color film, a new outfit makes it possible without a darkroom. It contains a day-load tank with clear transparent reel for more convenient re-exposure, a processing kit, plus all materials and chemicals needed.

LAWRENCE GALTON

NAMES AND ADDRESSES of manufacturers or distributors of the items mentioned above will be sent to any reader who requests them. Mail your inquiry, with a self-addressed stamped envelope, to Now They've Done It!, Collier's, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.

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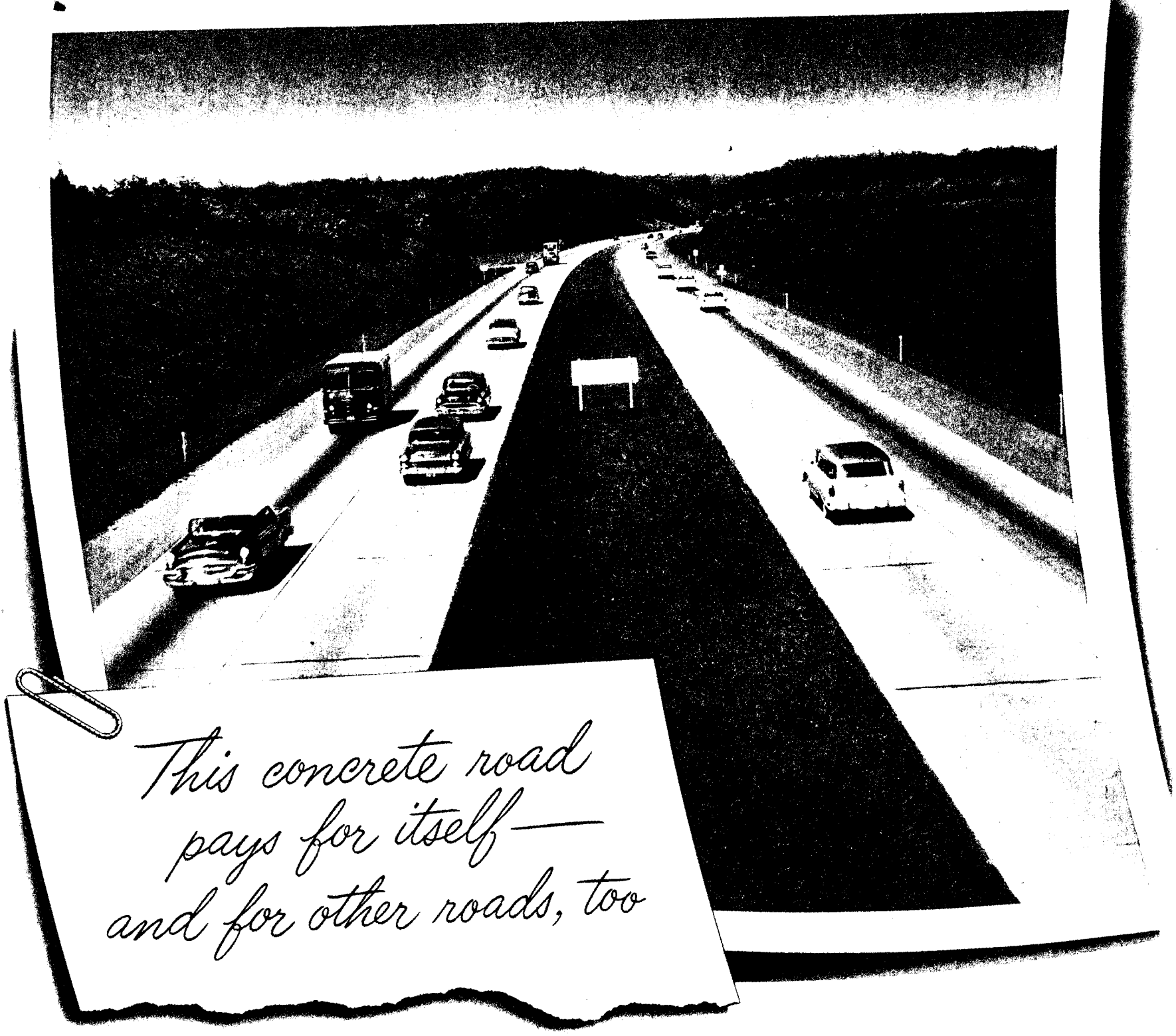

This concrete road pays for itself— and for other roads, too

The gas taxes and license fees you and other highway users pay to drive on a road represent that highway's "earnings". Some roads earn less than they cost *per year* to build and maintain. Others earn more than their *annual cost*. Those "dividends" can be invested in urgently needed highways.

A typical good investment is Shirley Memorial Highway, which runs south from Washington, D. C., into Virginia. The section shown above carries a daily average of 30,000 vehicles. Here's how its earnings and profits are computed:

Number of vehicles traveling road daily	30,000
times average vehicle tax per mile in Va.	$.00745
equals road's earnings per day per mile	$223.50
times number of days in a year	365
equals annual earnings of road per mile	$81,578
minus annual cost to build and maintain such a road during its expected lifetime	$10,000
equals annual net profit per mile	$71,578

Other concrete roads, like Shirley Memorial Highway, pay big dividends to highway users because they cost less per year to build and maintain during their lifetime than other pavements even though they carry the heaviest traffic.

Besides proven economic advantages, concrete roads offer drivers a maximum feeling of security. Their gritty, skid-resistant surface affords an extra measure of protection, *even when the pavement is wet*. And their light color makes a big difference in visibility at night, when driving conditions are most hazardous.

This combination makes concrete the logical choice in the huge road building program ahead, especially on the vital 41,000-mile National System of Interstate Highways. These are your roads so support sound highway planning. And write for the informative booklet, "*Save Lives, Save Dollars with Concrete*". It is distributed only in the U. S. and Canada.

Concrete
SERVES
HALF A CENTURY
AND MORE

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
33 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois
A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

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An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

Since the success of all retailing depends largely on ability to deal with people, most trainees for executive positions in department stores must do actual selling during their training periods.

Should your child go into Retailing?

A Discussion Led By **FRED LAZARUS, Jr.**

President, Federated Department Stores, Inc.

and Reported by LLEWELLYN MILLER

OVER 100 YEARS AGO my grandfather started a small retail clothing store in Columbus, Ohio.

Among my earliest and happiest memories is that shop—the neat shelves—the new merchandise coming from distant cities—the stream of customers, each one interesting and different.

As a child I thought the merchant's constant study of people, their needs, tastes, and buying habits was the most fascinating career a man could choose.

I still think so.

However, when I was asked to tell parents about the opportunities for young people entering my business, I hesitated. The first thing a good retailer learns is that every commodity is not attractive to, or suitable for, every customer. It is the same with careers. Because retailing has been so satisfactory a lifetime occupation for me, I wondered if I might not recommend it too enthusiastically. So I asked four other executives from some of Federated's ten divisions, comprising 37 stores, to join me in a round-table discussion.

Two of them were born into retailing families, as I was. Two started at the bottom, without any connection in the business. All have made outstanding successes and can speak with authority on what retailing offers—and asks of—boys and girls today.

OPPORTUNITIES

Walter N. Rothschild (Chairman of the Board, *Abraham and Straus*, Brooklyn—7,200 employees):

I think we should stress the great variety of jobs and careers the one word, retailing, represents. Many people think of retailing mainly in terms of the people they see most often—the sales staff. That staff is a vital part of our business, but dozens of different talents and skills back up every sale across the counter. In a big department store there is at least one employee behind the scenes for each salesperson.

The merchandising end of retailing requires many highly paid executives—division and department managers, buyers and their assistants. Buyers make from six to a dozen trips a year to New York, Chicago, Europe and many other places in search of the newest in fashions, furniture and everything else from alarm clocks to zippers that a department store sells. Merchandising is appealing and financially very rewarding to the young men and women who enjoy the competition and responsibility of buying and selling. But retailing offers other appealing careers, too.

If a child has creative talent, he can find retail advertising an absorbing career. It is a big field for copywriters, artists, display experts, promotion and public relations specialists.

If a child has a good head for figures, he may want to aim at becoming the Comptroller—one of the most important top executives. He heads a big department that uses accountants, economists and efficiency experts, as well as clerical workers.

Personnel is an interesting and highly valued department, since hiring, testing and training for promotion is a key backstage operation.

Retailing needs decorators, research engineers, home economists, shipping and traffic experts, customer counsellors—the list is endless. It is hard to mention any special interest or talent that cannot find a rewarding place in retailing.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES

Max Levine (President, *Foley's*, Houston—2,800 employees):

There is nothing static in retailing. Each day is different—new people, new merchandise. And promotion is faster than in other fields for two reasons. One: retailing requires more executives than most other businesses—about 10 percent of our employees have executive rating. Two: effectiveness, or lack of it, shows up immediately in a sales book, the department report or the pulling power of an advertisement. No one works in the dark. The person who is not getting ahead can see for himself that something is wrong, and has a chance to correct whatever is holding him back before getting discouraged or confused.

I am thinking of a young man in retailing who started six years ago as a salesman. It was his first job. He did not do very well at the start. But he was bright and determined. He took training courses. Today, after six years, he is a buyer making $16,000 a year.

Harold D. Hodgkinson (Vice President and Chief Executive Officer, *Filene's*, Boston—4,500 employees):

Such fast recognition is not unusual in retailing. A recent survey shows that half of the top executives in our industry are under 35. A very attractive aspect of promotions in retailing is that they nearly always come from within. The ambitious young person who does one job well is in line for the next highest. "Pull" does not count for much against actual experience and performance.

You remember the story about the owner who lost his General Manager. "Whom are you going to hire to

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replace him?" he was asked. "A new stockroom boy, of course," he said.

That illustrates amusingly, but with a good deal of truth, how everyone usually moves up in retailing when top spots open.

Ralph Lazarus (Executive Vice President, Federated Department Stores, Inc.—32,900 employees):

Many young people worry about there being room at the top in any profession they are considering. The future looks bright for people coming into retailing now. Our population is growing at an unprecedented rate. New and bigger stores will be needed to keep pace. One of our chief concerns, right now, is finding enough young executive talent. That is one of the reasons you find free training courses in most big department stores. Sometimes classes are given on company time. Sometimes they are held before or after store hours. In all cases there is no charge.

Mr. Hodgkinson: Most training courses are thorough. Our course at Filene's runs for two years, fall and spring. It covers every function of the store. This means that the employee who likes another department better than the one he is in can prepare for either transfer or promotion.

Mr. Levine: In retailing, as in other businesses, you can build your whole career in one company. But, also, a young person who wants to move to another city, because of new interests or opportunities, can do so. For example, I have worked in Boston, New York, Columbus and Houston. There are nearly 2,000,000 retail stores in this country. Skills learned in one are useful in the others. The only disadvantage I can think of is what the movies do to us. They always show department store executives as fuss-budgets or comics. There is nothing funny about retailing. It's a big, exciting opportunity for both men and women.

Mr. Rothschild: Hours can be somewhat long for executives. Most stores stay open one night a week, and Saturday is a busy time rather than a holiday. However, stores also have found ways to spread responsibilities, giving their executives normal work weeks. Nevertheless, a successful merchant often is accused of being "married to his job." But stop and think what that means. It means that retailing is so fascinating a career that it is not just a job to be forgotten when the store closes. Nothing is standardized and dull when you are studying and serving the ever-changing needs of the public. And the competition of retailing has the excitement of a game as well as the rewards of a business.

SALARIES

Mr. Hodgkinson: Sometimes we are told that our starting salaries should be higher. They already are good, considering everything that goes with them. Employees get from 10 to 20 percent discount on purchases, saving them, in the aggregate, literally millions of dollars a year. Meals in employee restaurants are served at or below cost. On-the-job training and business administration courses are free. Many stores have generous sick leave, medical care, hospitalization and insurance plans. Most important, young people who choose retailing as a career, not as a stop-gap, do not stay at starting salaries long. After that, ability is their only limit.

Both the merchandising manager (left) and the department buyer (right) are interested in the sales and profit possibilities of wares offered by the manufacturer's representative.

Here a department manager briefs the sales people on her staff as to the qualities and selling features of a shipment of merchandise that has just been received and is to go on sale.

Mr. Fred Lazarus, Jr.: I think we should emphasize the chance for quick recognition. Because our business is expanding, every department head is alert to spot and train the young staff member who can help him improve his department. The bright youngster can move up from a beginner's salary very quickly in most big stores. Junior executives make between $6,500 and $8,500. Many buyers earn from $10,000 to $30,000. Division heads make from $18,000 to $50,000 in big stores.

Mr. Levine: There are substantial incomes, too, for those people whose greatest talent is selling across the counter. I know a salesman in a household appliance department who works on salary and commission. He just turned down a promotion. He likes selling and is averaging, with commissions, as much as many buyers.

PREPARATION

Mr. Hodgkinson: All of us here are college graduates, but I think we agree that four years of college is not an absolute essential for many of the top spots in retailing, though they are a decided asset.

Mr. Rothschild: I want to emphasize, though, that we are delighted to get good high school graduates who want to come directly into retailing as a career.

Mr. Ralph Lazarus: Formal education is far from our only consideration in looking for young executive talent, but I advise as much college as parents can afford.

Mr. Levine: Some high school graduates are mature enough for fast advancement. But I strongly advise the boy or girl who needs to pay his own way in college to get a part-time job in retailing and get experience and education at the same time.

QUALITIES FOR SUCCESS

Mr. Hodgkinson: First and foremost—a natural, outgoing friendliness that comes from interest in others. The successful retailer must understand and have a warm liking for all kinds of people. Boys and girls popular with older people, as well as their classmates, have a good start.

Mr. Ralph Lazarus: Ability to cooperate is important, Retailing is teamwork all up the line. Young people who enjoy clubs, group sports, church and neighborhood activities show the instinct to work with others that is essential in retailing.

Mr. Levine: Leadership. The youngster who organizes games or parties, is elected to a student-body post, works on the school paper or other group enterprises shows a talent needed for success in retailing.

Mr. Rothschild: Initiative: The boy who gets a job to buy himself a bicycle, or the girl who baby-sits to get herself a dress or a trip shows the drive, ambition and resourcefulness that retailing asks.

Mr. Fred Lazarus, Jr.: Common sense: The youngster who behaves sensibly in small day-to-day emergencies shows the good judgment so important in our business. A major difference between retailing and most other careers is that it calls for being right in hundreds of small decisions, rather than in just a few big ones. Good common sense and the understanding and liking of others give the good batting average that means success.

If your child is interested in retailing, let him do a little window shopping and make sure. It is easy to sample our business. It won't be hard for your boy or girl to find a temporary job in a store next summer or during the Christmas holidays.

Let him see for himself the things, in addition to a good income, that make retailing so absorbing to those of us who know it from the inside—the endless interest in finding and offering for sale the newest necessities as well as luxuries; the stimulation of being in touch with people from every walk of life; the warm reward of joint effort with others who have many different talents and skills; and, perhaps best of all, the fascination of belonging to a basic industry in which service to the public is a watchword, a challenge and an opportunity.

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HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

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This article on Retailing is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry *and* Personnel Work. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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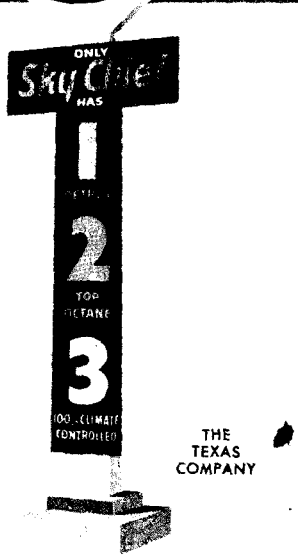

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COLLIER'S SEPTEMBER 28, 1956

The Andrea Doria's untold story:

FIVE DESPERATE HOURS IN CABIN 56

It was their final night aboard ship; they were nearly home. Then the nightmare began

By CORNELIUS RYAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: At 11:10 o'clock on the night of July 25th, the impossible happened. Two transatlantic passenger liners, equipped with radar and all the other electronic aids of modern navigation, collided in the open ocean. The prow of the 12,165-ton Swedish liner Stockholm, less than 12 hours out of New York with 750 passengers and crew bound for Scandinavia, knifed 30 feet into the starboard side of Italy's 29,100-ton Andrea Doria, inbound from the Mediterranean with 1,706 passengers and crew. The scene: 45 miles south of Nantucket Island.

Within minutes, the greatest sea-rescue operation in history was under way. As the Andrea Doria slowly heeled over to starboard, lifeboats from the damaged but still navigable Stockholm and at least 15 other ships that had responded to the two ships' SOS—among them the French liner Ile de France—began ferrying the stricken Italian vessel's passengers and crew to safety. Within five hours, all survivors but the captain and a handful of volunteers had been taken off. Sometime after dawn, they, too, left—and almost exactly 11 hours after the collision, the Andrea Doria went down. The final count of those who had been aboard showed: 1,661 rescued, 45 dead or missing. Five crewmen aboard the Stockholm also had died or were missing.

Millions of words already have been published about the collision and its aftermath. But the most dramatic story of all has never, until now, been told. It is the story of what happened in first-class Cabin 56 on the Upper Deck of the Andrea Doria after the Stockholm's bow plowed into the Italian liner and crumpled the cabin to matchwood.

Primarily, it focuses on four people: an American chiropractor and his wife, returning from a European trip for which they had planned and saved 12 years; another woman passenger (Mrs. Camille Cianfarra, wife of the eminent New York Times foreign correspondent), who was hurled into their cabin by the impact of the collision, and a cabin-class dining-room steward whose greatest ambition had been to be assigned to first-class passengers.

The story of the next five hours in the lives of these people makes a true narrative of heroism and horror, terror and tragedy more incredible than fiction. It begins on the next page. . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH

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AHEAD lay Cannes and the voyage back home to the United States. Dr. Thure C. Peterson and his attractive wife, Martha, relaxed as their hired, chauffeur-driven limousine swung onto the coast road and rolled swiftly through the tropical scenery of the French Riviera.

Peterson turned to his wife. "Marty," he said, "we're nearly there."

The ocean voyage would be the first for both of them and Peterson wondered, as he idly watched the white, pink and russet-colored villas flash by, if he'd be seasick on the elegant Andrea Doria.

A month before, the Petersons had flown to Sweden to visit the birthplaces of their parents—a trip for which they had planned and saved since 1944. They had toured Denmark and Switzerland —and now, ahead, were nine days at sea on Italy's most luxurious liner.

Mrs. Peterson was excited about the voyage, but her husband was a little disappointed. He and Marty had planned a trip through Italy prior to boarding the Doria. But they had lost a week because Peterson, an internationally known chiropractor and president of the Chiropractic Institute of New York, had been invited to give a series of lectures before European chiropractors who were meeting in Switzerland. He had tried, without success, to switch their reservations to the Doria's sister ship, the Cristoforo Colombo, due to sail from Genoa 13 days later.

But he had been able to get plane reservations. Back in Zurich, Peterson had tentatively booked two seats on a flight leaving a week later and scheduled to arrive in New York July 26th. Marty was against flying home. From the very beginning she had set her heart on the ocean voyage. "Darling," she had said, "let's forget the Italian tour altogether —you're all tired out after the Switzerland lectures anyway. And we're not as young as we used to be. The voyage home will give you a good chance to rest up."

Peterson had to agree that Marty was probably right. They weren't as young as they used to be—he was fifty-seven, Marty was fifty-five; and reluctantly he had to admit that that nine-day rest sounded good.

So it was a few minutes before five that afternoon—July 17th—that Thure and Martha Peterson, with ten pieces of baggage, two raincoats, two cameras and two first-class tickets which had cost them $1,040, boarded the graceful Andrea Doria at Cannes. "Well," said Marty gaily, as they climbed on board, "we made it—didn't we?"

From the moment the Petersons came on board they were swallowed up in the gleaming world of the 29,100-ton luxury liner. At the top of the stairs on the Upper Deck and to the right was their cabin: Number 56. It had twin beds, separated by a wide built-in chest. One bed ran beneath the twin portholes, the other against a blond, veneered paneled wall which backed an elevator shaft. There were two low beige upholstered chairs and a thick carpet on the floor. At the portholes and the baggage closet in the entrance hall were beige and maroon plaid curtains.

After a quick look around the cabin, Marty hurried over to one of the portholes. She was disappointed to find that, being only five feet three inches tall, she couldn't see out of it. Her husband had no such trouble—he is a big man, over six feet tall and weighing more than 200 pounds.

"Well, which bed do you want?" Peterson asked his wife.

Marty hesitated for a moment, then walked over to the bed against the inside wall which backed up the elevator shaft.

"This one," she said.

IT WAS SOME TIME before their luggage was brought up. When it arrived they began to unpack. Marty had come well prepared. She had a different evening dress for nearly every night aboard ship. But like a good housewife, with one eye on the budget, she'd shopped for the materials herself, had the gowns made by a dressmaker friend in their home town, Upper Montclair, New Jersey. In the midst of her unpacking, she took out several of the dolls she'd bought for her granddaughters in each of the countries the Petersons had visited. Then she carefully rewrapped them and put them away. She thought that her daughters, June and Peggy, would be pleased with all the things she'd bought for her five grandchildren.

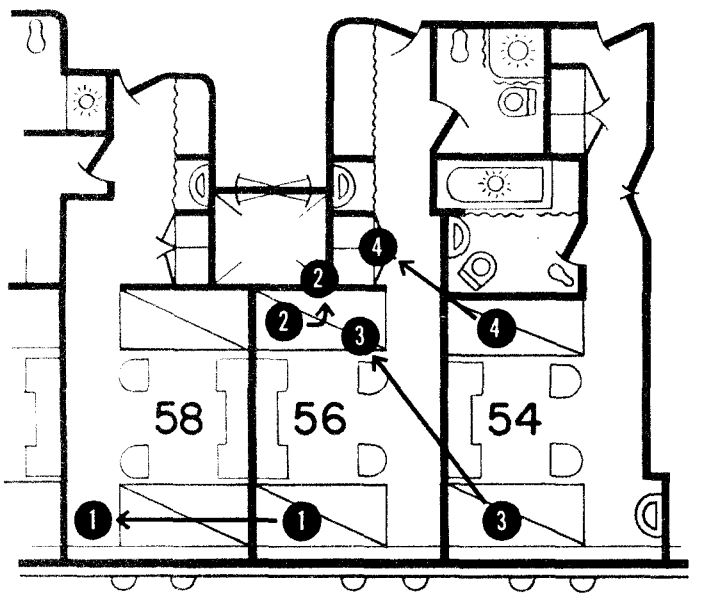
Their minor duties finished, the Petersons left their cabin and walked up one flight of steps to the Promenade Deck and entered the first-class cocktail lounge. The hurry was over, the voyage had finally begun.

THREE DECKS BELOW the Promenade Deck a wiry, 48-year-old crewman named Giovanni Rovelli lay asleep. Within eight days, this cabin-class waiter from Genoa and first-class passenger Peterson of New Jersey were to be bound together as men are only in war or catastrophe.

Gino occupied the upper berth in one of the three double-decker bunks in the sparsely furnished six-man crew cabin. On the afternoon before, while the ship still lay in Genoa, he and his wife Pina, and their seven-year-old son, Gianni, had visited the shrine of the Madonna of the Mountain, which overlooks the harbor of Genoa. As always, the last hours before a sailing were difficult. Gino hated to leave his family and their four-room apartment on the Via Carlotta Benettini in Genoa. But the sea has always been more than just a job to Gino. As he has told Pina many times: "When the soul is brought to the sea, there she stays."

When Gino woke up, he glanced at his watch and carefully washed and dressed. Then he hurriedly made his way to the cabin-class dining room. For him, the voyage meant 12 to 15 hours a day of hard work.

Kneeling in the tangled wreckage of Cabin 56,



Here's where occupants of Cabins 54 and 56 were thrown by the collision. No. 1 represents Peterson, No. 2 Mrs. Peterson, No. 3 Mrs. Cianfarra, No. 4 Cianfarra. The shaded area was destroyed

THE NEXT MORNING the Doria arrived at Naples; two days later it stopped briefly at Gibraltar. The Petersons, who had wondered about their next-door neighbors, saw that a family, boarding at Gibraltar, had Cabins 54 and 52. These new passengers were Camille Cianfarra, the New York Times correspondent in Spain; his wife, Jane; their eight-year-old daughter, Joan, and Cianfarra's step-daughter, Linda Morgan, fourteen. The Petersons never did find out who occupied Cabin 58, on the other side of them.

By the time the Doria reached the Atlantic and began its 101st crossing, the Petersons had made

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Thure Peterson gives his trapped wife morphine injection while Mrs. Camille Cianfarra, also caught in debris, waits her turn. Steward Gino Rovelli tears at rubble

many new friends and were enjoying every minute of the trip. They even had met the Doria's fifty-eight-year-old captain Piero Calamai on the bridge and he had shown them the radar. They could clearly see the outlines of the Azores which they were passing. The voyage was everything they had hoped for—until the afternoon of July 25th.

ON THAT DAY, the Doria's last day out of New York, Peterson noticed the first wisps of fog about 2:00 P.M. By 4:30 P.M., he could hardly see the water through the portholes. "This could delay us," he told Marty.

Gino, too, had noticed the fog. Just before he went upstairs to serve at dinner, he told one of his cabinmates, Menotti Calligaris: "I don't like that mist. It was like this on the San Miguel on the Oslo run one time. We rammed the Binna coming down the fiord. She sank in 15 minutes."

Menotti turned on Gino angrily: "To hell with you and your presentiments."

The Petersons entered the first-class dining room a little after eight. They had a leisurely dinner. To celebrate their last night on board, they ordered a half bottle of champagne. Throughout the meal of roast beef, mixed salad and fresh fruit, they heard the muted bass notes of the foghorn.

They decided to turn in early. When they entered their cabin at 10:30 P.M., they found that the maid had put Peterson's bathrobe (he slept nude) on Marty's bed. Her white pleated nylon nightgown lay on the bed nearest the portholes.

"Marty, do you want to switch beds for the final night?" Peterson asked his wife.

"No—you keep that one, I'll stay where I am," she told him.

Peterson locked the door. Marty undressed, got into bed and picked up a book she had bought in Denmark.

"I haven't got a darn' thing to read," he told her. He took off his glasses, put his watch on the chest and turned out his light. It was just before eleven. The last thing he heard before dropping off to sleep was Marty's voice: "I can't keep my eyes open." Her reading light went out.

At about the same time, Gino went below to his cabin on A Deck, got ready for bed and climbed into his bunk. He worked for a little while on his

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hobby: algebra. After about 20 minutes, he removed his glasses and glanced at his ancient watch, hanging on a chain from a pipe just above his head. It was 10:50 P.M. Gino switched off his bunk light.

Like a great city, the Andrea Doria was slowly quieting down for the night. The mist that had become fog had thickened and, like felt, padded the onward rush of the ship as she slipped through the night. In the ballroom some people were still dancing. Elsewhere, passengers listened to music, strolled the decks or took leave of their shipboard acquaintances over nightcaps in the various bars. But many, like Gino and the Petersons, had already retired. In Cabins 54 and 52 the Cianfarras had gone to bed.

The occupants of Cabin 58, whom the Petersons had never seen, were not in bed. They were two priests, Fathers John Dolciamore and Richard Wojcik, of Chicago, and they were sitting in a quiet corner of the Promenade Lounge playing Scrabble.

THE LINER STOCKHOLM plowed into the starboard side of the Andrea Doria at 11:10 P.M.

The first thing Peterson was conscious of was the sight of the Stockholm's bow passing through his cabin. The white prow seemed dark, almost gray, as it ripped into the side of the Doria. He was conscious of a hard, heart-stopping thud, the noise of the ripping plates and churning debris falling all about him. Then he felt himself moving through space. Naked, half-stunned, covered by falling debris, just before he lost consciousness he realized that he was trapped.

Two decks below, Gino awoke to see his watch spinning crazily on its chain. He and his friend, Menotti, sat up in their bunks. A white-jacketed steward rushed into the cabin and took a life jacket from beneath his bunk. Stupefied, Gino and Menotti watched him.

"What's happened?" asked Gino.

"We're going down," the steward replied, and left the room.

Menotti looked at Gino. *"Al diavolo!"* he said in hushed, incredulous tones. "It's impossible."

Menotti and Gino hurriedly dressed.

Thinking that the noise had been caused by a boiler explosion and seeing smoke in the corridor, Gino made his way to the fire station near his quarters. From other hurrying crewmen he learned the truth—the Andrea Doria had collided with another vessel; it was shipping water fast. Already it was listing 20 degrees.

The two priests, Fathers Dolciamore and Wojcik, had been shaken by the crash. But they scrambled out of their chairs and made their way through dazed groups of passengers who were beginning to gather in the lounge. As quickly as they could, they descended the stairs to Cabin 58, next door to the Petersons' room, passing many passengers streaming up from below.

Father Wojcik opened the door, switched on the light and picked up the life jackets from the baggage closet in the hallway. Quickly he glanced about the room and saw that one side of the partitioning wall between their cabin and Number 56 had buckled inward. The furniture had been disarranged and the bed under the portholes was covered with debris. He switched off the light, and he and Father Dolciamore rushed upstairs to the Promenade Deck.

They left, thinking the room was empty.

WHEN PETERSON came to, he found he could not move. Naked, in total darkness, he discovered he was lying on a bunk buried in debris. He wasn't sure how long he had been there. He called out to his wife: "Marty, Marty, are you all right?"

Everything was silent. The ship's engines had stopped, there was no movement or noise in the cabin or from outside—only the sound of water lapping gently against something below him. Then he heard a muffled moan somewhere off in the distance. "Marty, Marty," he called again, "are you all right?"

There was a faint reply. "My legs," Marty moaned. "They're caught."

"Don't move," yelled Peterson. "Just don't move. Help will be coming."

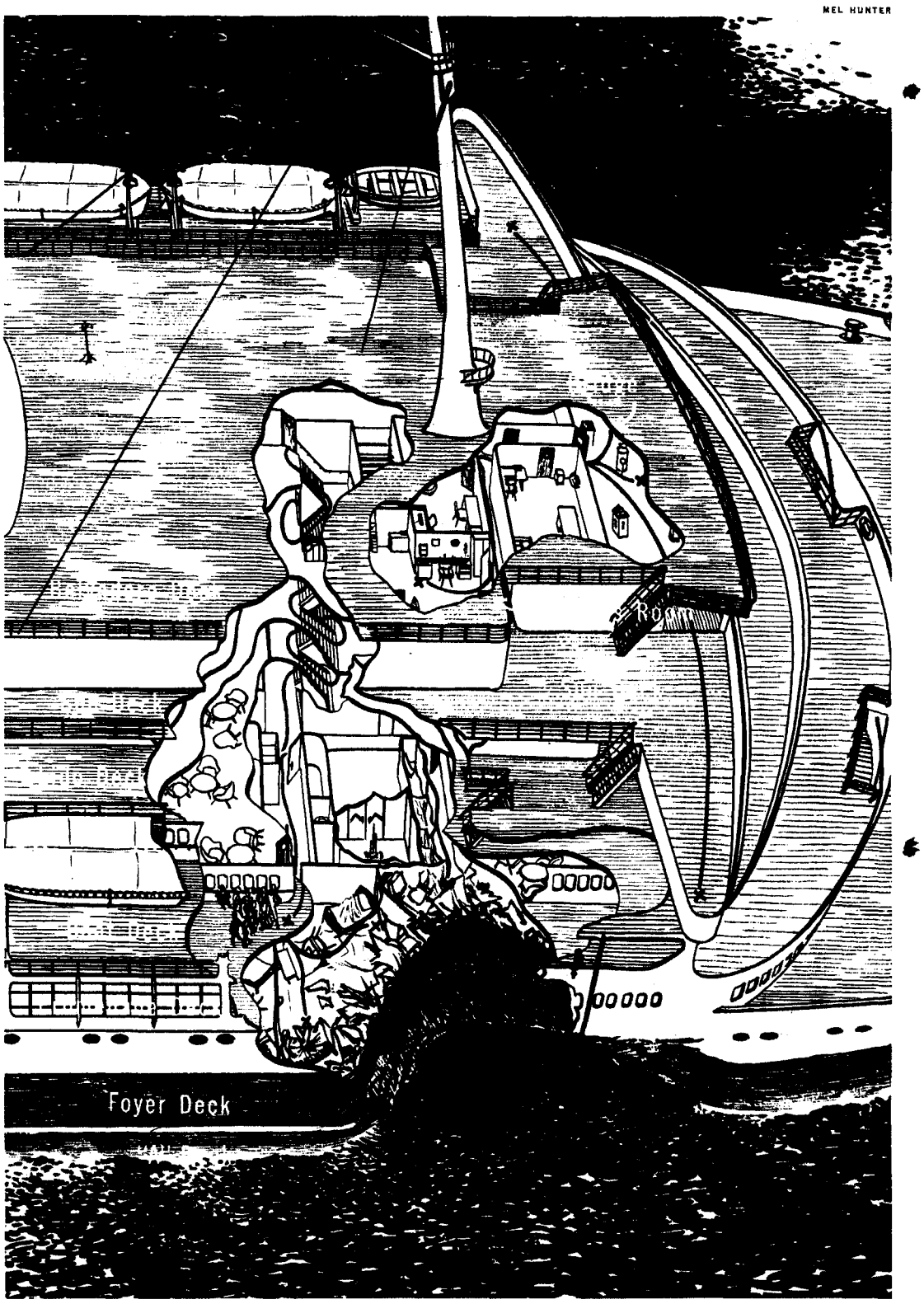
There was another pause, and in the closeness of the room the silence was accentuated. Marty said suddenly: "There seems to be someone here with me."

Peterson began the slow and painful job of extricating himself. Because his arms were free, he could push away the planking, plasterboard, torn mattresses and splintered furniture that covered him. And by heaving his muscular shoulders and torso from side to side, he was able to twist his way out. All the while, he kept reminding his wife not to move. She answered him calmly. But he could not understand why her voice seemed so far away. Bleeding from the head and with the muscles of his back, chest and abdomen badly wrenched, he staggered to his feet.

He stood for a moment in the darkness trying to get his bearings. But there was something wrong. The layout of the cabin seemed to be reversed. He could not find his wife or her berth. They had disappeared. He called to her again.

She replied, "I'm here, over here."

He found a light switch, pressed it, but nothing happened. The ship's regular lighting system had



Red lines on cutaway sketch of damaged section of Doria show routes followed by Peterson in his treks from Cabin 56 on Upper Deck seeking help for gravely injured wife. Three times he talked with captain

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failed. In the darkness, he began to feel his way toward his wife's voice, but he encountered only debris and furniture—and then the blank finality of a wall. The voice seemed to come from the other side of it.

Unable to go farther, he headed in the general direction of the door. Feeling his way, he found the washbasin and clothes closet were not where they should have been. Suddenly it dawned on him. *He was not in his own cabin.* He reached the door and wrenched it open. He stumbled out of the darkness into the carpeted corridor, which gleamed duskily under the amber emergency lights. The number on the cabin door was 58.

PETERSON SAW NOBODY in the corridor. He stood there gasping, his body streaked with dirt, his feet bleeding from the slivers of glass on which he had trod.

The familiarity of the surroundings gave him momentary relief. Then he tried the door to Cabin 56, his own cabin. It was locked, but the bottom panel had been stove in. On hands and knees he crawled through. It, too, was in darkness. As he slowly felt his way, his hand suddenly brushed against the coldness of a dead face. From beyond it and slightly to his right, behind an impassable pile of wreckage, he heard the voices of his wife and another woman. Directly in front of him, through chinks in the debris, he could just make out the outlines of a large gaping hole and somewhere below, as in the bottom of a well, water.

He returned to Cabin 58, frantically hoping that he could force a way to the trapped women from that side. Even in the darkness, by sense of feel alone, he was able to visualize roughly the triangular prison which contained them. One side of the prison was formed by the wall of the elevator shaft that separated the hallways leading into Cabins 56 and 58. A second side was a wall of twisted plates and wreckage forming the rim of the gaping hole, and the third was what remained of the partition between Cabins 56 and 58. To Peterson, the two imprisoned women were actually trapped on a triangular tongue with its tip leaning toward the sea—for the deck was already tilting crazily toward the water. For all he knew, the wreckage and the imprisoned women might at any moment slide into the nothingness of the gash made by the prow of the colliding ship.

Again, guided by his wife's voice, he made his way toward the base of the triangle—the partially demolished wall that separated Cabin 56 from 58. He found that although the partition was securely attached to the ceiling, it was loose at the bottom. Working his fingers beneath it at floor level, he pulled it toward him with all his strength. He levered it up about 18 inches.

Holding the partition with one hand, he maneuvered first his right shoulder, then his left under its edge. He paused for a moment for breath. His eyes were growing accustomed to the darkness, but also from somewhere light was being reflected into the area where the women were trapped. Inch by inch, he wriggled beneath the loose partition. He could just make out the outlines of the debris when suddenly he saw the whiteness of his wife's upturned face directly in his path. Behind and above her was the shadowy figure of another woman. Both of the women were grotesquely twisted in the wreckage.

"Marty," he said.

His wife answered: "Mrs. Cianfarra is with me."

"Don't move," he said to the two women. "I'll go for help."

"My husband was in the other cabin," said Mrs. Cianfarra. "I think he's dead."

It suddenly dawned on Peterson that the body he had touched in the hallway of Number 56 a few minutes earlier was that of Mr. Cianfarra. (He learned later that one of Mrs. Cianfarra's two daughters in Cabin 52—Joan—also had been killed. The other, Linda, was miraculously thrown onto the intruding prow of the Stockholm and was rescued.)

By the feeble reflected light and by feel, Peterson took stock of the situation. Mrs. Peterson was lying on her back, with her body arching up and around the corner of the elevator shaft. Her body must have been almost touching Cianfarra's. Piles of wreckage covered the lower part of her body and that of Cianfarra; a shattered wall had fallen across them. Next to Mrs. Peterson, and a little above her, and almost touching her was Mrs. Cianfarra, partly sitting, partly standing—almost in the crouch of a skier—in the wreckage. Her legs were caught and twisted beneath her.

Although both women in their torn nightgowns were trapped and badly injured, they were calm; there was no hysteria. "I'm going for help," Peterson told them. He crawled back into Cabin 58. The partition swung down behind him with a thud.

It wasn't until he opened the door leading to the lighted corridor that he realized that he was still naked. Reaching to his right, he yanked the beige and maroon plaid curtain from the cabin's baggage closet and wrapped it around his middle like a sarong. He stepped into the corridor and headed for the stairs that led to the Promenade Deck directly above.

GINO HAD ALREADY reached the Promenade Deck. With the first-class headwaiter, Pietro Nanni, he was handing out life jackets and showing passengers how to slide across the sloping deck in a sitting position from the up-tilted port side to the starboard. It was now eleven thirty—the crash had occurred only 20 minutes before.

Into this scene of confusion stumbled Peterson, his massive, begrimed body covered only by the draped curtain. He began asking for help, but there was misery everywhere; everybody had his own problem.

Then a slender young man, twenty-five-year-old Raymond Waite, a seminarian at St. Charles Seminary in Philadelphia, stepped forward and said, "I'll help you if I can, but I don't know if I'm much good."

Peterson led the way down to Cabin 58. He lifted the partition and in the same manner as before crawled back into Cabin 56.

"Marty, I've got someone to help."

"Don't bother about me," his wife said. "Help Mrs. Cianfarra first."

"Oh, if only I could free my legs," Mrs. Cianfarra said.

Peterson knew that he had to get Mrs. Cianfarra free first. She was almost on top of Mrs. Peterson. Working in the darkness, he and Waite tried to move the wreckage pinning Mrs. Cianfarra, but it wouldn't budge. Without a light of some sort, the task seemed impossible. After a few minutes they crawled back under the partition into Cabin 58.

"Is there any other way I can be of help?" Raymond Waite said.

Peterson, thinking that the young man in clerical clothes was a priest, told him that Cianfarra, who he believed was Catholic, lay dead in the hallway of Cabin 56.

As Waite picked his way out of Cabin 58, Peterson added: "There's one other thing, could you please find me a pair of pants?"

As he left, Waite stopped a minute beside Cianfarra to recite the Act of Contrition. Then he went in search of the Doria's chaplain, Monsignor Sebastiano Natta, to administer the last rites.

Peterson crawled back to his wife and Mrs. Cianfarra and told them to hang on—he was going after help again.

As he crossed the corridor, he heard, coming from the hallway of Cabin 56, a priest saying: "*Ego te absolvo ab omnibus censuris et peccatis. . . .*" ("I absolve you from all censures and sins. . . .") Peterson slowly climbed toward the Promenade Deck again.

It was on the stairs that he ran into Gino and Pietro Nanni, their arms full of life jackets.

"I need help," he told them. "My wife and another woman are trapped." The three of them rushed down to the cabin.

For the first time, because Nanni had a flashlight, Peterson saw the jungle of debris and wreckage that he had been wandering through since the crash. Nanni held the light as Peterson lifted the partition for Gino to crawl beneath. Peterson followed him, taking the light from Nanni. Since there was only room for Peterson and Gino in the tangled wreckage, Nanni left them and went to help other passengers.

With the flashlight, Peterson was able to examine both women carefully. From the lack of sensation in the lower part of Mrs. Peterson's body and the manner in which she was bent around the corner of the elevator shaft, Peterson realized that her back and legs were probably broken. Her head was hanging downward, unsupported, about two feet off the floor. Her shoulders, upper body and arms were all that could be seen.

Mrs. Cianfarra was less seriously injured. But her hair was matted with blood from head injuries and her face was lacerated. She was jammed in an almost upright position, and it was clear that at least one leg was twisted and broken. That leg was securely held, not only by the bulk of the debris but by twisted bed springs. Although the women were bearing their injuries bravely, it was obvious that both were in great pain. Peterson left Gino behind and went in search of a doctor.

Crouching by the women, Gino began to lift off the lighter pieces of planking and the jagged sheets of hard laminated plywood panels. But he realized that to raise the heavier partitions he needed a jack. Shortly after midnight, he, too, left the women, reassuring them as he crawled under the partition that he'd be back. "I won't leave you," he told them.

He made his way to the Promenade Deck and headed for the paint locker, which he believed was in an open area near the bow. Hanging onto the handrail, he slowly made his way forward along the listing deck. But when he reached the open area he slipped and cut his leg on a stanchion. He sat for a moment to get his breath, then removed his shoes and threw them over the side. He found that he could walk better in his bare feet.

There was no jack in the paint locker. He was returning when he saw a man in white overalls. "For God's sake," he said, "where can I get a jack?"

"I don't know," the man replied.

Gino hurried back downstairs. In Peterson's absence, he didn't want to remain too long away from the women.

PETERSON HAD FOUND two doctors on the Promenade Deck. He pleaded for medical help. "Do you have any morphine?" he asked.

"No," he was told.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"There's plenty down in the reception room," he was informed, "but we can't get to it now—we're too busy."

"Please," begged Peterson, "please get it as fast as you can."

Because of all the confusion, Peterson decided

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the best person to help him was the captain. He started the long climb from the Promenade Deck to the bridge on the Sun Deck, three levels above. The liner was now listing so badly that he almost had to haul himself up the 65 stairs to the bridge.

The captain, busy giving orders, seemed quite calm in spite of the catastrophe and he even remembered Peterson's name.

Peterson asked for "some experienced help." The captain assured him he would get it. He left the bridge and began the even more difficult climb downstairs. By the time he got back to Cabin 58, it was 12:30 A.M.

The Doria was now listing more than 30 degrees to starboard and in the four-foot triangular prison where the women were trapped, Gino was finding it difficult to work and also keep his balance. But he had been able to push a lot of debris into the gaping hole and the sea behind Mrs. Cianfarra. Also he had propped up the edge of the partition with a block of wood.

Together, Gino and Peterson succeeded in freeing Mrs. Cianfarra's right leg. The other remained entangled in the bedsprings.

Gino and Peterson wriggled beneath the partition to discuss their next move. The young seminarian, Raymond Waite, suddenly appeared with a pair of black pants belonging to his traveling companion, Father Paul Lambert. The pants were large: size 48. Peterson tore a strip of cloth from his sarong and used it as a belt. He thanked Waite and said, "Thank God, I'm alive."

The seminarian corrected him. He said: *"Thank God.* You're alive." Then he hurried off. Gino and Peterson crawled back into Cabin 56.

Mrs. Peterson was in much greater agony than before; so was Mrs. Cianfarra.

"Help is coming, Marty. The captain has said so," he told her.

For the first time his wife seemed to despair. "Darling," she said, "how will they ever get me out of here? Why don't you save Mrs. Cianfarra and yourselves?"

Gino said, "Take it easy, we won't leave you. We'll get you out."

IMPATIENT FOR THE MORPHINE, Peterson returned to Cabin 58. Where were the doctors? He was about to look for medical help again when one of them arrived. Peterson showed him where the women were. The doctor made no move.

As calmly as he could, Peterson said, "Fix a double injection. I'll give it to them myself."

"The needle should be sterilized," the doctor warned.

"To hell with sterilization at a time like this," Peterson barked. "Give me the hypodermic."

Quickly, he crawled on his belly under the partition and injected first his wife and then Mrs. Cianfarra in their left arms.

Feverishly Peterson and Gino then began trying to free Mrs. Cianfarra's other leg. But it soon became apparent that physical strength was not enough. They needed tools.

Gino, frustrated, summed up the situation. "We need wire cutters, scissors, pliers—anything to cut the mattresses and the bed springs. And we must get a jack to lift the debris off your wife."

Where could they get them? There was one place Peterson knew he could get wire cutters—the radio shack behind the captain's bridge. Once more he set out for the Sun Deck. As he crawled out, he took the empty syringe with him and placed it upside down in a cigarette-disposal cup.

Giovanni Rovelli (left) and Thure Peterson narrate the story of Cabin 56

His journey up the stairs was much tougher this time. He had to pull himself up, step by step, to the Sun Deck. And the red marbled covering on each landing was as slippery as a polished dance floor. Peterson was the only one on the staircase. The whole ship seemed to be enveloped in a cloak of silent expectancy.

In the wireless room, the radio officer was working at top speed. To reach him Peterson had to slide across the floor because of the list.

"Where can I find some wire cutters?" Peterson asked.

Surprised, the officer looked up. "I can't leave here. But there's a drawer of tools somewhere around. Help yourself."

Peterson had no difficulty in finding them. Several drawers had slid open because of the deck's slant, and in one he found two pairs of cutters. As he left the cabin, the radio officer was bent over his key. And although Peterson had no idea what messages were going out, at approximately that time, 1:12 A.M., the Doria was messaging into the night, NEED MORE LIFEBOATS.

MEANWHILE, GINO had made his way to the deck below and there in the darkened galleys he found a large carving knife. He climbed back up to the Promenade Deck and from a nurse got a bone saw and several pairs of scissors. He returned to Cabin 56 almost at the same time as Peterson.

They began to work in shifts—one holding the flashlight and supplying the makeshift tools, while the other cut the mattresses and clipped the bed springs which held Mrs. Cianfarra captive. Both women by now were extremely weak—more than two hours had passed since the collision.

The men worked rapidly, urgently; in this silent microcosm of tragedy neither had time to dwell on the nightmarish possibility that at any moment the liner might capsize and take them all down.

Peterson cut through the last bed spring. All that held Mrs. Cianfarra now was a heavy length of ragged paneling. It passed directly over the instep of her left foot. Gino said to Mrs. Cianfarra: "This is going to hurt, but we must move it to get you out."

Mrs. Cianfarra said: "Go ahead."

Mrs. Cianfarra, her eyes closed, said nothing as the jagged edge of the paneling tore across her foot. Then, suddenly, she was free.

Gino backed up to her, placed her left arm over his shoulder and told her to hang on—she couldn't use the other arm, it hung limp. Then, carrying her piggy-back fashion, he inched over to the partition. There he dropped to all fours. Easing her under the partition, Gino placed her on a blanket which Peterson had spread in the hallway of Cabin 58. It had taken them one hour and fifty minutes to free Mrs. Cianfarra.

Now they had to carry her along the sloping corridor and up 16 stairs to the Promenade Deck without injuring her further. They knew they could not do it alone.

Peterson headed for the Promenade Deck once more to recruit help. Three male passengers and a crewman returned with him. As the men stooped over Mrs. Cianfarra, Peterson warned them to be careful about her right shoulder and left leg. But because the ship was listing so badly they had difficulty holding onto the corners of the blanket and one accidentally grabbed Mrs. Cianfarra's right shoulder as the blanket slipped. She screamed—the first time she had cried out since her ordeal began. Finally, Gino and the four other volunteers got her up to the starboard side of the Promenade deck.

Gino went with the men; Peterson returned to his wife. For the first time since the collision they were alone together.

He tried to boost her morale by telling her that with Mrs. Cianfarra free, her release from the pinioning wreckage was only a matter of time. But in his heart he had doubts—and so had she.

She said: "Even if I get out of here, I'll be a hopeless cripple the rest of my life. I don't want to live like that. Why don't you save yourself?"

Lightheartedly Peterson tried to dismiss her fears: "Nonsense. We'll get you out of here—a jack will do the trick."

UP ON THE Promenade Deck, Gino was frantically searching for that jack. He ran from one end of the deck to the other, yelling at the sailors manning the many lifeboats which now dotted the water off the leaning starboard side of the Doria. He even gestured wildly and went through the motions of working a jack.

Off in the distance he could see the brilliantly lit Ile de France. The time was 2:30 A.M. and the Andrea Doria was being abandoned rapidly.

Almost in tears from sorrow and exhaustion, Gino finally caught the attention of a U.S. Coast Guard officer helping survivors into the lifeboats. "I must have a jack—a big jack," he cried. "There's a woman—she's trapped. We must get it quick."

The officer semaphored with a flashlight into the darkness.

Gino returned to Cabin 58. He whispered to Peterson that he had talked with an "American officer" about the jack, but shrugging his shoulders, added: "Maybe, like the others, he thought I was crazy. Maybe he didn't understand. You must go to the captain again."

Peterson agreed.

"I'll stay with Mrs. Peterson and do what I can," Gino assured him.

Peterson made the long, arduous trip to the bridge again. But the captain was elsewhere.

At least, Peterson thought, as he slowly made his way down the dangerously angled staircase, he'd get more morphine. Searching for a doctor, he was seen by Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Morey, of New York, whom he had met earlier in the voyage. Peterson looked exhausted ("like a wild man") and they begged him to pause and take a drink. He stayed long enough only to take a swallow of blackberry brandy, then resumed his search. Eventually he found two doctors helping injured passengers into lifeboats. One told him, "We're terribly short of morphine. We must keep all we can for the seriously wounded."

After hours of holding himself emotionally in check, Peterson loosed his anger. "In God's name,"

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he thundered. "Don't you think my wife is seriously wounded?"

He got the morphine.

A few minutes later, as he was injecting it into his wife, she said, "Darling, I'll never make it. Why don't you save yourself?"

Peterson decided to try to see the captain again. Tired, but terribly determined, he climbed the sloping stairway to the bridge. This time the captain was there—still calm, but trying to solve hundreds of problems all at once. "I must get a disaster crew," Peterson told him.

The captain ordered a deck officer to go down with Peterson. The officer took a fire ax with him, and together they returned to Cabin 58. While Gino went up on the Promenade Deck to see if the jack had arrived, Peterson asked the officer to try to remove the partition. But the impact of the ax against the springy, veneered plywood brought a shower of debris down on Mrs. Peterson. She cried out. Dr. Peterson crawled under the partition to help her. The officer, meanwhile, went around to the hallway of Cabin 56—and tried to chop through the debris on that side. Again wreckage began falling on and around Mrs. Peterson. Dr. Peterson yelled out for him to stop. He never saw the officer again.

The terrible agony she was suffering suddenly caused Marty to say quietly: "Can't you please put me out of my misery?"

Once more her distraught husband tried to console her and begged her to "hang on." He said: "I'm going up to see if the jack has arrived—I'll be back."

Peterson knew as he climbed the stairs that the situation was nearly hopeless. When he got to the deck he found it almost empty. Gino met him and together they stood waiting for the jack. Neither of them said anything. And then Gino heard a voice coming from a lifeboat below them. It said: "Are you the fellow who was looking for a jack?"

THE SAILOR in the lifeboat threw them a line and slowly they began hauling a 150-pound jack with a six-foot-long handle up the liner's sloping side. The jack was so heavy that every few minutes they had to stop and secure the rope around a post—near the spot where Marty used to sit reading during the warm Mediterranean afternoons.

It took the two men a full 15 minutes to get the jack onto the deck and to the top of the stairway. The liner was now listing more than 40 degrees. Sitting, kneeling and squatting, they manhandled the jack down the staircase to the doorway of Cabin 58. Both were so exhausted that they sat for a moment. Gino said to Dr. Peterson, "I wonder how much time we have left."

Peterson decided to ask the captain. When he reached the bridge for the fifth time, Peterson said, "My wife is still trapped. Will you be honest with me—how much time do we have left? An hour, a half-hour?"

The captain's face showed great weariness and strain as he answered, "There's no immediate danger." Peterson returned to his wife.

When he got back, he saw that Gino had placed cushions across Mrs. Peterson's body to protect her from the jack's pressure. The jack had to be used horizontally with its base against the corner of the elevator wall to lever away the wreckage pinning her down. But the handle for the jack was too long.

Peterson went out into the corridor, found the ax that the deck officer had used, and chopped through a bar that had held towels in one of the nearby bathrooms. This makeshift lever worked.

Suddenly and quietly, his wife said, "Oh, darling, I think I'm going. I'm going."

Peterson held one end of the jack as Gino began to pump the handle. The wreckage began to move. But it was too late. Gino's hand accidentally brushed Mrs. Peterson's face. It was cold. He looked down and saw that blood was trickling from her mouth. "Doctor," said Gino, "I think your wife's dead."

Peterson bent over his wife, placing his ear over her heart. After a few seconds, he raised his head and lifted the eyelid of her right eye. For a long time he held the wrist of her left hand searching for a pulse. Then, still holding her hand, his eyes on her upturned face, he said, "Marty's dead."

"Why couldn't it have been me?" cried Gino. "I'm nobody."

The time was ten minutes after four; the nightmare in Cabin 56 had lasted exactly five hours.

GINO SAW PETERSON kiss his wife on the lips and say, "Good-by, darling." Peterson gently removed a pearl ring from her left hand. Together he and Gino covered her with pillows and cushions and crawled out under the partition. As the sea began to enter the cabin, Dr. Peterson kicked the wooden brace which had been holding up the edge of the partition. The panel snapped back into place.

Gino said: "Is there anything I can do for you?" Peterson asked him if he could find his passports and maybe his pants. Then he slipped the pearl ring over the little finger of his left hand. This was the only possession of Marty's he could take with him.

Somehow, in all the debris Gino found the pants and the passports. They were in Cabin 58.

Then he and Gino went up to the Promenade Deck and climbed down a rope into a lifeboat—the next to the last one to leave the Doria.

As the boat pulled away, Peterson's eyes remained on the gash which had been Cabin 56. Suddenly, unable to control himself longer, he burst into tears. THE END

Peterson climbs down rope into a lifeboat. Steward Rovelli (at window) waits to follow him

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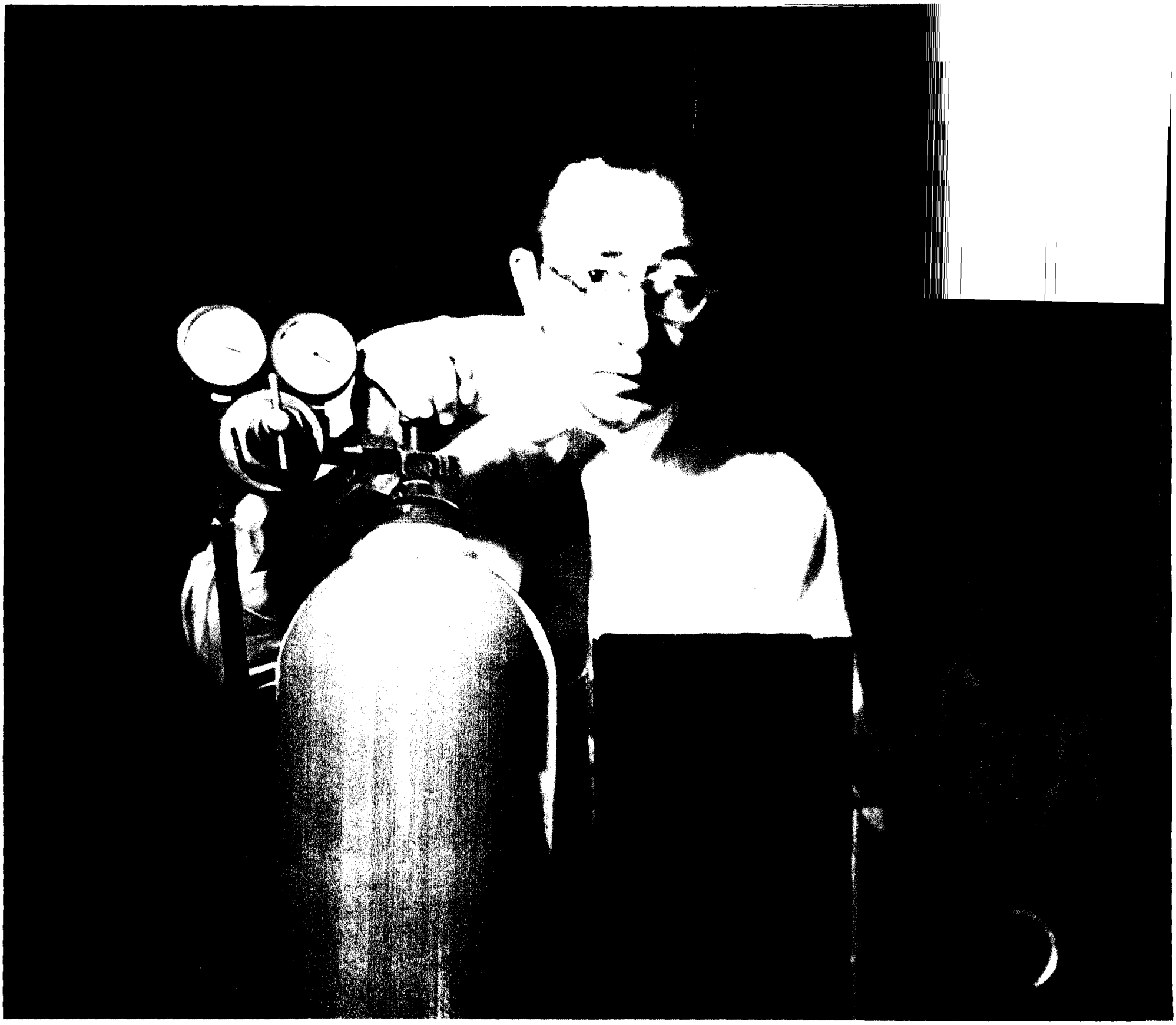

Why so many home runs—is it $E = \frac{1}{2}mv^2$?

The '56 season recorded a rash of round-trippers. Could it be the ball's higher Coefficient of Restitution? Or the bat's Angular Velocity? Or is everybody just swinging from the heels?

By TOM MEANY

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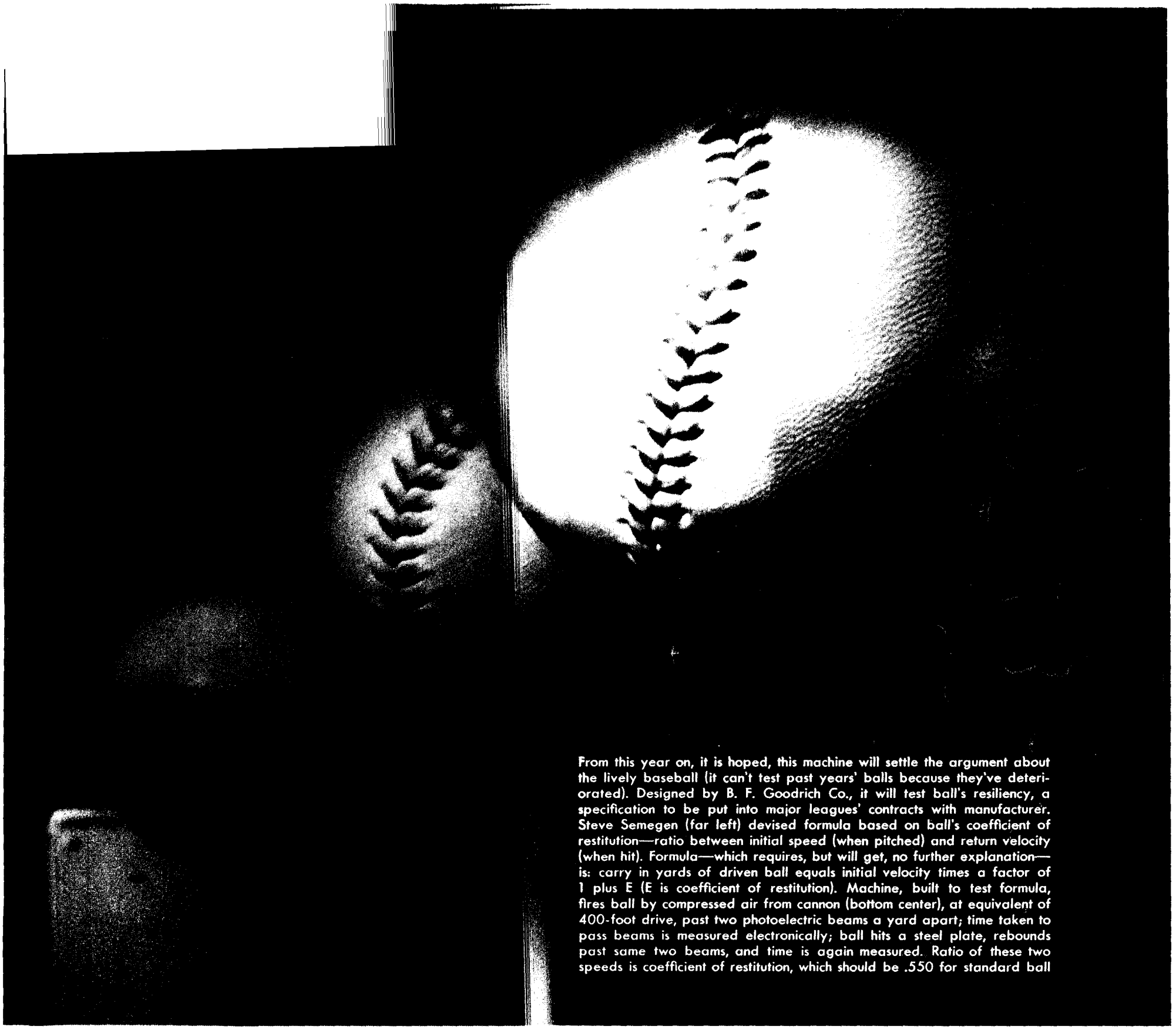

From this year on, it is hoped, this machine will settle the argument about the lively baseball (it can't test past years' balls because they've deteriorated). Designed by B. F. Goodrich Co., it will test ball's resiliency, a specification to be put into major leagues' contracts with manufacturer. Steve Semegen (far left) devised formula based on ball's coefficient of restitution—ratio between initial speed (when pitched) and return velocity (when hit). Formula—which requires, but will get, no further explanation—is: carry in yards of driven ball equals initial velocity times a factor of 1 plus E (E is coefficient of restitution). Machine, built to test formula, fires ball by compressed air from cannon (bottom center), at equivalent of 400-foot drive, past two photoelectric beams a yard apart; time taken to pass beams is measured electronically; ball hits a steel plate, rebounds past same two beams, and time is again measured. Ratio of these two speeds is coefficient of restitution, which should be .550 for standard ball

MARTIN IGER

As the 1956 season goes into its final weeks, major-league pitchers will remember it as the year when they—and the home-run records—were assaulted on all sides. It was the year that the Yankees, in the American League, took dead aim on that circuit's record of 182 round-trippers in one season (set by the 1936 Yankees), that Cincinnati's Redlegs threatened the National League record of 221 home runs (set by the 1947 Giants), that Milwaukee's Joe Adcock hit homers where none ever had been hit before, that the Dodgers' Duke Snider broke the same clock twice in one week in a rival ball park, that the Pirates' Dale Long hit homers in eight consecutive games, an unprecedented feat, and it was the year that Mickey Mantle was well ahead of Babe Ruth's record for three quarters of the season and hit a ball almost out of Yankee Stadium.

In short, it was a year long to be remembered—by the hitters with a smacking of lips, by the pitchers with the thought that they should have been throwing from foxholes. In a year in which 50 home runs were hit in a single day (Memorial Day) and an even 100 pitchers were used and misused in both leagues in that one afternoon, there is no telling what may happen in the upcoming World Series. Hitters have reached the point where they are likely to explode home-run records in any park in the country, including Yellowstone.

The tidal wave of homers has renewed speculation about the lively ball. When a home-run rash occurs, the lively ball is the most popular suspect since the butler in British whodunits. Halfway through the 1956 season, more homers had been hit in the majors than in any other half season, not only more but longer ones. It would have been written off against the lively ball, an annual accusation, though one never substantiated, had not science stepped in.

This being an electronic age, it was only natural that the longhairs got into the act and the slide rule worked overtime. Terms like the "angular velocity of the bat," "the laws of conservation of energy" and "resiliency at the point of impact" were tossed around as carelessly as knuckle balls.

The writer has spent 30 years following baseball clubs, but in the past few weeks has barely been able to see a game due to the necessity of covering the latest in baseball news at the University of Wisconsin, the Fels Planetarium in Philadelphia, the Maroth Engineering Company, and various research and statistics departments of both major leagues and several sporting-goods manufacturers.

At the University of Wisconsin, for instance, varsity baseball coach, Professor A. W. (Art) Mansfield, and Dr. R. J. Francis have been experimenting with baseballs for some years. This pair prepared an 18-page paper, Studies on Certain Physical and Performance Characteristics of Baseballs, which was read before college-baseball coaches in New York in

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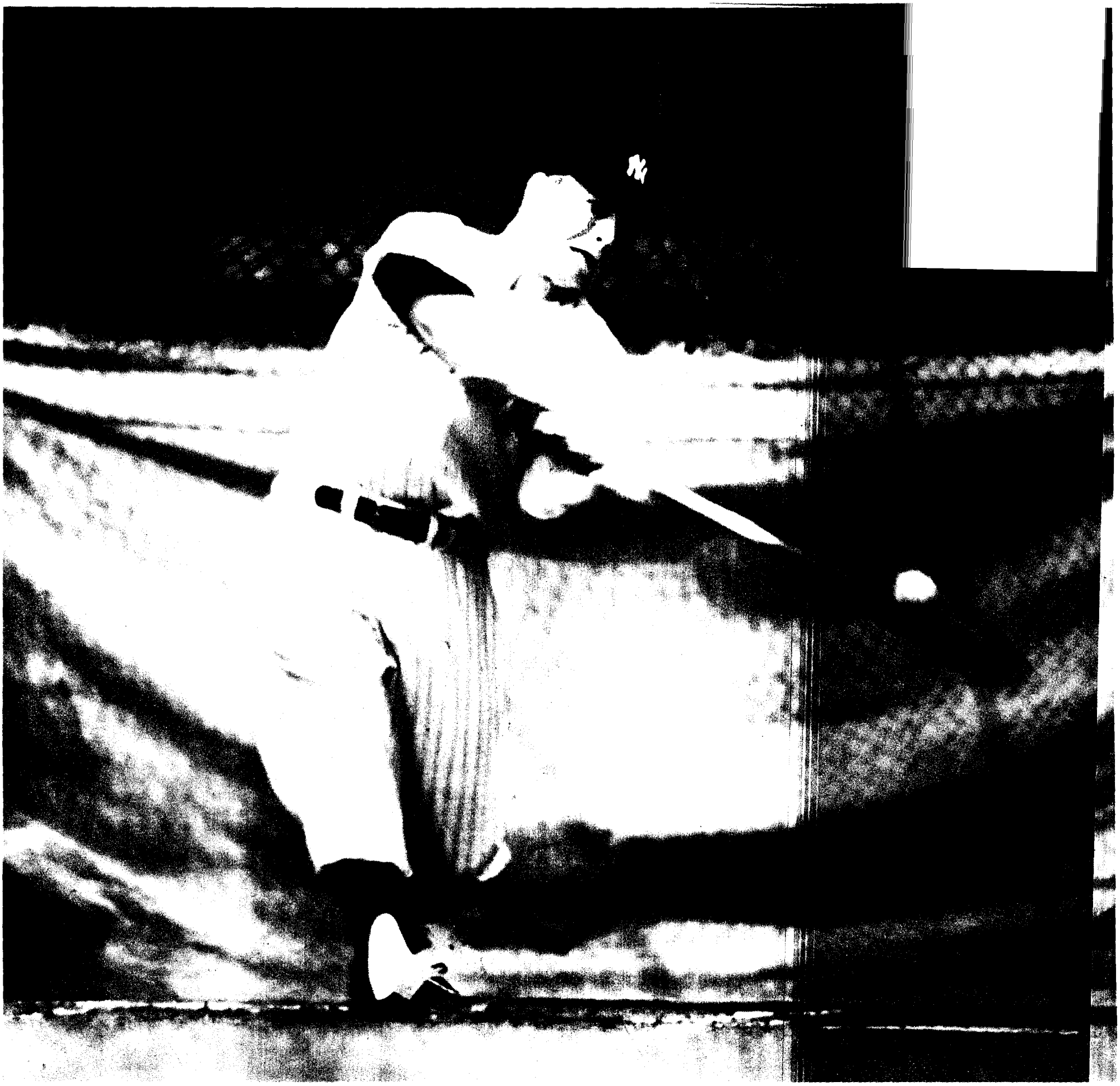

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARVIN NEWMAN

1955. It dealt with such matters as the twists per inch of yarn used in various types of baseballs, their seam width and their "fatiguing characteristics."

But science offered eternal proof of only one fact: no one can ever prove whether today's baseball is livelier than in past seasons. These are the steps which led to this conclusion:

In the A. G. Spalding & Bros. Inc. factory in Chicopee, Massachusetts, where major-league baseballs are manufactured, officials declared no change has been made in the specifications or manufacture of baseballs for at least three decades. The quality and quantity of the materials are standard.

However, the major leagues never have included in their contract with Spalding a specification on resiliency of the ball. And resiliency is what every fan is talking about when he argues the lively ball. So, somewhat alarmed by the home-run hullabaloo, the manufacturers decided this year to establish a resiliency formula for the official ball. The B. F. Goodrich Company built a machine which measured how lively the 1956 ball is and which will do the same chore in the years to come. But it was unable to offer evidence whether the year's model has more bounce to the ounce than its predecessors because baseballs deteriorate so swiftly that after several months they cannot be tested. From this year on, we'll know whether the ball is getting livelier, but the arguments about pellets of the past must rage without the help of science.

Physics did provide aid and comfort, however, to the growing minority which argues that the home-run cannonade is largely due to today's lighter bat. The average weight of bats used by top hitters has decreased by eight ounces and the handles have become thinner during the years since 1929, according to statistics submitted recently by Hillerich and Bradsby, manufacturers of the Louisville Slugger bats. Babe Ruth, for instance, used bats ranging from 38 to 42 ounces in 1929; Stan Musial today uses a 31- or 32-ounce bat. The lighter bat, it is argued, has more whip to it, thereby increasing the hitter's wrist action and causing a corresponding increase in the speed of impact when the bat strikes the ball. And this argument can now rest firmly on the mathematical formula, $E=\frac{1}{2}\ mv^2$, which means

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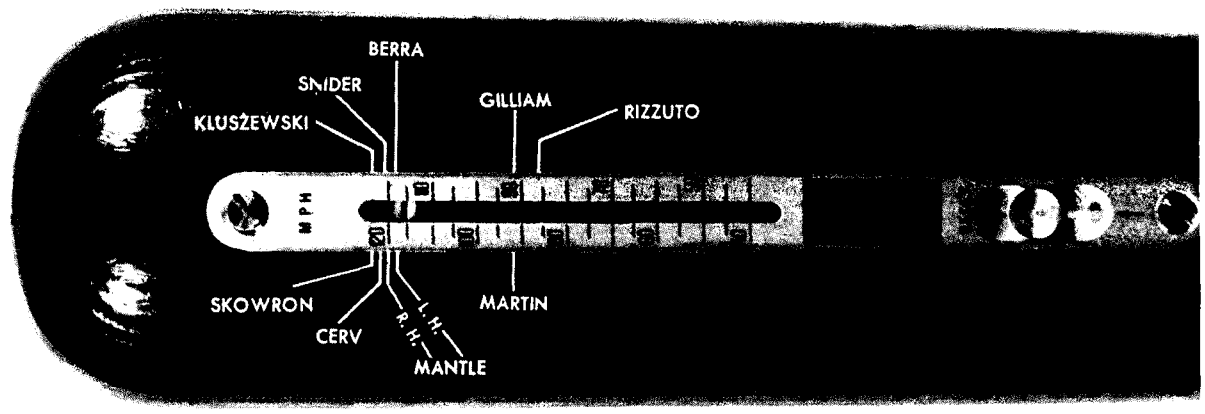
Compared to twenty years ago, this year's ballplayer is a whopper, a whacker—and a lot wiser

As every ballplayer knows, but few can do, the secret of hitting is a grooved swing. Science now has the first key to this secret—the Maroth Velocity Bat (r.). Speedometer in bat operates by centrifugal force. When player uses bat in practice, arrow shows speed at which he gets his best hits (arrow is returned to zero between swings by pressing button). By checking gauge, player can groove swing to best speed. Chart at right shows top speeds for nine players (not necessarily their most efficient). Mickey Mantle, for instance, hit a home run with the Maroth bat when the photograph at left was taken; but the bat registered 95 miles an hour, whereas Mantle's top speed is 114



MARVIN NEWMAN

energy equals one half mass times velocity squared, which means that Mantle can swing the light bat with more velocity, thereby getting over 400 feet of energy into the ball.

Up in Wilton, Connecticut, Arthur Maroth, an inventor, devised a bat with a built-in speedometer at the top of the barrel, which registers the velocity of a player's swing in miles per hour. Yankee and Dodger players, invited to test the meters, complied so enthusiastically that, in the case of the Dodgers, vice-president Buzzy Bavasi ordered the bats locked up until further notice. Six major-league teams have already purchased the Maroth bats with the expectation that they may provide a mathematical method of grooving a perfect swing.

RECENTLY THE WRITER took three of the bats to a Yankee batting practice. The players' first reaction is to see who can swing the bats fastest; on this occasion Bill Skowron set the top speed of 116 miles per hour, followed by Bob Cerv at 115 and Mickey Mantle at 114 (right-handed) and 112 (left-handed). However, the basic theory behind the gauged bat is for the player to determine the top speed at which he can swing it with enough control to hit a long ball. You've still got to establish contact with the ball before that velocity squared begins to pay off. When Mantle, for example, was having his picture taken for this article, he hit the ball 450 feet into the Yankee Stadium bleachers, and the bat registered a mere 95 miles per hour. Once a player discovers his most effective speed, he then can groove his swing to it, and—figuratively—hit homers all afternoon, all summer.

Livelier bats, livelier baseballs—or livelier players?

Dr. I. M. Levitt, director of Fels Planetarium in Philadelphia, dropped baseballs of 1956 and 1955 vintage some 85 feet to the floor of the planetarium, and concluded that there was no discernible difference in their respective resiliencies but that the ballplayers were getting smarter. He reached the latter decision without having to drop ballplayers 85 feet to the planetarium floor.

"Ballplayers have improved vastly in intelligence through the years," declared Dr. Levitt. "They know that the formula for energy is one half mass times velocity squared, so they are swinging lighter bats, swinging them faster and hitting the ball farther."

Admittedly ballplayers have come a long way from the period when Lee King—a Philadelphia player, by the way—angrily disputed decisions in a Giant series at the Polo Grounds and came up with this startling theory about umpires: "New York is called the Empire State because the Giants get all the close ones." On the other hand, five will get Dr. Levitt ten if he can find even today a dozen among the 400 major-league players who can explain "$E = \frac{1}{2}mv^2$."

Major-leaguers' bodies have grown along with their brains. A bulletin issued by Dave Grote, head of the National League Service Bureau, shows that players, at least in the senior circuit, average two inches more in height and are 20 pounds heavier than the players of 20 years ago. Compare these first basemen:

1936	Height	Weight	1956	Height	Weight
Buddy Hassett	5-11	180	Joe Adcock	6-4	210
Phil Cavaretta	5-10½	157	Gil Hodges	6-2	200
Dolph Camilli	5-10½	185	Ted Kluszewski	6-2	240
Rip Collins	5-9	165	Dale Long	6-4	210

Dr. Levitt says ballplayers are smarter, Grote says they're bigger. *Ergo*, more home runs.

So much for science. Major-leaguers, managers and players listened carefully to the theories, formulas and statistics. Outside of admitting that the home run is here to stay and that the assembled data was formidable, they reached a conclusion which was summed up by Professor Charles Dillon Stengel, who received his horsehide diploma some years ago and now holds the chair of philosophy at Yankee Stadium. Casey refuses to be bewildered by statistics. "Put it this way," he declares. "Everybody's hitting more home runs. Right? So they're hitting them because the ball is livelier or because they're hitting the ball harder. So how can you tell and what difference does it make? Personally, I think everybody is swinging harder, so the ball goes farther. That makes sense."

After looking at major-league games for better than 30 years, the writer can say only that more homers are being hit and that more players are hitting them because baseball's basic strategy has changed. It was Ruth who pointed the way to home runs, beginning in 1919. The Babe, however, was finished in 1935, and there has been a steadily growing impetus in home runs ever since. Fresco Thompson, head of the Brooklyn farm system and himself a big-leaguer of note, ascribes the postwar rise in home runs to Ralph Kiner, who hit a total of 145 for Pittsburgh in three seasons, 1947-'48-'49, and became the highest-paid player in the National League, drawing $75,000 a year.

"Kiner was not a good all-around player," declares Thompson. "He caught fly balls only in self-defense, rarely threw out a runner and had a lifetime average of less than .280, yet he drew the top salary because he could belt the ball out of the park. When Ralph jokingly remarked, 'Players who hit homers drive Cadillacs,' he was nearer to the truth than he suspected. In our minor-league system, I've tried to educate some of our prospects to choke up on the bat and try to punch the ball. They smile and go on swinging from Port Arthur, telling me, 'The money's in the big end of the bat.'"

SO LET US GIVE SCIENCE one last swing at explaining the home-run rash. A lot of modern physics and mathematics rests on the theory of probability, and it seems the only real explanation for this year's cannonade is that with so many players taking the big cut, the obvious probability is that more four-baggers will be registered.

It's equally obvious that free swinging leads to more strike-outs—and to lower batting averages. In the last two decades, major-league homers have increased 63 per cent, but strike-outs are up 32 per cent. In 1936, there were 51 major-league regulars (400 at bats) who hit over .300. Last year, there were 20.

There is an analogy between the increase in homers and the widespread use of the forward pass in football. What does it matter if a couple of passes are incomplete, if you connect on the next one for long yardage? Similarly, the home-run attempt is a calculated risk; the batter has three swings and it takes only one to ring up the jack pot.

Baseball has changed in its technique and its concepts since the end of World War II. Everybody's going for the long ball. Purists may decry baseball's jet age but you don't see anybody walking out in the late innings. The batter, like Rocky Marciano, always has the big one left. THE END

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Fall Travel:

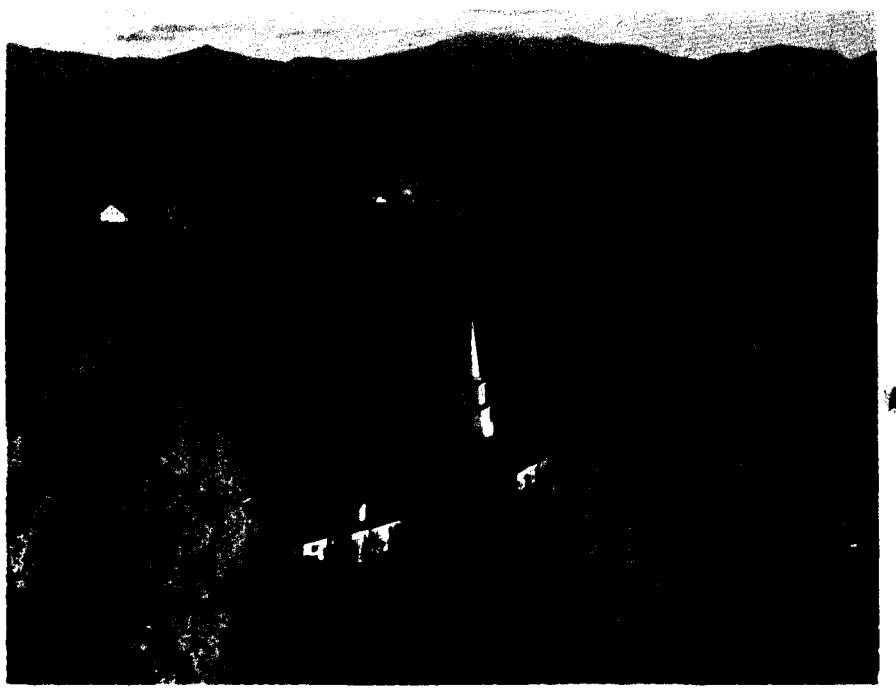
Autumn vacations come colorful, cool and uncrowded, at low cost, as more and more people are discovering. Here are 10 of the nation's most popular fall attractions, just right for weekends—or longer

Take an Autumn Leave

Autumn is a wonderful time of year to get up and go places—and more and more thousands each fall are getting up and going. The reasons are many. The highways are emptier; plane, train and bus passage is far easier to come by. In contrast to the situation in summer, resorts are uncrowded. Prices for accommodations are reduced so sharply that an October vacation may cost 10 to 25 per cent less than one taken at the same place in July or August.

Yet there is no lessening of places to see and things to do. The traveler everywhere is presented with the year's most vivid color; new gold, orange and red splash the countryside. For the woodsman, autumn means the best in hunting and fishing, camping and hiking. The autumn vacationer has another bonus, too. Fall is the harvest season. The tourist from coast to coast is welcomed with festivals marking the harvest of everything from cotton to timber.

Bags packed? Here are 10 of America's most popular and enjoyable fall vacation areas—two for each section of the country—as determined in a special survey for Collier's by the American Automobile Association. Most Americans will find themselves within 500 miles of at least one of these places. Each can be enjoyed over a weekend—important for parents traveling with school children—or savored leisurely during an extended stay.



WINSTON POTE

NORTHEAST: *The Vermont mountain foliage draws thousands every autumn*

NORTHEAST: *1.* ***The Green Mountains and White Mountains.*** Autumn comes early in Vermont and New Hampshire, bringing the nation's most vivid scenic coloring. The Vermont Fall Foliage Tours are a must. *2.* ***The Poconos.*** A fall trip to these lovely Pennsylvania mountains is unforgettable. Go by way of the rich farm country around York and Lancaster. And try to see the battlefield at Gettysburg.

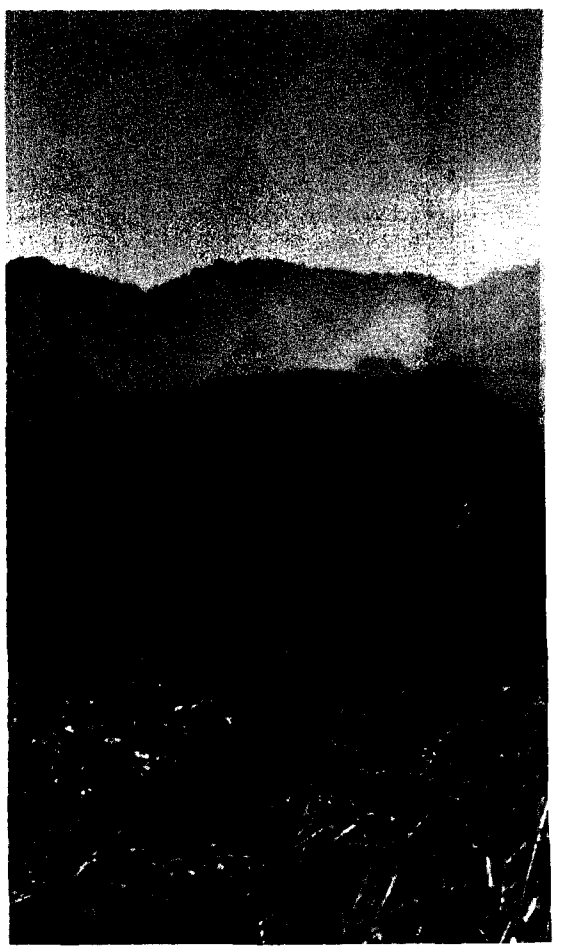
SOUTH: *1.* ***Western North Carolina.*** There are more varieties of trees in the Great Smokies than in all of Europe. In fall, they blaze with color. *2.* ***Florida resorts.*** The winter vacationland is a fall paradise: rates are low, beaches beautiful, the fishing fine.

MIDWEST: *1.* ***Lincoln country in Illinois.*** Springfield, the state capital, is where Lincoln practiced law, debated with Douglas, and is now buried. Nearby is New Salem State Park, restoration of the old town where Lincoln lived as a young man. *2.* ***Lexington, Kentucky.*** This is the heart of the famed Bluegrass country. Many of the great thoroughbred horse-racing farms are open to the public. And there is racing in October at Keeneland, Lexington's model track.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS: *1.* ***Aspen.*** High in the Colorado Rockies, this lovely town is more famed as a resort than it ever was as a silver mining site. Its namesake trees, which burst into brilliant gold in autumn, offer an unforgettable sight. *2.* ***Mesa Verde National Park.*** Here, in Colorado's southwest corner, are the wonderfully well-preserved cliff dwellings of the ancient Pueblo Indians.

WEST COAST: *1.* ***The Redwood Empire.*** The dark groves of these giant, centuries-old trees north of San Francisco are never lovelier or more awesome than in autumn. *2.* ***Yosemite National Park.*** This magnificent region, so tourist jammed in summer, is considerably less crowded—and therefore more enjoyable—in fall. October is a beautiful month here, but watch out for November cold.

SOUTH: *These are North Carolina's*



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ESTHER HENDERSON

WEST COAST: *The dim, cool, ancient groves of California's Redwood Empire*

L. WILLINGER

MIDWEST: *Lincoln's New Salem, Ill., as restored*

JACK BREED

ROCKY MOUNTAIN: *In Colorado it's the golden aspens*

scenic highlands. One feature: the Blue Ridge Parkway, for pleasure cars only

THURSTON HATCHER

FALL FUN IN A FOREIGN SETTING

Autumn vacations are fun outside the U.S., too. The AAA's International Travel Department suggests these possibilities:

1. *Europe*. Steamship lines offer special fall cruises. Sample: an all-expense 28-day tour to 5 countries costs about $740 per person.

2. *Mexico*. An escorted 15-day tour comes to about $285, for everything except the round trip by plane to Mexico City, which should cost no more than $200.

3. *Caribbean*. Air fare, 15 days of island hopping (Cuba, Haiti, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Dominican Republic): $480 from New York, $385 from Miami.

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By BILL MAULDIN

A CARTOONIST GOES CAMPAIGNING

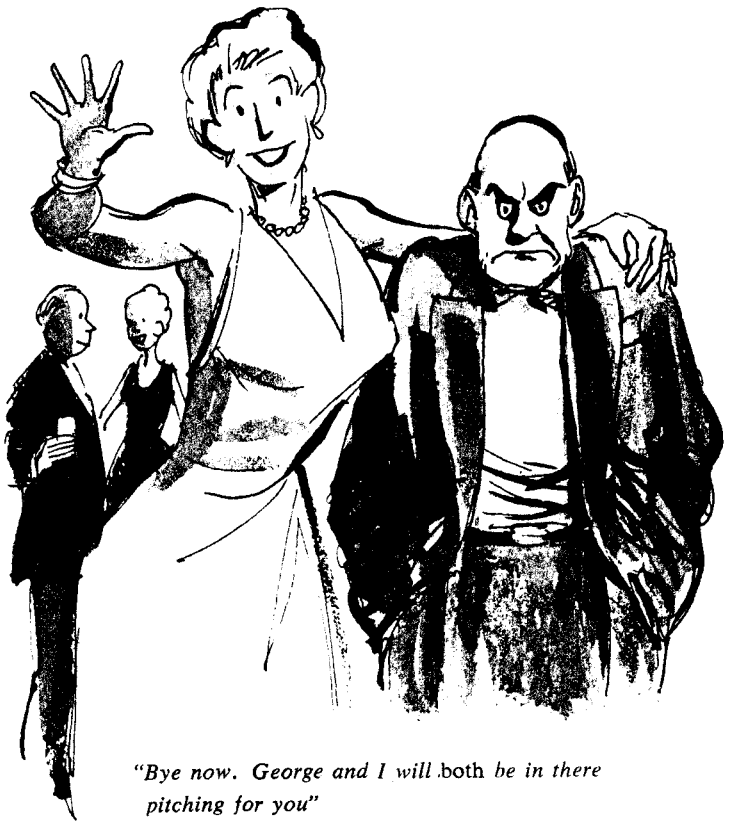
The cartoonist's traditional victim has always been the politician and I have lampooned my share of congressmen in the past. But when I was nominated to run for Congress myself this year I found the shoe somewhat on the other foot. As a door-to-door Democratic campaigner in rural New York's heavily Republican 28th District on the west bank of the Hudson, I have been getting a firsthand and sometimes startling view of voters' reactions to the office seeker.

I was warned by the experts when I got into this not to kid the constituency. "The odds are bad enough," they said, "without fouling yourself up by acting like a cartoonist. Remember that in politics the statues get built in honor of the solemn asses."

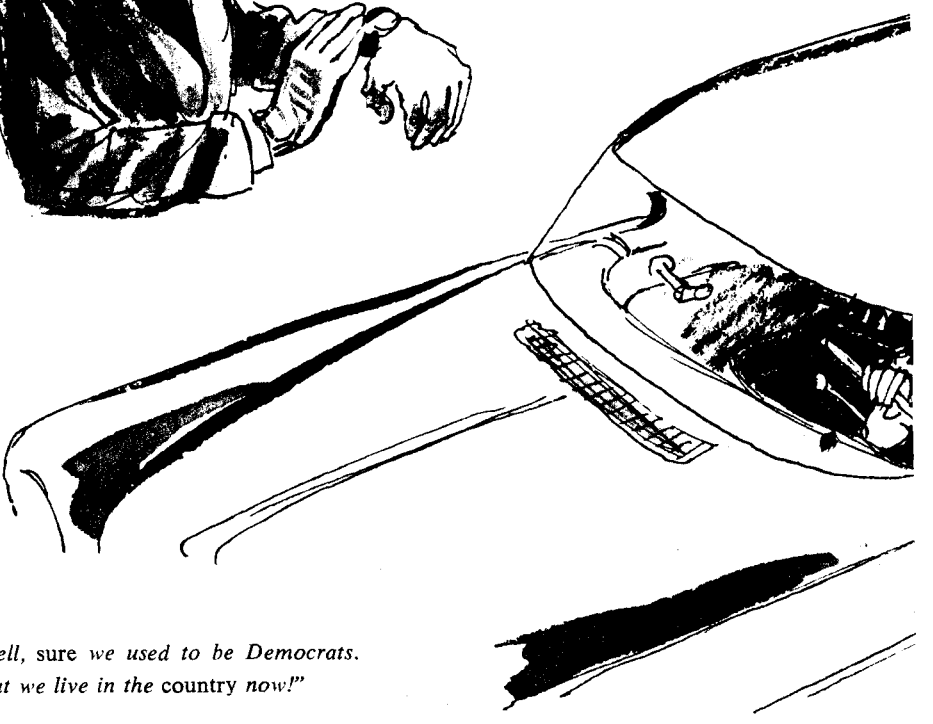
Well, I can't help it. I was a cartoonist before I was a candidate, and I'm willing to gamble that experts are wrong and voters do have a sense of humor.

"You come to my house and catch me looking like this and expect me to vote *for you?"*

"It was certainly an interesting afternoon going over the issues with you, sir. Sorry I won't be twenty-one till December"



"Bye now. George and I will both *be in there pitching for you"*



"Well, sure *we used to be Democrats. But we live in the* country *now!"*

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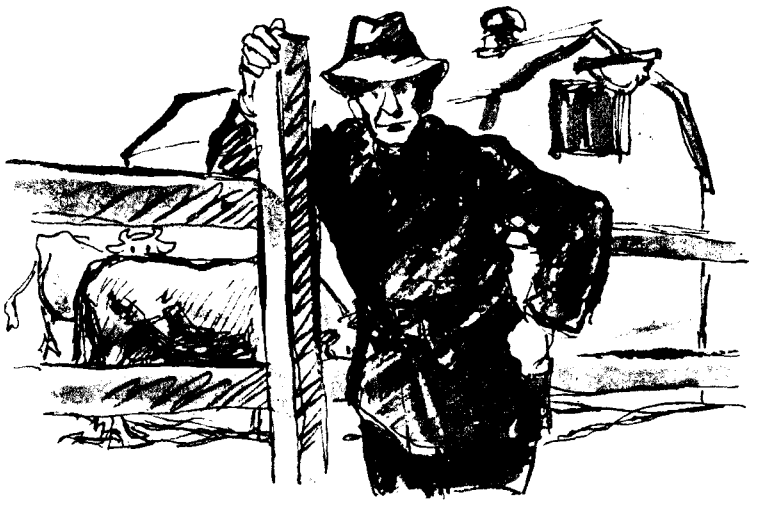
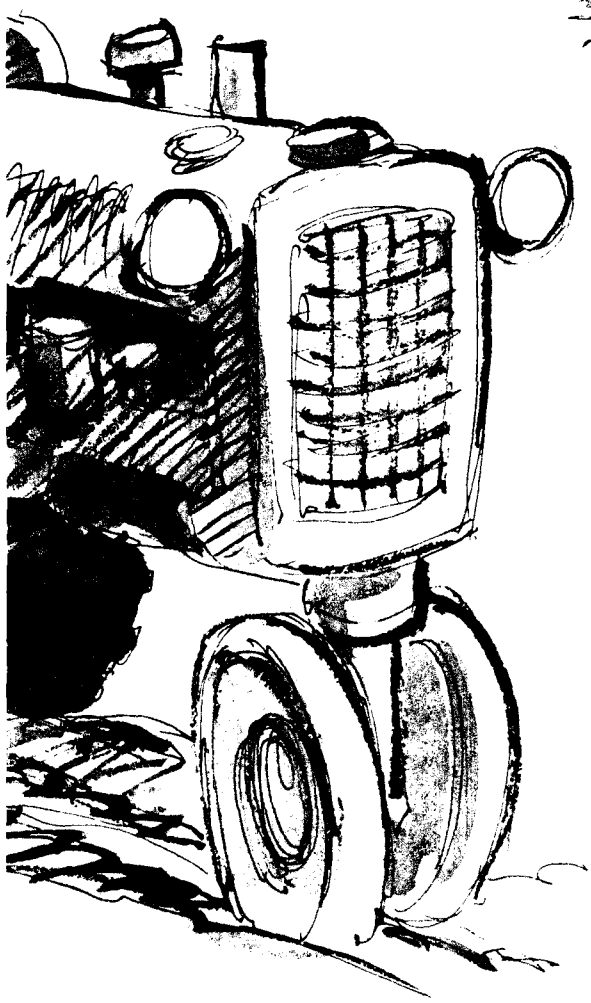
"My biggest farm problem right now is that you're holding up my plowing"

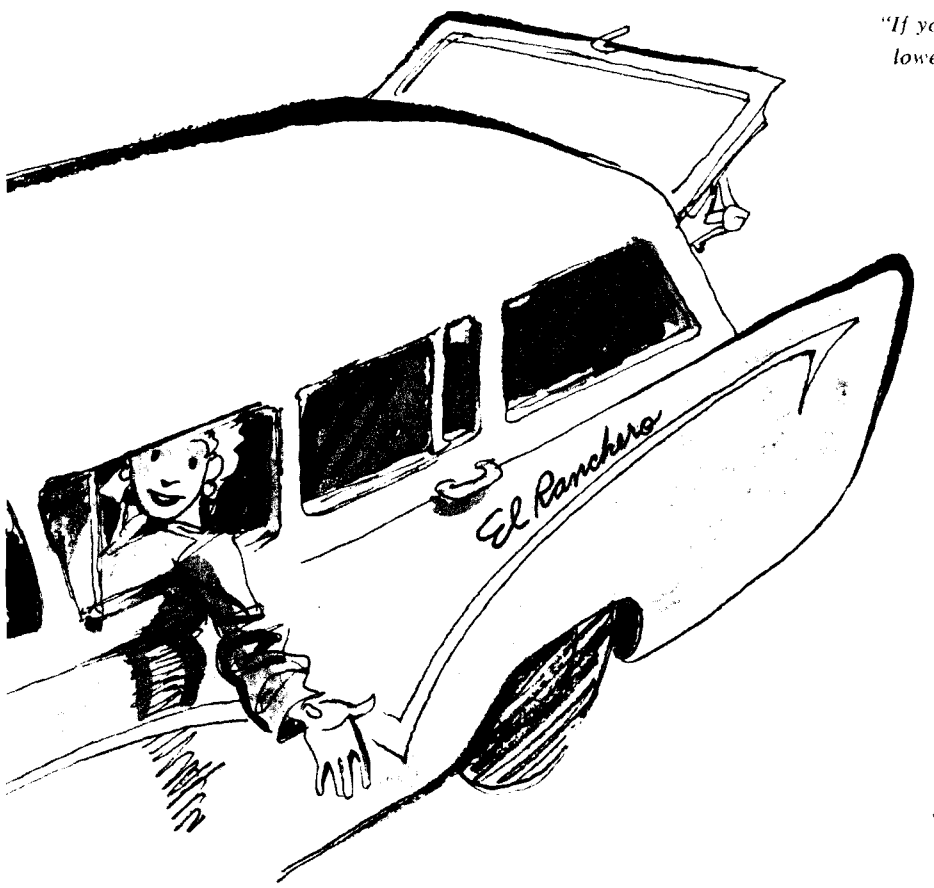


"Me, I vote the man, not the party. Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Landon, Dewey . . ."

"We met you at the Stony Brook rally last month and we bet you don't remember our names"



"If you can't come out for bigger pensions, better roads, two mail deliveries a day, and *lower taxes, may I ask what the devil you're doing in politics?"*



"Campaign funds? Gee, some of the boys were kind of counting on you *for a little contribution . . ."*

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GUY GILLETTE

To help your child succeed in school

For 4,575 hours each year, parents have the major responsibility for guiding their children's learning

By DR. HAROLD G. SHANE

SOME years ago, when I was a beginning teacher working in the fourth grade, I asked a mother and father to come to school to talk over their son's poor record in my class. After I had gone over some of his difficulties, his mother said wearily:

"Young man, if you ever become a parent you will learn that children may be a comfort in your old age. But they get you there fast once they start school."

After 22 years of teaching, and with four children of my own, I know what she meant. I can also appreciate the uneasy note that creeps into a parent's voice when he or she asks a teacher: "How can I help my child succeed in school?"

The concern is often justified. As another school year gets under way, we realize once again that our child's future success in life may be partly related to the quality of his present work, whether he is in nursery school or starting his senior year. And we know that friends and neighbors judge us—quite rightly—by the way our children perform in school.

Fortunately, there are certain common-sense practices parents can observe that will help a youngster do the best work of which he is capable. The parent and the teacher share the responsibility from the day a child enters kindergarten through final graduation. And teachers need parents to fulfill their end of the partnership.

To begin with, it is wise to wait until *all* the facts are in before beginning to worry about a youngster because he doesn't seem to be progressing fast enough in his schoolwork. Children grow intellectually at different rates of speed just as their body growth spurts and lags from time to time. Too much urging too soon, too much obvious tension on your part, can tie a child in knots when understanding and patience are more needed to keep him on his academic feet.

I can illustrate with a story from my own family's past. Shortly after our son, Mike, turned five, I started him on an intensive course in shoelace tying to salvage the family honor. I had learned from our next door neighbor that *his* five-year-old daughter could tie her shoelaces. Why, I asked myself, couldn't Mike? After three frustrating days, my young son did manage to come through with a lopsided bow for his shoes which he dutifully demonstrated for the folks next door. But the next week we were tying shoes for him again.

Three months later, Mike came home from kindergarten in a thoughtful mood. It seems he had been teased by some of the boys because the teacher had to tie his shoes. Now Mike wanted to know how to tie shoes for a reason *he* accepted. This time the teaching took three minutes not three days, and the skill stayed with him for keeps.

At five years, one month, the task of learning had been a rough one. At five years, four months, there was nothing to it. The same general lesson holds true in schoolwork. The problem for many parents is to recognize that there is nothing disgraceful in the fact that other children may happen to perform better than their own at a given time. The minds and muscles of some youngsters simply mature mentally more slowly than do those of other children.

If a child's work is far below the level of his ability, the problem is, of course, more complicated and difficult. In such cases, the competent teacher will arrange to meet with the parents to plan the individualized help the child may need. However, if you are reasonably sure that he falls into the broad range of normal scholarship and behavior, remember the solacing thought that usually you will aid your youngster most by avoiding premature prodding.

Another good way you can help your child succeed in school is to broaden his knowledge during his time at home. On the average, a boy or girl spends 25 hours a week in the classroom for 36 weeks a year—900 hours in all. Allowing 3,285 hours for sleep (figuring nine hours a day total), there are 4,575 hours remaining year in and year out when parents have the major share of responsibility for guiding their children's learning.

You can reinforce your child's classroom learnings when you are with him. Use words deliberately chosen to expand his vocabulary. Select dinner-table topics which will forward his education. Encourage visits to libraries and join him in trips to museums and zoos.

THERE IS, OF COURSE, a careful line which needs to be drawn between co-operating with the school and interfering with classwork. Parents must avoid becoming overprotective. Good teachers try to help children understand that schools are as safe and comfortable as home. Don't make the school's task harder by letting your youngster feel you are convulsed with alarm over what might happen when he is out from under your wing.

This is true at all levels of education. The father who worries out loud that Stan won't learn to read can upset the boy so much emotionally that effective learning is postponed for years. The overanxious mother who ominously cautions Betty about vague "dangers" when her adolescent daughter shows a first shy interest in boys may wreck what in a few years would be a normal, healthy relationship with young men.

Children usually can survive the rigors of school a great deal better without the embarrassment of having oversolicitous fathers or mothers forever drop into the building to ply teachers with worried questions. But a practical, reasoned interest in their children's school experiences on the part of parents is, on the other hand, very desirable. Adult study groups, class visits, P.T.A. meetings and individual conferences with teachers are important to your education and therefore to your child's. How often I've heard teachers say:

"That was a fine meeting tonight. The only trouble was that the parents who should have been there weren't."

Teachers appreciate it when parents try to understand what schools are doing. You should try to understand why and how your child's school is different from—and generally better than—the schools we attended in the 1920s and the 1930s.

IT'S EASY BUT QUITE WRONG to conclude, for example, that today's schools are getting soft because our children usually aren't given formal grammar exercises until the sixth and seventh grades when we, as youngsters, met the rigors of syntax in the fifth.

What happened is that educators learned through research and experience that while children often must struggle for months to absorb the rules of grammar in the fourth or fifth grades, most can master the same work in a couple of weeks in grade six or seven. There are similar explanations for additional curriculum changes made over the years in our school systems.

There are other, more subtle problems we must face if we wish to help our children succeed in school. Not even the great plant experimenter Luther Burbank tried to persuade an elm tree to grow apples, yet many parents are driven by a consuming desire to convert their children into images of what they themselves failed to be.

A successful Chicago executive was telling me last year of his son's dismal freshman record in an Eastern college. The father's deep voice shook as he repeated a phrase that probably was old when the pyramids were built.

"I can't understand it," he said. "I've done everything I could for that boy."

My friend might have said more truthfully: "I wanted my son to have and be some of the things I never was and never can be—now."

Don't try to force the success of a son or daughter by hammering him to conform to dreams of what you might have been. Let him develop his own way. Love and encouragement work miracles of wholesome growth without the burning, overrich fertilizer of ruthless parental shoving.

The foundation for a child's success and happiness in school is a product which carries over from the quality of family living in the home. When you send a youngster to school feeling "right" and "good" inside himself, he is likely to do the best work he can. The child who lacks this confidence

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and security may explode in tantrums in school, fritter away his time daydreaming, or embark on mischief that will anger the most saintly teacher and result in a shower of stay-after-school slips.

How can you as a parent build the security, self-direction and self-control in children that are so vital to long-range success in school? A good starting point is the too-often neglected matter of letting your child know you love him for what he is rather than what he does.

Take the young mother who snaps at her grubby five-year-old. "Go wash up, Joe! I can't love such a dirty little boy!"

She is planting the idea that she loves her son only when he conforms to her ideas of cleanliness. A few more thoughtless, offhand comments and Joe could feel unloved and unwanted.

As a result, his school behavior might take on a "Why shouldn't I raise the dickens?" flavor. "Nobody cares about me."

The parent must also devote time to his children no matter how much other activities seem to interfere. Over and over again, the busy parent, with his conscience nagging, tries to substitute gifts for himself. Dancing or riding lessons, expensive toys and too lavish parties are showered on children. The youngsters, ironically, usually aren't fooled one bit by the inability of parents like these to provide the one gift with real meaning—their own precious minutes. When you do too much *for* a boy or girl and not enough *with* him, the child feels he has come off second best to other interests you seem to value more. The result is insecurity in the child and, indirectly, less chance for his success in school and in life as a whole.

IT IS NO CLICHÉ to observe that children absorb their environment and that they grow up as extended shadows of ourselves. When our son was approaching three, my wife and I were intensely proud because he could name most of the various types of freight cars that rattled by on the railroad tracks two blocks away. One day, a train puffed past while Mike was at the window. His mother and I, in the next room, smiled fondly as we heard him announce: "There's the cattle car, there's the freight car." Then something must have distracted his attention for there was a pause and suddenly his treble voice shrilled through the house with: "Dammit! I missed the caboose."

While we never have agreed whose cussing was shaping Mike's speech, we did get the idea. And this leads to other rules of behavior to remember. Sound and unsound values and prejudices rub off on the young just as easily as do adult vocabularies. Therefore, the mother who decides in her child's presence not to return the extra dollar received in change at the local grocery store, or the father who boasts at the dinner table of an unethical business deal, may be sowing a serious crop of problems that will later sprout in the child's school life. We make the teacher's life an easier one if he doesn't have to work overtime to repair the damage to a youngster's character which may have been caused at home. And sometimes no one can erase these early influences which may produce the problem child who demoralizes the school and his parents because he cheats and lies and steals.

Some years ago, in a few schools and in some homes, a cult was made of letting children do as they please. One cartoonist captured the silliness of this extreme view when he drew a wistful first-grade boy asking his teacher: "Do we *have* to do what we want to do today, Miss Jones?"

Today teachers and parents wisely sense that children want and need guidance in learning values. This doesn't mean mothers and fathers should keep up a steady bombardment of admonitions and moralizing. Children acquire good behavior patterns by example much more than by being "talked at." When a youngster does make a mistake, we need to be consistent and firm rather than harsh.

As we respect our children, they learn to respect us and others. As we hurl sarcasm or derision, our words become part of experiences to be shed later on classmates and even school officials.

A neighbor told me recently how he overheard his sixth-grade son snapping rudely at his nine-year-old sister. The father started to interrupt angrily, but his protest died on his lips. He recognized his son's caustic words as his own. He had used them earlier in the day when he felt the boy was pestering him. Father, not son, was at fault.

The great mass of our millions of boys and girls, from kindergarten to college age, are first-rate normal young human beings. And if we live with them in sympathy, humor, understanding and patience, the result will be as good as it has been during the last dozen generations. Perhaps better.

There are no normal problem children, there are only children from problem situations. And often we as parents make these problems ourselves. By living "right" with our children, we are making the biggest single contribution possible toward their happiness and success in school—and to their adult living in a world that is demanding more every year of the finest young people that home and school together can produce. THE END

TEST YOUR PARENT QUOTIENT

Take this informal "P. Q." quiz after reading the accompanying article. It will rate your level of effectiveness as a parent in helping your child succeed in school. Score five points for each "Yes" answer. Dr. Shane has set 75 as the passing grade. He adds that it takes only a little homework in this subject to reach 100.

1. Do you avoid putting premature and unreasonable pressure for school achievement on your child? YES NO
2. Is your vocabulary consistently one you are willing to have your child pick up? YES NO
3. Do you deliberately use words and talk about subjects designed to expand your child's general knowledge at his age level? YES NO
4. Do you protect your child from your own fears, insecurities, tensions and problems by exercising good judgment in what you discuss in his presence? YES NO
5. Have you averaged at least two visits to school each year and stayed in the classroom for one hour or longer? (P. T. A. meetings are helpful, but don't count them here.) YES NO
6. Do you avoid being overprotective and give your child a chance to show what he can do by himself with only normal cautions from you? YES NO
7. Can you say that you avoid the expressions of personal prejudice which children absorb from adults? YES NO
8. Have you made a reasonable effort to determine why schools teach the way they do today, rather than as you were taught in the 1920s and 1930s? YES NO
9. Have you taken time to read up on, or otherwise learn, what to expect as "normal behavior" from a child the age of yours? YES NO
10. Do you, in talking with other adults, avoid blaming the school for not teaching your child such things as good manners, which are primarily the parents' responsibility? YES NO
11. Have you conferred with the teacher at least once a year to learn what you can do to carry a fair portion of the responsibility which home and school share in child-rearing? YES NO
12. Do you take time to do things *with* your child rather than merely to do things *for* him? YES NO
13. Do you recognize that your child largely learns his standards of behavior from you, and therefore do you try to show him the courtesy and respect you seek from him? YES NO
14. Do you normally take time at least once a day to do some little thing to have fun with your child, and to reassure him that you love him? YES NO
15. Do you explain to your child why you expect him to do—and not to do—certain things, rather than expect him to "behave" because you say so? YES NO
16. Are the standards of conduct you set for your child suitable to his age and to his understanding? YES NO
17. Are you consistent in your demands for behavior rather than too easy one time and too severe the next? YES NO
18. When it is needed, is the punishment you mete out firm rather than harsh? YES NO
19. Do you help your child find a good sense of direction by example rather than by what you tell him to do? YES NO
20. Are you able to say that you avoid exploiting your child as a vehicle for ambitions you have never been able to realize yourself? YES NO

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Clay was a killer all his life, always on the side of the law—till the time came when even his friends thought he'd killed one too many

By LEO KATCHER

IT WAS midday when Clay Burden reached the Pass. Behind him were dust and distance and some bitterness. In his saddlebags were all his belongings and all that the years had seen him accumulate. It was not much, but he had no regrets.

There had been little leave-taking at the Ranger camp. "You'll find Sim Baker a good man," Captain Peters said. "Good luck, Clay." He spoke with no rancor.

"Thanks. Good-by, Captain."

Kinney, one of the younger men, was the only one of the company who came to say good-by. "Things get quiet here," he said. "I'll be down to see you." That and a handshake and Kinney went away.

It was little enough, but considering the reputation he had made, it was as much as he could expect. He was riding alone, completely alone, and that was the way he wanted it.

He rode slowly into the Pass in the hot sunlight. Mixed languages came to him, Spanish and English and even some Indian. Inhabitants of the Pass went continually back and forth across the muddy Rio Bravo. To the Mexicans, though they might live in shacks on the north side of the river, and raise vegetables and children here, the south shore and the land below it was still their *tierra.*

Burden came to Main Street and turned. Here there was bustle and activity; for this was a town growing up, a town with money to be made.

He found a livery stable and left his horse and then went on to the hotel. After he signed the register the clerk looked at it and said, "Burden? Is that right?"

"That's right." Burden took his key and walked upstairs.

The clerk waited until he heard Burden's boots sounding along the corridor overhead and then he called over to the man who was sweeping up. "Jimmy, keep an eye on things. I'll be back in a couple of minutes." He went quickly down the street to the Jewel Saloon. Once inside, his eyes ranged the room until he found the man he wanted. He hurried to him.

"Your man's here, Mitch," the clerk said. "The one you told me to watch out for."

Mitch Willis grinned, showing his snagged teeth. "He won't be here long," he said. "Let's go."

They went back to the hotel together. The clerk took his place behind the desk again, pocketing the silver dollar Willis had given him. Willis shambled to an overstuffed chair, from which he could watch both the stairway and the door, and sat down to wait.

IN HIS ROOM, Burden removed his clothes and washed away, as best he could, the accumulated dust of the long ride. There were two people in the Pass whom he must see. Sim Baker, the sheriff, could wait, but Laurie Hendry could not.

Burden had known many women, but none of them had really mattered to him. Except Laurie, whom he had really known only a little. She had kept a part of him.

He supposed it was because he had made her suffer. He had seen pain come to her green-blue eyes when she looked at him. He had watched it obscure the gentleness. When it became too much for her to bear, she had sent him away. And now he would be bringing fresh pain to her, as she had known he would.

A week ago Burden had killed Laurie's brother, Ray. It had been part of his job as a Ranger: Ray Hendry had been wanted for bank robbery and murder. Burden had not wanted to kill him, or meant to kill him, only to bring him in. But he

The deputy arrived at midday. In his saddlebags were all his belongings. Behind him were dust and bitterness

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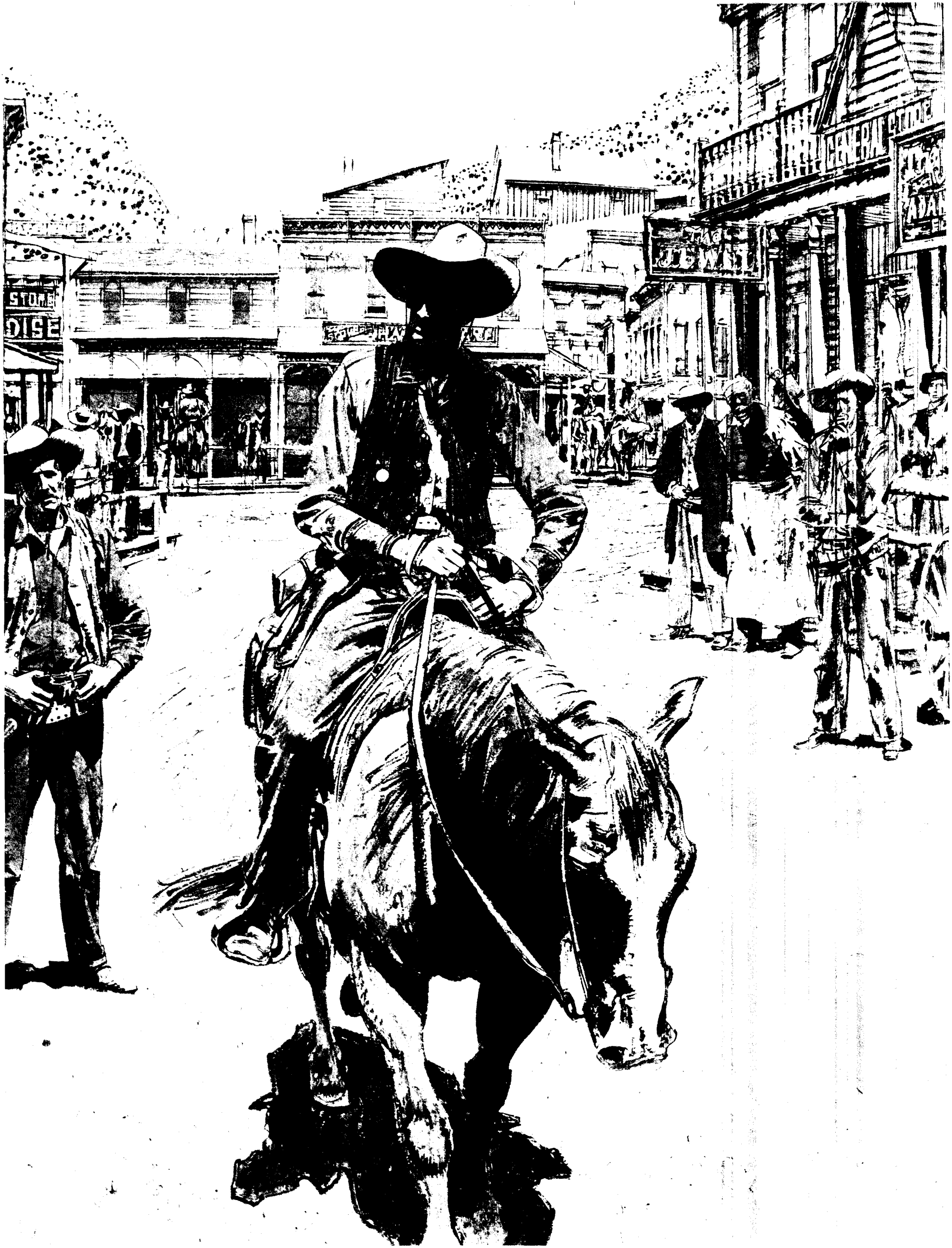

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could not expect Laurie to believe that.

Clay Burden had a reputation for killing any man he went after. He had been killing all his life—always within the law, but that didn't change anything. And now he had killed Ray Hendry, a former Ranger gone bad, the closest thing to a friend he had ever allowed himself.

In Burden's world there were two kinds of people: those on the side of the law and those who were against it. And you engaged in a battle to the death. Ever since he was a boy he had known on which side he would fight. He had been only eleven when his cousin Mark pointed to a cottonwood and said, "That's the tree they stretched your father on." It had taken two men, frightened by what they were seeing, to pry his hands from Mark's throat.

AFTER that, because his uncle would no longer have him, Burden had been homeless until he was twenty-one—old enough to join the Texas Rangers. He had never known his father, but he had learned to hate him—and even now, to Clay Burden, every wanted man was his father.

He recalled now the remark of one of the men in the company after he had returned to the Ranger camp with Hendry's body. "Comes a time a man kills for the sake of killing. It doesn't matter who. Or how. They just like to kill." Burden had fought the man with his fists and broken the man's jaw. But that punch had not changed the way the man felt, or the way anyone else felt. Burden knew that, and there wasn't anything he could do about it.

A few nights later Burden had been summoned to headquarters of Captain Peters, the Rangers' ranking officer. Peters had started out slowly, hesitatingly. "Some of the boys thought an awful lot of Ray Hendry," he said.

"I thought a lot of him too."

"You killed him," Peters said. "There's some doubting you had to."

"What do you think?"

"I don't know."

The line of Burden's jaw firmed. "What are you trying to say, Captain?"

Again Peters took a long breath. "I've got to ask you to resign, Clay. It's either you or the rest of the company."

It was then that Peters had told Burden that Sim Baker was in town. Baker was sheriff of the Pass, a border town some six days' ride from the camp. "He's looking for a deputy," Peters said. "He needs somebody a lot harder than he is to keep law in the Pass."

"And you and he think I'm the right man," Burden said bitterly. "He wants a killer with a star." . . .

But Burden had gone to Sim Baker's hotel room to listen to his proposition. Baker was about sixty, with skin that was saddle-leather smooth except for the crow's-feet that edged the corners of his eyes. His hair was silvered and the light fuzz of his beard was gray. "Howdy," he said when Burden walked in. "I've heard a lot about you. I need a gun fighter."

"The way I hear it," Burden said levelly, "there are plenty of gun fighters in the Pass already."

Baker held a match to his pipe before he answered: "There's all kinds. I want one like you." He paused. "Ray Hendry was your friend, wasn't he?"

Burden's fists tightened as he fought the quick surge of anger. But he shouldn't blame Baker. What else could Baker think?

"Yes, he was," Burden said.

Baker watched him quietly, and then said. "I've got a hard job. I need a hard man. Ever hear of a man named Rice Martin?"

Burden shook his head. "Can't say I have."

"Been to the Pass lately?"

Burden again shook his head. There'd been a lot of reasons he hadn't been to the Pass lately. One of them was Laurie Hendry.

"Grown pretty big," Baker said. "What with the railroad and everything. Got schools and churches now. Kids growing up there. Not like it used to be in the old days."

"What's that got to do with Rice Martin? Or me?"

"Martin doesn't like the change. He's rich and he's smart. Runs the two biggest gambling games in town. Has a ranch outside town, the Cross Bar, and most of his hands are gun fighters. A lot of his cattle get wet coming from one side of the Rio Grande to the other. Martin doesn't like the law. My kind, that is."

"You wear the badge," Burden said.

"One of them," Baker said bitterly. "Martin's got his own man as police chief—John Rodman. I'm not tough enough to handle Rodman *or* Martin."

"You think I am?"

Baker shrugged his shoulders. "I hope so. I'm willing to pay money to find out." He paused and then asked, "What about this killing?"

"I've killed when I've had to. I'll keep on doing it. There are times when there isn't any other way."

"I guess not," Baker said, "and that brings me back to Ray Hendry." He saw the glare in Burden's eyes and hastened his words. "I think Hendry was cold-decked into that bank robbery."

Burden said, "Go ahead." He leaned forward, suddenly grown tense.

BAKER puffed at his pipe. "Hendry had been in trouble, sure, but not this kind. Then he went to work for Rice Martin. That didn't last long. Word was that he had some kind of run-in with Martin. Then he tried to hold up the bank. Might have got away with it, too, if it wasn't for some Cross Bar hands who 'happened' to be in the neighborhood. Killed a couple of them. Even then he might have got away if Ed Lovell hadn't picked up his trail."

"Lovell?" Burden tried to recall where he'd heard that name and then remembered that, just after Ray Hendry had died, there by the remote cabin where he'd tried to hide, one of the men in the waiting posse had ridden forward, introduced himself as Ed Lovell and, with obvious satisfaction, congratulated Burden on having got his man. "I remember," Burden said now. "One of your men."

"*I* wouldn't call him that," Baker said. "He's Rice Martin's foreman."

"He was with your posse."

"I couldn't stop him. Not after those two ranch hands were killed. He was out for Hendry's blood."

Burden was silent a while. "How do you figure it?" he asked finally.

Baker scratched his head. "The way I see it, those Cross Bar hands weren't at the scene of that robbery by accident. My guess is that they were planted by someone who knew what Hendry was up to and who meant to double-cross him."

"Meaning Lovell?"

Baker shook his head. "Meaning Martin."

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Burden leaned forward in his chair. "You've hired yourself a deputy," he said.

Baker expelled a cloud of smoke. "I'm mighty pleased."

Burden went to the door and opened it. A man ran down the hallway. The man was down the stairs before Burden could reach him. "Someone was listening," Burden said, and then laughed. "What's the difference? Anything we said, they'd learn soon enough. See you next week." And with that, Burden had gone back to camp to get his few belongings together.

NOW, as Burden left the hotel to go to Mrs. Kidder's house, where Laurie Hendry roomed, he was unaware that Mitch Willis got up from his chair in the lobby and followed him.

Burden knocked at the door of the familiar gray-painted house and almost instantly heard footsteps inside the house. Then the door opened and Laurie stood there. The color left her face and a glaze came over her eyes as she said, "Hello, Clay."

He turned his hat in his hands. "Hello, Laurie." She hadn't changed, he thought.

"Come in, Clay," she said. She turned and walked inside, and he followed her into the dim parlor.

He kept his look on her as she pulled the curtains apart. A streak of sunlight washed over her. It turned her brown hair almost copper. It lent an iridescence to her skin. Her head was turned in profile and he saw the nose that turned up just a little at the end, the high cheekbone, the strong jaw softened by the generous lips.

She took the horsehair chair, across from the horsehair sofa and waited for him to sit down. Then she said, "Captain Peters wrote me, Clay."

That made it harder, and easier. "Then he told you what there is to tell."

"There must be more," she said, "or you would not have come here."

"I—had a chance to talk with Ray for a moment before he—" He broke off and then said abruptly, "I told Ray I'd come."

There was one question she had to ask. "Did you have to kill him, Clay?"

"I didn't want to," he said, "but I did." A man must pay his debts exactly, he thought.

She still withheld judgment. "What were you thinking, Clay, while you waited for him to come out of that cabin so you could kill him?"

There was no answer, for the way she had framed the question contained its own answer. He said, "I just waited, Laurie."

"Didn't you feel anything? Didn't it matter to you that this was Ray?"

"I did what I had to do," he said.

She shook her head and looked sadly at him. "I suppose you did," she said. "Poor Clay. You're dead—deader than Ray. You can't feel any of the things that make up life."

He could not question what she had said. He knew that he was, somehow, different from other men, and perhaps she had pointed out the manner in which he was different. He said, "I don't blame you for hating me."

"I don't hate you," she answered. "I feel sorry for you. I've always felt sorry for you. You're like a blind man in a world of flowers."

He was weighing this when a man and a boy of about twelve entered the room. The man was in his middle thirties, sandy-haired, solid-appearing. He wore a frock coat. He said, "Good afternoon, Laurie," but his solemn gaze stayed on Burden.

Laurie said, "Clay, this is Dr. Magoffin and his son, Ian. David, this is Clay Burden."

The boy said, "Isn't he the man who—"

His father interrupted. "If you will wait outside, Ian . . ."

Ian said, "Yes, sir." As he walked from the room, he threw a quick glance back at Burden.

When the outer door closed, Magoffin said stiffly, "I did not think, Laurie, that you would be receiving the man who killed your brother."

Laurie said, "Please, David. That is a matter between Clay and me."

"What concerns you concerns me."

Burden tried to assay Magoffin. There was something foreign in his speech, a slight burr. And something equally foreign in his manner, as though he were in an alien world that he hoped to change. Burden said, "I think there's nothing more for me to say, Laurie."

She said, "I don't think so, Clay."

As she went to the door with him, Burden asked, "Who is he?"

She hesitated an instant before she answered. "A good friend."

"I don't like him," Burden said. "Good-by, Laurie."

He left the house and walked down the narrow path. Outside the gate, he saw the boy, Ian. He nodded to him and the boy smiled tentatively. "I'm sorry, sir," Ian said. "I shouldn't have spoken."

"Why not?" Burden said. "A man should always speak his mind."

MAGOFFIN was at the window and saw the exchange. He turned when Laurie came back into the room. "I am surprised, Laurie."

"I was a little, too," she said. "He told me he came because Ray asked him to."

"And you believed him?"

"Of course," she said. "Clay Burden doesn't lie."

His laugh was short. "No. He only kills. Did you tell him that we were going to be married?"

"I haven't even told you that," she said.

"You will," he said confidently. He looked hard at her. "I do not like that man."

She laughed. "That's what he said about you."

There was no answering laughter in Magoffin. "We have no such men in Scotland."

"Scotland isn't Texas, and that's far behind you."

He agreed. "Very far behind," he said. "Well, I must go join Ian. He is going to the office with me. I will see you at supper, Laurie."

She nodded. "At supper, David." She watched him leave and then went to the window and looked out. She knew she was looking at David Magoffin, but the face she saw most clearly was that of Clay Burden. It troubled her. . . .

Burden had known it would be hard to see Laurie and had thought himself prepared for the visit. If she had met him with anger or hate or bitterness, he would have had a defense. But, instead, she had met him with pity and it had been almost too much for him.

He walked past the hotel to the Jewel Saloon and went inside. The door had hardly swung to behind him when it opened again and Mitch Willis came in. Burden found a place at the bar. Willis moved (*Continued on page 50*)

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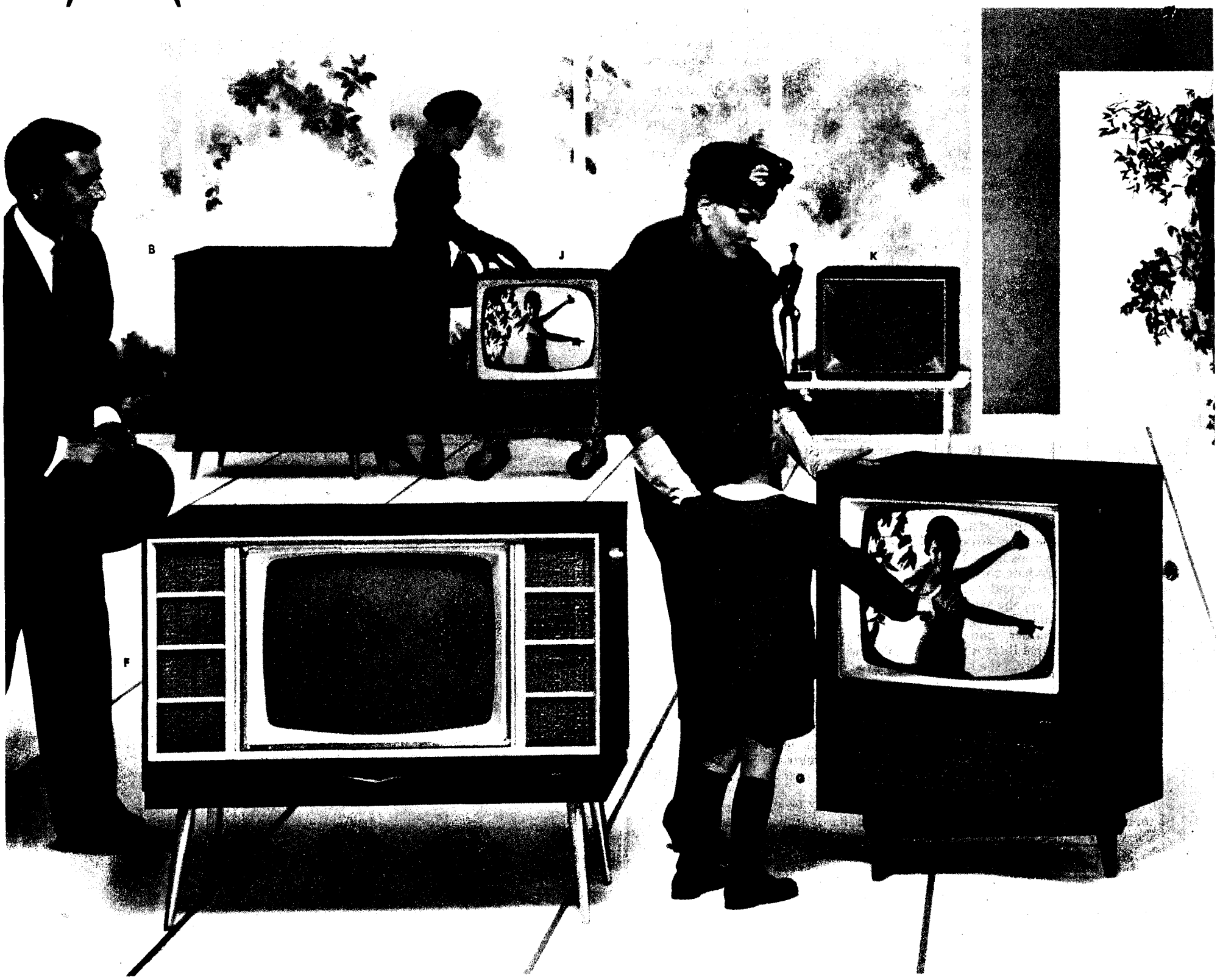

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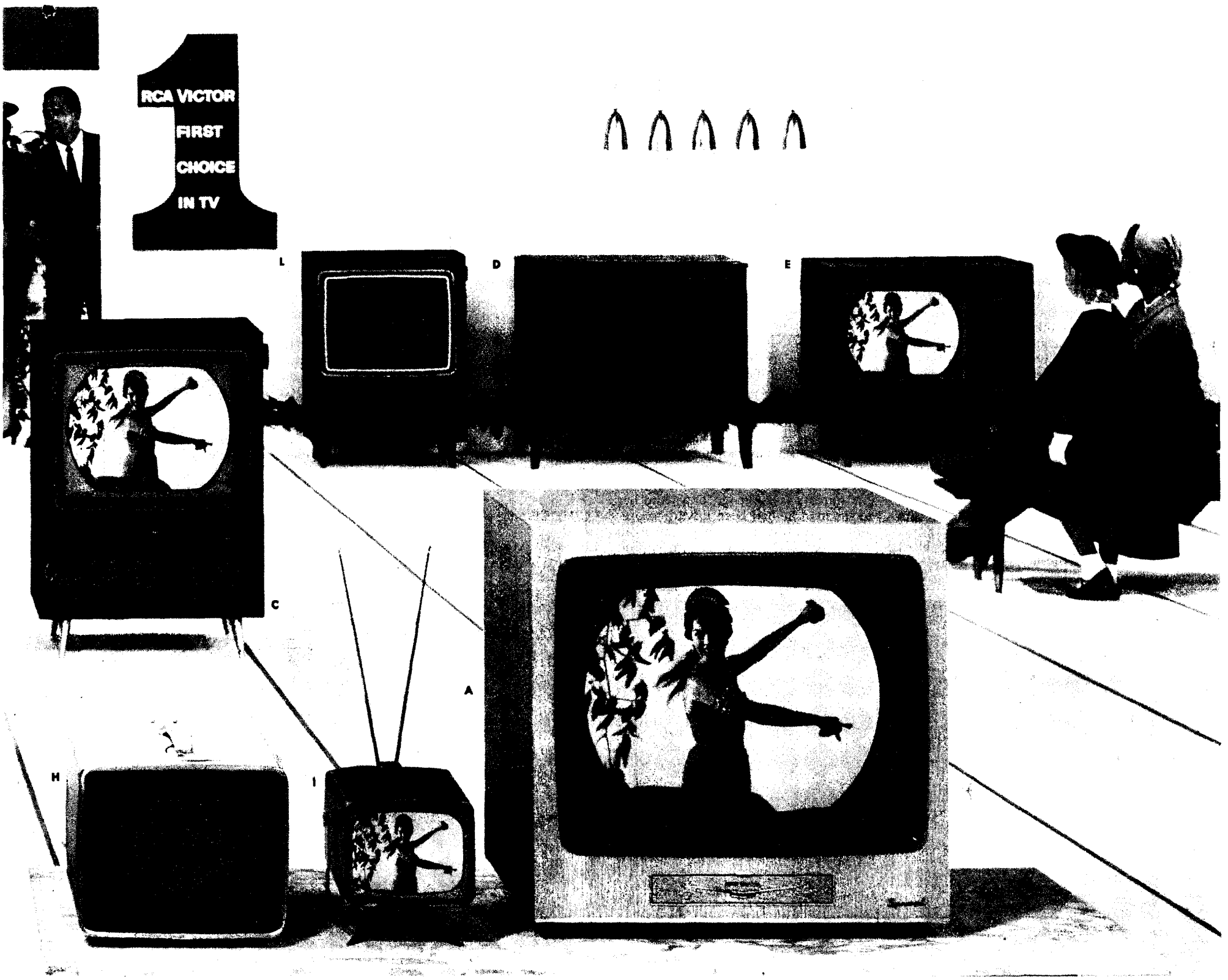

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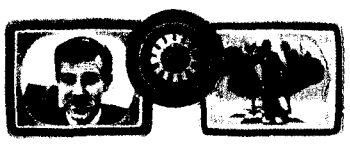

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(*Continued from page* 47) to the corner near the door.

Burden ordered whisky and looked about the room. The bar was crowded and there were two poker games going. The bartender, he noticed, had moved down the bar and was talking quietly to another customer. It seemed to Burden that both the bartender and the other man had their eyes on him.

HE CAUGHT the bartender's eye, motioned him back, and ordered another drink. "Which is the open game?" he asked.

"The big table," the bartender said. "Give you all the action you want."

"I feel like action."

"There's other kinds. Been to Keller's?"

"No."

"A man shouldn't miss it. Nothing like Keller's this side of Kansas City. The girls are kind of special."

A vagrant memory recurred to Burden. He remembered Ray Hendry dying, his head cradled in Burden's arms, trying to explain how he had got involved in bank robbery and murder. "There was a girl," he'd told Burden. "She wouldn't have me without money . . . Name's Fern. I guess he has her yet . . ."

"*Who* has her?" Burden had asked. But Hendry had not been able to answer.

Now Burden decided to play a hunch. "Friend of mine told me about a girl here in town."

"One at Keller's?"

"Could be. Her name's Fern," Burden said. "Know her?"

The bartender's face turned blank. All the effusiveness oozed away. "No girl named Fern in the Pass," he said. "You either got the wrong name or the wrong town."

"Doesn't matter," Burden said. "One girl's like another." He kept his tone casual. "If you're not running short of whisky, I'll have another."

The bartender filled the glass and then walked away. Burden, his eyes on the mirror, saw him go down the bar to the man he had been talking to previously. He watched as they exchanged a few words. This time he was certain that they were watching him. Then the man walked away from the bar and left the saloon.

Burden knew something was about to happen. The name "Fern" had begun a chain reaction that was not yet completed. It had begun with the bartender, reached the man at the bar and now was extending someplace outside the Jewel.

THREE men were in the room. Rice Martin sat relaxed in a big chair. Ed Lovell, Martin's foreman, was looking out a window, his eyes on the street. The third man, Vince Kane, sat solidly in his chair, staring at the wall.

Kane was big, a square-built man with a small, bullet head, a bull neck and an outsized chest. His long arms dangled at his sides, almost touching the floor, and he clenched and unclenched his big hamlike hands continually.

"Any sign of Burden?" Martin asked.

Ed Lovell shook his head. "No. Mitch just came out of the Jewel, though."

Kane raised his head and looked pleadingly at Martin. "Why can't I bust him up good?"

"Because I don't want you to," Martin said.

Lovell swiveled about. "Hell, Rice, let Vince do it his way."

Martin looked coldly from Kane to Lovell and then back to Kane. "No," he said. "I owe this Clay Burden something for killing Ray Hendry. I like to pay my debts."

The door opened and Mitch Willis came into the room. Martin said, "Well?"

"He's asking questions."

Martin laughed. "Anybody answering them?"

"No. I—he asked about a girl named Fern."

Martin's face changed with the name. He leaped from his chair and grabbed Willis. "If you're lying," he said, "I'll kill you."

Willis said quietly, "I wouldn't lie about that, Rice."

Martin pushed him away. "What did he say?"

"That a friend of his told him about a girl named Fern. That's all."

"Eight score and nineteen years ago . . . "

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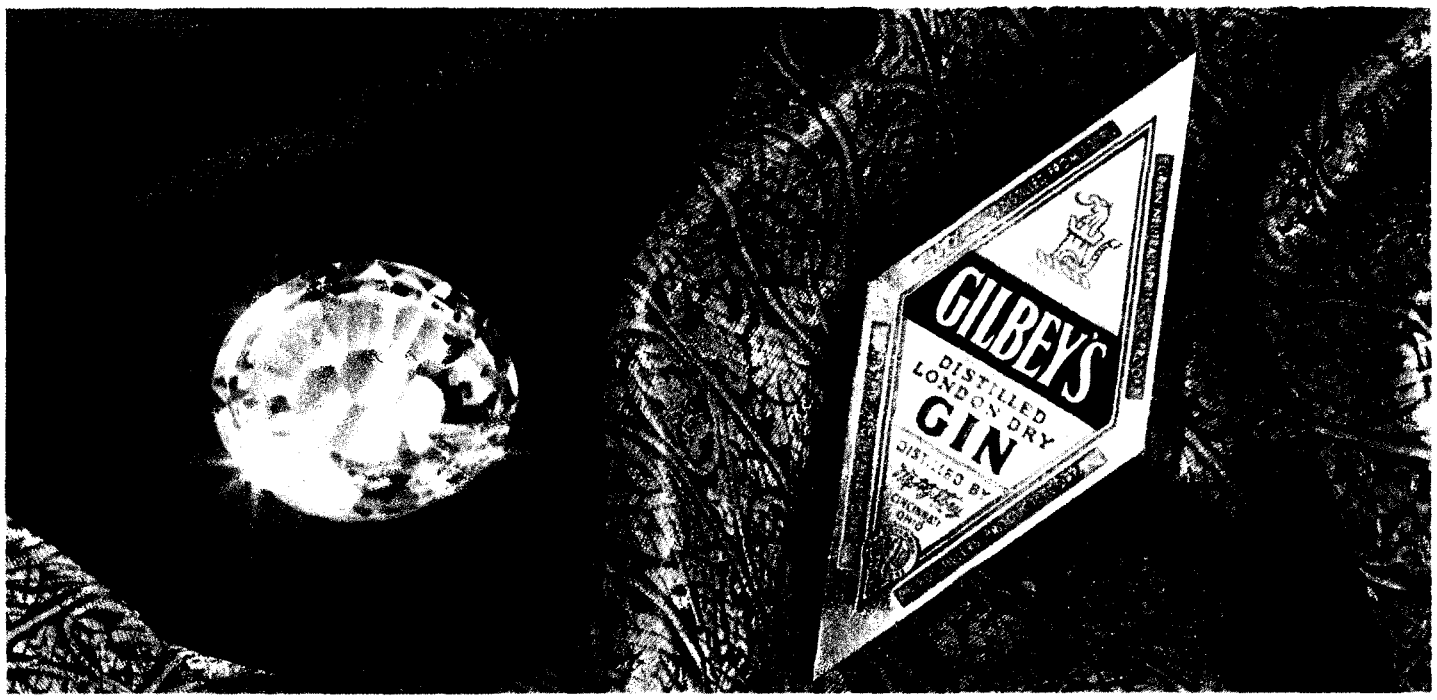

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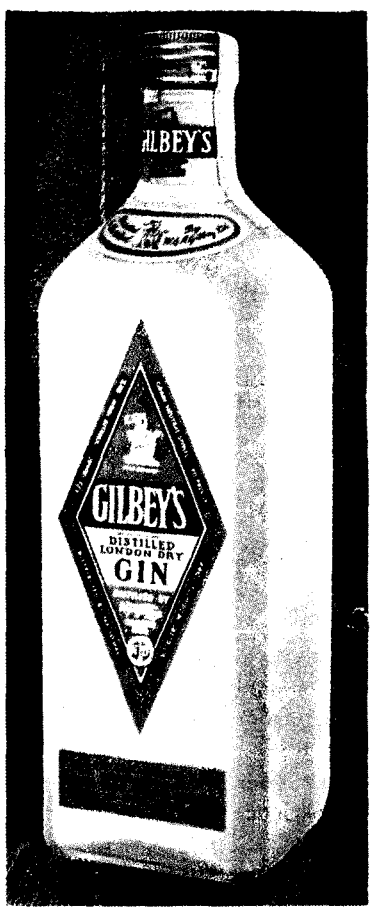

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Martin saw Lovell's insolent look. "What's on *your* mind, Ed?"

"Still owe this Burden anything?"

"No." Martin glared at Kane. "All right, Vince. Do it your way. Anything you want. Just do it. Now."

Kane catapulted from his chair. "I'll break his back."

Martin said to Willis, "Go with him, Mitch."

"You bet. I don't want to miss this." The two men hurried out.

Lovell closed the door behind them. "I wonder," he said softly, "what Hendry told him?"

"I wouldn't wonder," Martin said angrily. "I wouldn't wonder at all."

BURDEN, watching the mirror, saw Kane come into the Jewel, followed by Willis. He saw Willis point to him. So this was the next step in the chain reaction. He was not surprised when Kane walked to the bar and stood beside him.

Kane ordered a drink. As he lifted the glass from the bar, his elbow hit Burden and the drink spilled, splattering Burden. Kane hurled the glass down on the bar and turned so that his face was inches from Burden's. "What's the idea, shoving me?"

Burden knew this giant of a man had been sent to pick a fight and was wasting no time in doing so. He saw Kane was not carrying a gun. "Sorry," Burden said. "I'm buying." He signaled the bartender. "Two drinks."

Kane roared, "Who wants your whisky? I said you shoved me." His loud voice reached everyone in the room.

Burden saw the expectancy in the faces of the men around him. They, too, knew what was coming. Burden looked at Kane. "You don't know how to use a glass anyway," he said. "You look like you use a trough."

Kane's slow mind took time to understand. Then his face flushed and his eyes half closed. "You calling me a pig?" His right hand flashed out and, although Burden was anticipating the blow, he was unable to avoid it completely. It caught him on the side of the head and made his ears ring.

Burden moved back, shaking his head. Kane lunged at him. Burden's right hand crashed hard into Kane's stomach. Kane grunted and moved forward again. Burden maneuvered to the center of the room, the watchers falling back, and threw a series of short punches at Kane's body.

Kane caught Burden with a punch under the heart and then leaped at him, arms outstretched. Burden kept out of his way and used his left hand to keep Kane off balance. Kane said, "Ain't going to do you no good. I'm going to bust you in half."

Burden's fist caught Kane in the mouth and he felt teeth break. Blood washed over his fist. Then Kane found a purchase against the bar and catapulted himself on Burden, and the two of them fell to the floor. Kane was on top. His big hands reached for Burden's throat.

One of Burden's arms was free, and he drove his elbow into Kane's neck, flush on the Adam's apple. He heard Kane gasp for breath and felt the pressure ease on his own throat. He hit Kane twice with the flat of his palm, and then again in the neck. Kane's face was tortured and he was fighting for breath.

Burden found leverage and swung his fist into Kane's face. Flesh crunched under the blow. Now Burden was able to heave Kane's dead weight off him. He straddled Kane and began to drive punch after punch into Kane's face. There was no resistance.

Someone in the crowd said, "Kill him while you're at it."

Burden punched until he was arm-weary and then he lifted himself slowly and stood over Kane. He nudged the inert body with his toe and then started for the door. As he neared it, it swung open. Rice Martin stood there, with Ed Lovell just behind him.

There was a silence in the room, broken only by a whimper from Kane. Martin's eyes went from Burden to the man on the floor. Lovell said, "I'll be damned."

Burden looked at Lovell. "You're probably right. Is Fern a friend of yours too?"

Lovell made a move toward Burden, but Martin restrained him. There was a hard, twisted smile on Martin's face. "Not now, Ed," he said. He looked at Burden. "Mister, you just closed the book on yourself."

A man detached himself from the onlookers and walked up to Burden. He was slightly built, with a wrinkled face and a pale complexion, a man no longer young, wearing town clothes. "You, sir, have just performed a long overdue civic duty," he said, extending his hand.

Burden took the hand, still facing Martin and Lovell. Martin glowered and said, "Don't jump a fence, Hooker, unless you're willing to take a chance on what's on the other side."

Hooker turned to him. "You forget, I already know what's on your side, Martin."

Lovell took a step toward Hooker. As he did, Burden came between them. "Better try me first, Lovell."

Martin grabbed Lovell's shoulder and pulled him back. "Damn it, Ed, I told you—not now!"

"Not ever," Burden said, "if he's smart." He spoke to Hooker. "Let's go someplace where the air's cleaner."

"A pleasure," Hooker said, and they walked out of the Jewel together.

Outside, Hooker said, "My friend, you must like large troubles."

"I notice you dealt yourself a hand."

HOOKER smiled. "I have nothing to lose. Besides, I'm partial to lost causes and foolhardy men. My name is Adam Hooker. I edit the newspaper here, the Journal."

"My name's Clay Burden."

"Mr. Burden, you have just rendered the Pass a civic service. It is my belief that, unlike truth, Kane crushed to earth shall not rise again."

"If you can shoot like you can talk, you're a mighty dangerous man."

Again Hooker smiled. "Words are my bullets. In the case of Rice Martin and his followers they have not proved deadly."

"So that was Rice Martin," Burden said. "I met him sooner than I'd expected."

Hooker stole a quick, curious look at Burden but held his tongue.

They reached the hotel and Burden halted. He took in Hooker with a long look. "Those foolhardy men you mentioned. Seems to me you're one of them." He offered his hand. "I expect we'll be getting together again."

Hooker shook hands. "I hope so."

Hooker strutted a little as he continued down the street to his office. It was good to be called a foolhardy man. When he entered the office, his printer noted this new jauntiness. The printer grinned and (*Continued on page* 54)

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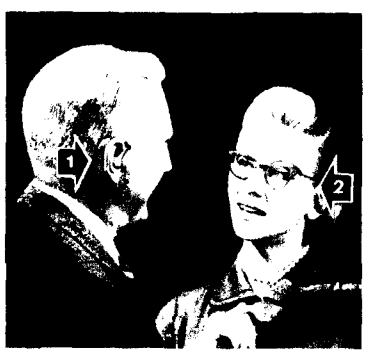

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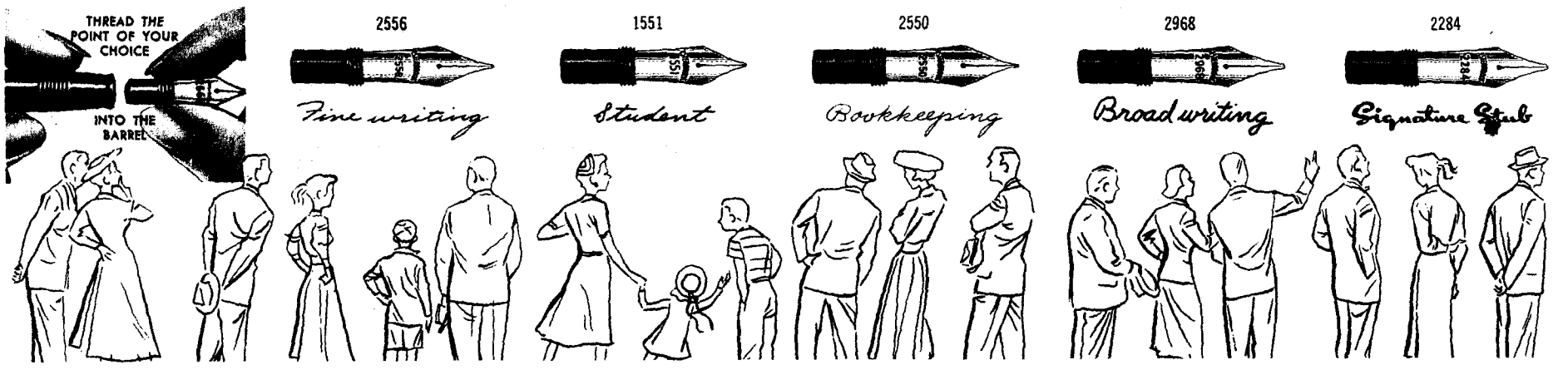

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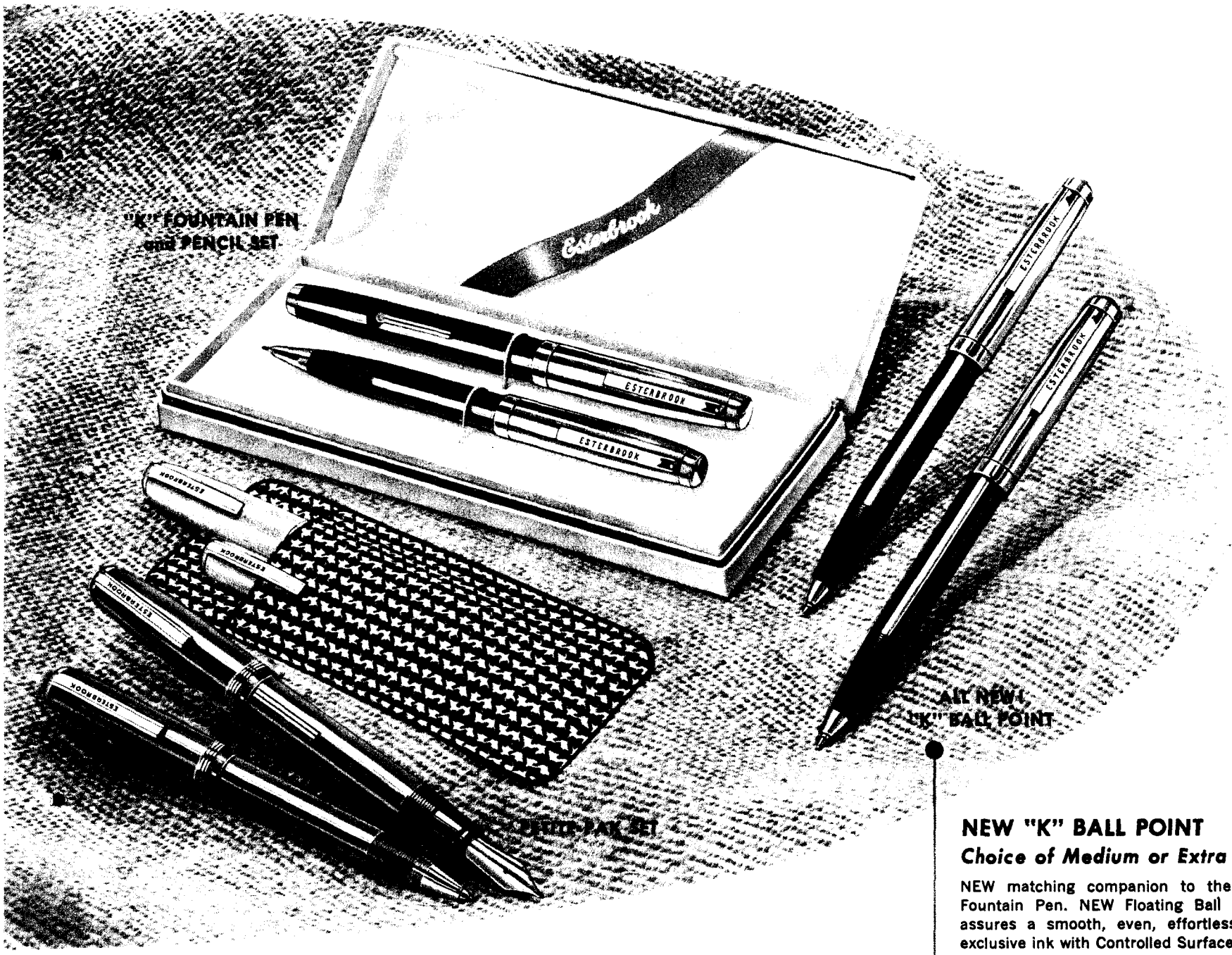

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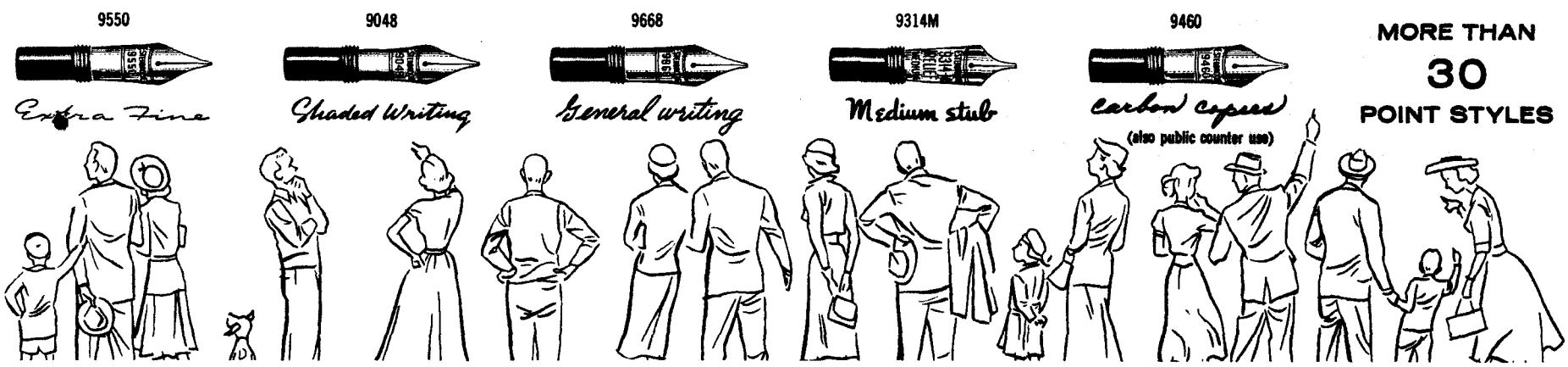

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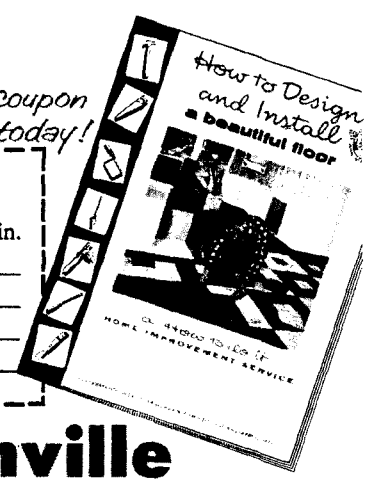

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(*Continued from page* 51) said, "What are they serving at the Jewel these days, Adam?"

"Hope, Joseph. Hope."

BURDEN looked at his face in the mirror. There was a deep gouge alongside one eye and a swelling on his forehead. He bore no other visible sign of his fight with Kane. He laughed softly to himself. A lot had happened and he had yet to report to Sim Baker. He buckled on his guns, put on his hat and went out.

He had not gone a hundred yards before he knew he was being followed. Mitch Willis lagged behind him. He recognized Willis from the Jewel and for a moment was tempted to turn on him, then decided that could wait.

When he entered the sheriff's office Baker greeted him and smiled quizzically. "Heard you were in town."

"News travels fast."

"This is Harve Allen," Baker said, introducing the man who had been talking to him when Burden walked in. "Allen, this is Clay Burden."

Allen was a big, ruddy-complexioned young man. The hand he gave Burden was hard and callused. Baker said, "Go on with your story, Harve. Clay's my new deputy."

"Not much more to say. They cut down my fence and drove half my cattle away. I want to know what you're going to do about it."

"What can I do?"

"You're the sheriff, aren't you?"

"You say it's Martin's men did all this. I need proof."

"How much proof do you need?" Allen's ruddy face turned redder. "You know Martin stole those cattle. I'll bet they're on his range now."

"Might be so," Baker said. "I'll go looking tomorrow."

"By the time you get around to it, they'll be beef," Allen said. "I'm going looking myself."

"Don't be a damned fool. Stay away from the Cross Bar."

"I've got right on my side and I'm tired of waiting." Allen turned and left the room, slamming the door.

Baker stared after him. "Can't say I blame him. He has a spread on the Creek that Martin wants." He laughed bitterly and added, "Martin doesn't want all the land there is, just the land that touches his."

"I've seen Martin," Burden said. "He walks big." He went to the window and looked out into the street. The man who had been following him was lounging in a doorway. "Who's that fellow, Sim?"

Baker walked to the window and looked out. "Mitch Willis. Sort of a handy man for John Rodman, Martin's triggerman."

Burden walked back to his chair. "He's been following me all day. I don't think anything would have happened, though, if I hadn't asked about that girl."

"What girl?"

"The one Hendry mentioned to me. A girl named Fern."

Baker let out a long, low whistle. "Where'd you ask about her?"

"In the Jewel."

"What did you find out?"

"Nothing."

"I can tell you about her. She's Rice Martin's wife."

FROM her place by the window, Fern Martin watched her husband ride up. There was a coat of sweat on the horse, which meant Rice had ridden hard. It meant, too, that something had gone wrong for him. She was glad.

She moved from her watching place into the dark corner of the room. A full-bodied woman, she walked with sinuous grace. She lifted a hand to her straw-colored hair and then adjusted the shoulders of her dress.

She heard his heavy step on the porch and then the slam of the door. Defeat angered him and he had to take it out on anything near—the horse, the door. She supposed that her turn would be next. His voice sounded. "Fern!"

"I'm in here," she answered.

He came into the room, blinked in the sudden darkness. "Damn it. Must you sit in the dark like a cat?"

"I like the dark," she said. "It hides the things I don't want to see."

"Like me." The anger cut through the room.

"Like you," she answered.

He struck a match and lighted a lamp. "Did you sit in the dark with Ray Hendry?" he asked.

She laughed, a husky, deep-throated sound. "Maybe I did. Are you jealous of ghosts now?"

He said, "You can't goad me, Fern. I know everything you do, every place you go, everyone you see."

"What went wrong in town today? Something did. I can tell."

He walked to her chair and stood over her. "I'll tell you what went

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wrong," he said. "A man rode into town and asked a bartender if he knew a girl named Fern. He wanted to know if she was one of the girls at Keller's."

She lifted her eyes. "Do you think he could have mixed me up with one of your other women, Rice?"

"Damn it, don't you care?"

"No. Neither about this man or the other women."

"You drive me to them," he said.

She laughed. "You always come back."

"Do you know a man named Burden?" He threw the question at her quickly, hoping to catch her off guard.

"No," she said. "Why? Is he the man who beat up Vince Kane?"

"How did you know about that?" His voice was sharp.

"I saw Kane come in," she said. "I had Elena find out what happened. This Burden must be a lot of man."

"He'll be a dead one," Martin said.

"I wonder why he wanted to know about me? It's a good thing you don't do your own fighting. A man who could beat up Kane like that would have no trouble with you."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" His anger was building in him. "Why in hell did I ever marry you?"

"Don't you remember?" Her voice was low and amused. "To keep me away from other men."

Now the anger was too much for him. He caught her shoulders in his hands and shook her with all his fury. She did not fight back, letting herself grow limp. His anger had nothing to feed on and he let her fall back into her chair. "Damn you," he said, his voice thick, and walked out of the room.

She rubbed the flesh he had bruised. There was no pain, only numbness. She supposed she had long ago outgrown pain; and that, if nothing more, she owed to Rice.

It was eight years since he had found her in Kansas City. She had named marriage as her price and he had agreed. She had returned to the Pass with him and the first days had been the only good days.

It was other men whom he feared. The first time he had accused her, she had sworn there was no other man. He had not believed her then, when she had told him the truth. And he did not believe her now, when she no longer cared what he believed.

AT THE sound of riders in the corral, Fern hurried to her place by the window. Even in the dim light, she recognized John Rodman and George Dennison. She watched as the two men walked to the veranda and then heard the sound of their spurs as they started toward the room her husband used as an office. She went quietly to her own room. There she could not see, but she could hear.

The two men entered the office. Rodman took a chair against the wall, where he could watch the door and the windows. He was lank and hard-faced and hard-bodied and carried his almost fifty years easily. His cat eyes seemed to take in all directions at once.

Dennison was dandyishly handsome. He held himself aloof from Rodman as if from some form of contamination. The expression on his fleshy face was scornful.

Martin's gaze took in the two men. He owned them and enjoyed the ownership. He especially liked owning Rodman. It was like having a lion for a pet—a ravenous lion who was destructive of all but its owner. Everybody else in the world was afraid of Rodman, but not Martin.

A man didn't have to be afraid of something that belonged to him, and both Rodman and his gun, notched like a picket fence, belonged to Martin. The price had been cheap, too: a badge, accompanied by a license to kill. It always seemed humorous to Martin that all the good people of the Pass were paying Rodman's salary.

Martin's feelings about Dennison were different. Dennison belonged to him too, but only because this arrangement served Dennison's ambitious purpose. It might be, Martin supposed, that it would always serve Dennison's purpose. But he couldn't be sure.

MARTIN knew he needed Dennison, with his lawbooks and his ability to scheme—needed them almost as much as he needed Rodman's gun. Just the same, he knew that someday he'd have to rid himself of Dennison. Next time, he wouldn't have a preening, strutting, arrogant man around.

"What's the talk in town?" Martin asked suddenly.

Dennison lighted a cigar. "About the way Burden beat up Kane."

"I thought it would be," Martin said. "And I guess there's only one way to handle it."

Rodman smiled, baring his teeth. "I'll take care of it, Rice."

"That's the way I want it," Martin said. He felt again the access of power. He was turning his lion loose.

Dennison frowned. "Wait a minute, Rice," he said. "Maybe there's another way."

Martin's voice was cold. "I want it this way."

"When we heard Burden was coming here," Dennison said, "we were just going to scare him off. What's made you change your mind, Rice?"

"I don't need a reason," Martin said. No, he didn't need one, but he had one. And Dennison wasn't going to hear it from him. He pulled the cork from a bottle of whisky. "I want Burden dead," he said.

Dennison knew that, for the time being, there was only danger in pressing any further. "How are you going to handle it? The way I hear it, Burden is mighty fast with a gun."

"There was others good with a gun," Rodman said. "Plenty of them. They're dead." He laughed, his dead eyes coming momentarily to quick, joyous life. "The way you're acting, a man might think he's a friend of yours."

"Yes," Martin said. "How about that, George?" This was what he enjoyed, setting two men against each other and letting them destroy each other.

Dennison laughed, seeking to ease his way out. "I never like killing," he said, "when there's another way."

"I'm different," Rodman said. "I like it." He rose from his chair. "Anything else you want from me, Rice?"

"No," Martin answered. "Just make it fast."

"Sure," Rodman said. He winked broadly at Martin and left the room.

Martin poured himself another drink. "What's eating you?"

Dennison sought the right words. "Burden beat up Kane this afternoon. That makes Kane useless. Suppose he beats Rodman to the draw? That'll make two men gone."

"But I'll still be here. Besides, he won't beat Rodman to the draw. No one does."

"There's always the chance someone

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will." Dennison pulled at his cigar. "I don't like what I've heard about this Burden. Seems he's like Rodman. He likes to kill."

"Then it ought to be a good fight," Martin said. A thought came to him, a chance to crowd Dennison further. "You wouldn't like to bet on Burden against Rodman, would you?"

FEELING the pressure, Dennison gauged how far he must yield to it. "That way," he said, "even if I win, I lose. But I'll go for fifty dollars."

"Fifty it is," Martin said. He felt better; he had forced Dennison into an impossible position. "Trouble with you, George, you think you can handle things by being smart. Smart helps, but it isn't enough. Lead talks louder."

"Maybe," Dennison said. Then he maneuvered to recover lost ground. "You've come a long way with lead. You're a big man and you can be bigger. I don't want anything to stop that."

"Nothing will," Martin said.

Dennison knew, deep inside, this wasn't true. It couldn't be true. Something—someone—could stop Martin. Perhaps, and this was what Dennison schemed for, he could do it himself. He got to his feet. "Time for me to go. Be seeing you," he said.

"Keep that bet in mind."

"I will."

As Dennison rode from the corral a woman emerged from the brush, and the sight of her brought him to a quick halt. "Fern! Damn it, this is an awful chance to take. Rice would kill us if he knew."

"That's what makes it interesting, George." Her eyes, glinting up at him, were bright. "Aren't you going to kiss me?" He got down from his horse and locked her in his arms.

When he let her go, she moved away from him. "George," she said after a moment, "I want to know more about this man Burden. Do you really think he'll kill Rodman?"

"No. I only think there's a chance he will. I don't like taking that chance."

"Does Rodman matter that much to you?"

"I hate his insides. But he stands for Rice. If anything happens to Rodman, it's as though it happened to Rice."

She weighed his words an instant. "You mean this man might even be able to destroy Rice?" There was an urgency in her tone.

"I guess there's a chance he might."

"George"—she moved close to him—"what would be wrong with destroying Rice? Isn't that what we want?"

He reached for her again and she yielded to him. Holding her, he said, "Yes, that's what we want." His lips pressed hard on hers. He was reluctant to let her go even when she broke free and hurried back into the shadows.

AFTER breakfast the next morning, as Burden started down the street to Sim Baker's office, he was aware that Mitch Willis was still following him. Burden lengthened his stride and turned a corner and waited.

Willis came hurrying around the corner and stopped short, a quick look of fear blurring his eyes.

"Looking for me?" Burden asked. He grabbed Willis's shoulders and the bone seemed to dissolve beneath the soft flesh.

"No. I—let go of me. I was just walking."

Burden slapped him across the face with the back of his hand. "Who are you working for?"

"Rice Martin." Willis's words came hesitantly.

Burden lifted Willis up and held him at his own eye level. "I've got a message for Martin," he said. "Tell him any time he wants me, he'll find me here in the Pass. I'll be waiting for him." He opened his fingers and Willis collapsed to the ground, his knees buckling under him. Burden walked away without looking back.

When he arrived at the sheriff's office, Burden told Sim Baker of his encounter with Willis.

"That won't bring Martin," Baker said. "Might bring Rodman though."

Burden shrugged. "I'll have to come up against Rodman sometime. Might as well be soon."

"Could be you're right." Baker looked down at his desk. "I suppose there isn't any other way."

Burden looked quizzically at him. "Is there ever?"

"I don't know." He got up from his desk and walked to the window. "Look at those people out there," he said. "This town belongs to them, but they don't seem to know it. They scream about law, but they don't do anything about it. In the end, it comes down to who can draw faster, you or Rodman."

He walked back to his desk and buried his head in his hands. "I'm the one that should have called Rodman. If that's the one way, then I should have taken it."

"What would happen if you did?"

"I'd get killed."

"That's the best reason for not doing it." Baker was making Burden uncomfortable. He was dissecting himself, laying something bare that should be a secret from all the world but Baker. Burden said, "How about looking over the town?"

"Not a bad idea," Baker answered. Pulling himself to his feet, he knew he had said more than he had wanted to say, but no more than Burden had a right to know.

The heat had already taken over outside. Powdery red dust was churned up and floating everywhere. But despite the heat, the Pass bustled. The streets and sidewalks were crowded.

Walking along, Baker pointed out some people, introduced others. Burden was aware that everyone was watching him, taking him in.

In front of the Journal office, Adam Hooker was talking with a big, handsome man whom Burden did not know. As Burden and Sim Baker approached, Hooker stared at Burden's badge. "Why didn't you tell me yesterday you were Sim's new deputy?" he said.

"I wasn't, yesterday."

Hooker turned to the man he had been talking with. "George, do you know Clay Burden? Burden, this is George Dennison, our city attorney."

Dennison said, "So you're the man I've heard so much about."

"You may be hearing more, George," Baker said.

Dennison laughed with his mouth alone. "I expect to, Sim. After all, we'll be working together." Speaking to Baker, he continued to look at Burden. This was the man who had beaten up Vince Kane. This was the man Rice Martin hated for some still unknown reason. This was the man who might alter Dennison's whole world. Hell, this was the man on whom he had bet fifty dollars, sight unseen.

"The way I hear it," Burden said, "there should be plenty of work."

Dennison continued to smile, showing his shining white teeth. "Depends on who you talk to. There are people in the Pass who think we've been doing pretty well with the law we have."

"Are you one of them?" Like Dennison, Burden kept his voice light.

"Hell," Dennison said, "I just do my job. So far, there haven't been too many complaints." He held out his hand to Burden. "No reason we shouldn't be able to get along."

Burden shook hands. "No reason I can see." He dropped Dennison's hand quickly. It was flabby.

As Dennison walked away, Baker said, "I wish I knew where Dennison stood."

"On his own side," Adam Hooker

BUTCH

"Says the tools are for his hobby, but he wouldn't tell me what his hobby is"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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said. "George is a specimen of *genus politicus*, the man who seeks public favor and therefore must be all things to all men."

"You could be right," Baker said, smiling faintly. He turned to Burden. "I'll be getting back to the office now, Clay. Coming?"

Burden said, "That fellow Allen—the one who was in your office yesterday. It might be a good idea to pay him a visit."

"It might. His place is about four miles out of town. Heading toward Rice Martin's place, the Cross Bar." He gave Burden directions.

"I'll find it," Burden said. He nodded to Hooker. "So long."

BURDEN rode along slowly, taking in the country. The sun was washing the hills, and outcroppings of stone shone like spangles on a woman's dress.

He came to a turn of the road and saw the Allen ranch ahead, beyond a clump of trees. Coming closer, he made out the barn and the ranch house. The place was well kept, with a fence to keep the scratching chickens away from the small yard.

Burden rode through the open gate. As he did so, the door of the house opened and a woman came out. She had a rifle leveled at him.

Her shrill voice came through the stillness. "Stay on that horse and get your hands up."

Burden lifted his hands slowly. He saw that the gun was too heavy for the woman. He didn't think she would shoot or, if she shot, that she could hit him. But there was no reason to find that out now. He said, "My name's Burden and I want to talk to Harve Allen."

"He ain't here."

"I'll wait. I'm from Sim Baker's office."

"No use in waiting. Go on about your business."

"If you're Mrs. Allen, I can talk to you."

The woman stood indecisive for a moment and then she lowered the gun. "You can put your hands down. I got to trust somebody."

He lowered his arms, dismounted and walked toward her. He saw she was a thin woman, worn almost to the point of gauntness. There were the marks of tears on her face.

"If you have something to do," he said, "I can wait out here for Harve."

"You can wait, but he won't be coming. He's inside." She turned and walked back into the house, motioning for Burden to follow. She went to stand beside a bunk. "Here he is."

Burden saw a face that was a mass of bruises, with eyes that stared up at him dumbly.

The woman said, "He went out last night to look for our cattle. I heard a noise about dawn and went to see what it was. He was on the ground, outside the gate, trying to crawl inside."

"Has he said anything?"

She shook her head. She threw back the covers, revealing Allen's body, which was covered with ugly purple welts. "How could he?"

"Where did he go last night?"

"To the Cross Bar. He was sure he'd find our cattle there." She pulled the covers back up. "Now look at him." She began to cry, with deep, racking sobs.

Burden went to her and placed a hand on her shoulder. "We'll get him to a doctor. He'll be all right."

She fell against Burden and the tears wet his shoulder. He let her cry herself out. Then, somehow, she pulled herself together.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"Do you have a wagon?"

She nodded.

"We'll take him into town. If you want to pack a few things first, I'll wait outside. I want to look around a little."

He left her and walked out into the small yard. Knowing what to look for made his task easy. He went to the place where she had found Allen. There were tracks of horsemen who had come this far and then turned back. He made out three sets. He mounted his horse and followed these tracks. About a half mile on he saw chewed-up ground, signs of a struggle. Mixed with the other tracks now were cattle.

The whole story became plain. Allen had found his cattle on the Cross Bar and had started them back to his ranch. He had been intercepted here and there had been a fight. At least three men against one. And then the cattle had been turned again and driven back to the Cross Bar.

Burden returned to the Allen ranch, brought the two horses out of the stable and hitched them to the wagon. Then he led the horses to the house. Mrs. Allen was ready to leave. She was wearing a hat and coat, and she carried a carpetbag. She had wrapped her husband in blankets.

Burden carried Allen out to the wagon and then helped Mrs. Allen up to the wagon seat. She snapped the reins and the horses began to move.

Sometimes Burden rode beside the wagon, other times before or behind it. He had no deep emotional feeling about the Allens. He did not like to see the suffering of Mrs. Allen, and he was sorry for her, but felt removed from her sorrow.

As to Allen, once again his feeling was intellectual. This was a world of violence and there were always victims of violence. What had happened to Allen had happened thousands of times to other men. They took up what was technically government land, but it was land that had been used by some big ranch, which regarded it as its own. The law might be on the side of the Allens, but the power was nearly always on the side of the big ranchers.

IN TOWN, Mrs. Allen drove the wagon to Dr. Magoffin's office. Burden got off his horse and carried Allen inside. He waited in the outer room with Mrs. Allen while Magoffin made his examination.

Magoffin finally came into the room, his face drawn and bitter. Mrs. Allen asked, "Will he be all right?"

"I don't know. I'm doing what I can."

Burden caught Magoffin's eye. There was no hope there.

"Why don't you let me take you to Mrs. Kidder's?" Magoffin said gently. "I'm sure she and Laurie Hendry will be glad to do what they can for you."

"All right," she said. "It doesn't matter where I go. Thank you, Mr. Burden," she said, and left the office with Magoffin.

Burden waited in the outer room until Magoffin came back. Then he asked, "Allen won't live?"

"I don't think so. They didn't leave much of him worth saving."

"Who didn't?"

Magoffin's eyes dropped. "He hasn't said. Your guess is as good as mine."

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"But you know it was Martin or his men?"

"I don't know anything." He turned his back on Burden. "I am not a man of violence, as you are. I do not believe that your way can accomplish anything."

Burden did not speak until Magoffin faced him again. Then he said, "That man in there"—he motioned to the back room—"he was pistol-whipped, quirted, stomped. You have no interest in seeing those who did it get punished?"

"Punishment is one thing. Vengeance is another."

"You feel sorry for Allen, don't you?"

"Of course."

"I don't," Burden said. "I think he was a fool. He made a foolish play and didn't get away with it. Just the same, I'm going to do something about what happened to him."

"For him, or to satisfy your own blood lust?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. There's one thing I want from you. If he becomes conscious, I want you to call me. There are things I want to ask him."

"He may not be conscious long enough."

"Then I want *you* to ask him who beat him."

"No," Magoffin said. "I'm a doctor. All I'll do is try to help him. However, I will send for you."

Burden shook his head. "I don't understand you, Magoffin." He turned on his heel and went out.

RODMAN sat in the Jewel, his back to the wall, his never-still eyes watching door and bar and windows. There was a bottle of whisky on the table before him, but he had not opened it. Rodman did not need whisky to key him to the point of killing.

Given a gun, he was better than any other man alive. The proof lay in the fact that he remained alive. Here in the Pass, he had attained his zenith. Just as one outlaw had once posted a sign reading THIS IS KING FISHER'S ROAD. TAKE THE OTHER, so he had, in effect, posted a sign reading THIS IS JOHN RODMAN'S TOWN at the head of every route that lead into the Pass.

On the surface, this was so. But Rodman knew he was not really top hand. Rice Martin was. He patrolled Martin's domain and nothing more. But Martin gave him the freedom to kill, which was almost enough for him, and he was content with that. There had been times he had thought of killing Martin. But he had shrewdly reasoned that if he did, he might well be destroying himself.

For long years John Rodman had known that no man could face him down or shoot him down. That assurance was still with him. It was what buoyed him up now as he thought of Clay Burden.

Last night Martin had finally given him the go-ahead on Burden. And it was high time, Rodman thought. He had been in Martin's office today when Ed Lovell had reported on the trouble with Harve Allen late last night; before long this Burden, as the new deputy, would be asking questions.

He poured himself a drink and looked around the saloon again. Burden hadn't been in. It was about time to start looking for him. . . .

Baker looked up when Burden came into his office. "Find Allen?"

"Yes. But somebody else found him first."

Baker winced. "Dead?"

"Not yet." He told Baker what he had found on the ranch.

Baker shook his head wearily. "The crazy fool. Why couldn't he have waited?"

Burden began rolling a cigarette. "It's not all bad. If Allen lives, he'll talk. If he dies, it's murder. Either way, it leads to Martin."

Baker's eyes widened. "You only move one way, don't you?"

Burden lighted the cigarette and pulled at it. Through the smoke, he said, "There's no other way to move, is there? Besides, isn't that why you hired me?"

THE door opened and Adam Hooker came in. Relief showed on his face when he saw Burden. He said, "I was fearful that you might be hard to find."

"Depends on who's looking for me," Burden said.

"I have just left the Jewel. One John Rodman was there. He was informing all within that he had chosen a portion of your anatomy in which he was going to implant your guns. He said, further, that having done so, he would break off the handles."

"Anything else?" Burden asked.

"Thereafter, he will give you a choice. You may leave the Pass or stay here, as he puts it, permanent."

Baker said, "It's come faster than I thought."

Burden put out his cigarette. "It's better that way." This was the straight line that was the shortest distance, he thought.

"I will repair to the Jewel," Hooker said, "and await developments." He went out of the room.

After a moment Burden rose. "I'll be on my way too."

"I'm going along," Baker said. He took his gun belt off the peg where it hung and buckled it on. He pulled his gun and checked it and replaced it.

Burden watched, understanding that Baker was gambling his life, too. If Rodman should kill Burden, it would follow that Rodman would also kill Baker. And Baker knew it.

Burden respected Sim Baker for the choice he had made. He said, "It's my fight, Sim."

Baker nodded. "I know. I wouldn't be any help. I'm going along just in case Rodman has any friends." He laughed. "I might as well earn my pay too." He started from the room and Burden followed, a step behind.

AS THEY went down the street, Burden felt no increase in tension. This was part of the task before him. Somehow, he had to get to Martin. There were roadblocks in the way and Rodman was one of them. He did not know whether he could kill Rodman. He knew only that he had to kill him or fail in what he had set out to do.

Baker said, "Remember, he's snaky."

"I'll remember," Burden said.

They came to the Jewel and Burden pushed open the doors and walked in ahead of Baker. As he looked about him, all sound in the room died. He watched the eyes of the men at the bar go from him to a solitary figure standing at the rear wall of the room. Their faces were all alight with expectancy—even Hooker's. And they had all withdrawn from the line of fire. They were here to watch, not to participate.

Burden looked at Rodman. Rodman's hands hung loose at his sides and

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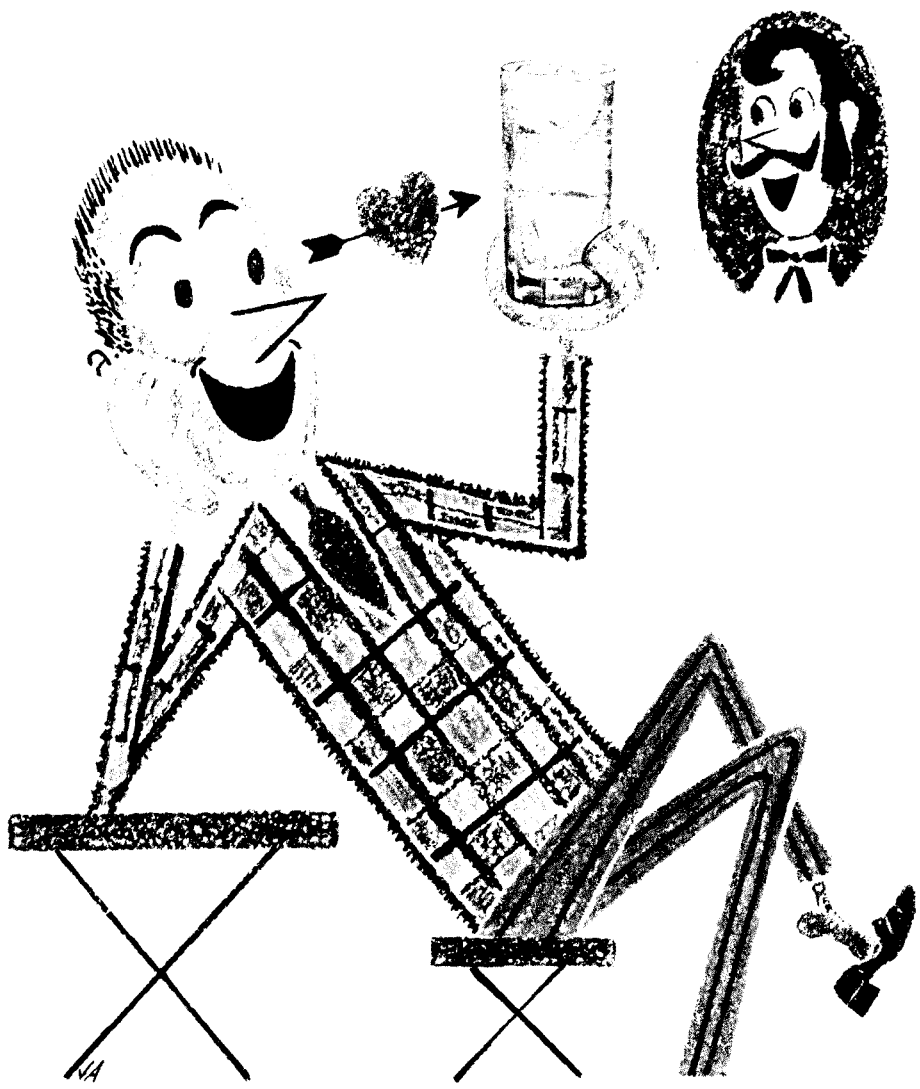

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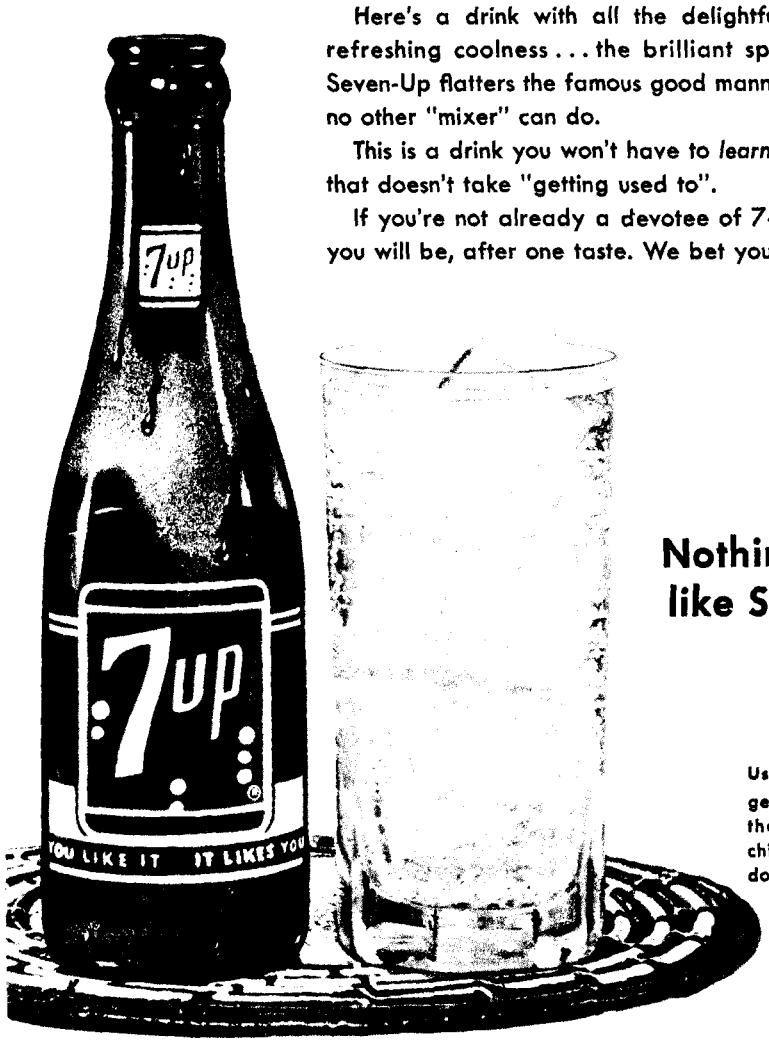

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the fingers were already bent. Burden walked toward him, till he was only feet away. "I'm Burden," he said. "I hear you've been talking about me."

Rodman hadn't expected this. Men didn't come looking for John Rodman when they knew Rodman was looking for them. Burden said, "What about it, Rodman? Care to make your talk good?"

RODMAN braced himself against the wall. Every instinct in him urged him to reach for his gun, but his mind would not let him. He was not afraid but uncertain. "I'll choose my time," he said.

"No time like now," Burden said. He knew Rodman wasn't going to make a fight of it now—not if he could help it. But it had to be now, and Burden had to find a way to make it now.

Rodman said, "Go 'way, boy. I'm not in a killing mood today."

Burden laughed. "You're crayfishing, Rodman. I called your hand and you showed up with a busted flush. Hell, I thought you were a gun fighter." He taunted him coldly, deliberately. "You're a mouth fighter, Rodman."

Rodman stayed flat against the wall. His eyes remained fixed on Burden. No man could treat John Rodman this way. No man could be contemptuous of him, daring him to reach for his gun. Still, Rodman knew that if he went for his gun now he would die.

Burden read some of this in Rodman's tortured face. He could stop now and be the victor, but that wouldn't be the end. He said, "You've got an hour to get out of the Pass, Rodman. And don't ever come back."

He stepped forward until he stood beside Rodman. Then, deliberately, he brought up his right hand and slapped Rodman's face, first one side and then the other. Then he turned his back and started walking away. But he took only one step before he whirled around.

Rodman's hand was on his gun but when he saw Burden turn around, his fingers lost their strength. He knew he had been suckered into making a play that he couldn't finish. A foolish look came over his face and remained there even as the first of Burden's bullets tore into him.

Burden returned his gun to its holster. Someone bent over Rodman and said, "He's dead." Even now there was wonder and disbelief in the man's voice. He lifted his head and stared at Burden.

Burden glanced about the room. Wherever he looked he saw that wonder and disbelief and fear. Even in the eyes of Sim Baker, who was standing beside him now, and those of Adam Hooker, a step behind Baker.

Baker said, his voice thick, "You prodded him into it. You made him go for his gun so you could kill him."

"He had his chance," Burden said.

"He never had a chance," Baker said. "You had him frozen out. You didn't have to kill him."

"What did you want me to do?" Burden's voice was hard and brittle. "Let him walk out of here and find a place to bushwhack me? One of us had to die. I wasn't going to give him more than one chance to make it me."

The three of them—Burden, Baker and Hooker—walked from the Jewel. No one else spoke or moved.

"You could see his nerve go," Hooker said when they were outside. "Like air out of a balloon."

"He broke," Burden said. "Maybe he did it to himself."

"You did it," Baker said. "All of a sudden he was less than a man. After that, you didn't really have to kill him."

Again Burden flared. "You're wrong, Baker. I always had to kill him. There never was any other choice."

"Not for you," Baker said. "I know that now." He walked away.

Hooker said, "Don't hold it against Baker."

Burden shook his head wearily. "I don't. It's just that I thought he would understand."

Hooker asked, as they started down the street, "Are you afraid to die?"

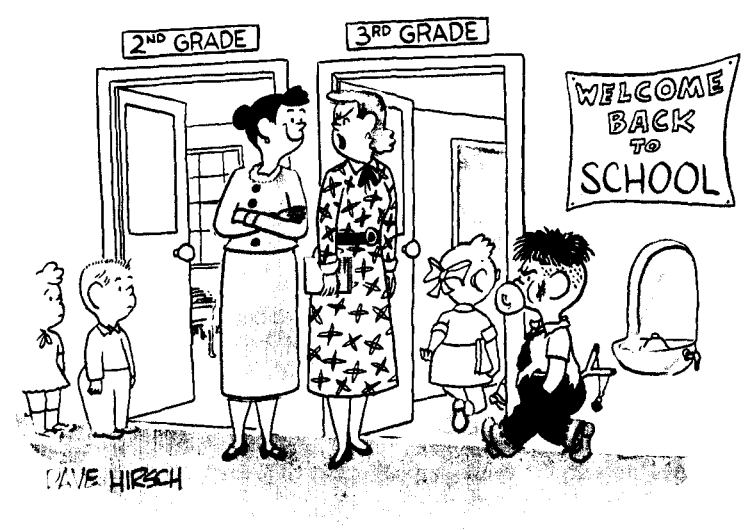
"Are you afraid to live?"

Hooker smiled. "Yes, but more afraid to die. That's why I'm here. Back East, I would be dead now. Here, my lungs seem to last a little longer. I would like, sometime, to commit some act to make this living worth while. I doubt I shall ever get the opportunity."

"We all get the chance," Burden said. "It's a question of recognizing it."

And being able to meet it, Hooker added silently.

RICE MARTIN spent the day working in his office. Working and waiting. Each time a rider had come into the Cross Bar, he had expected that it would be someone bringing him word that Rodman had killed Burden. When the day passed, the only thought that occurred to him was that Rodman was finding it hard to locate Burden.



"I notice you promoted *everyone*"

COLLIER'S DAVE HIRSCH

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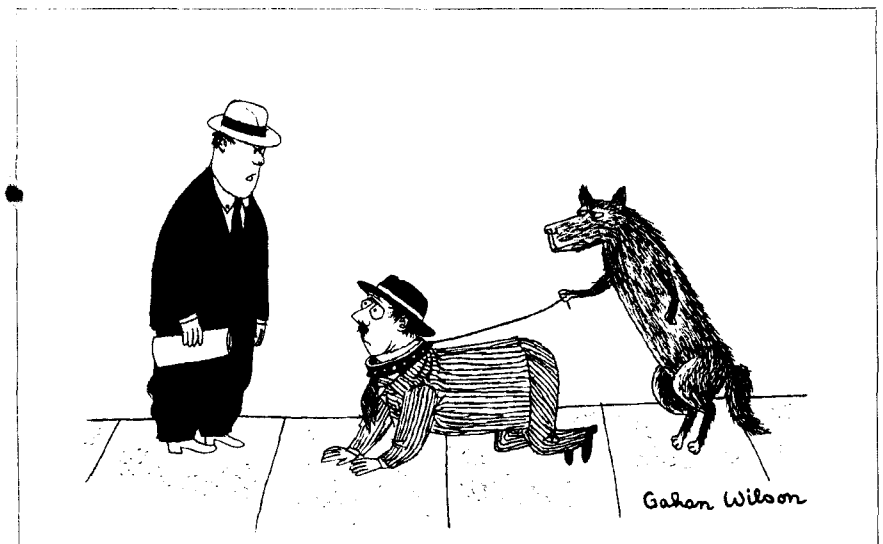

"Assert yourself, man, assert yourself!"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

In the late afternoon, he looked out the window and saw the dust cloud in the distance. This must be it, for whoever was coming was riding fast.

He lighted a cigar and walked out of the office and down the porch steps. The dust cloud was much closer and soon he was able to make out the rider. It was Dennison. Martin smiled grimly. Dennison was worried about his presumptuousness and was trying to make up for it.

"You didn't have to ride that hard to pay me," Martin said, as Dennison rode up.

"I came to collect," Dennison said, swinging himself to the ground. "Unless somebody's swept it up, Rodman's body is still on the floor of the Jewel."

Martin blew a cloud of cigar smoke into the air, hiding his face. When he spoke, his tone was casual. "Maybe I didn't rate Burden high enough," he said, "or maybe I rated Rodman too high. Let's have a drink and you can tell me about it."

As they walked up the steps, Dennison glanced quickly toward Fern's room. He did not see her, but he was certain that she was there. Certain she would be listening.

Back inside, Martin poured two drinks. "Help yourself," he said, and took half his drink in one gulp. "Tell me about it."

Dennison said, "I wasn't there, but I got the same story from the bartender and a couple of others. Burden made Rodman crawl and then beat him to the draw. Rodman was scared cold."

Martin leaned back in his chair. He didn't like to be wrong and he'd been wrong about Rodman. He said, "I'll just have to find someone else to take care of Burden. It won't be too hard."

"I'm not sure," Dennison said. "Maybe it's a mistake to do anything about Burden."

"Don't talk riddles," Martin said.

Dennison searched for words. There was really no logic to the way he felt. He said, "Let's wait and see what happens. There isn't a hell of a lot Burden can do unless we give him the chance."

Martin shook his head slowly. "That might work, George," he said. "A lot of things might work." His voice grew sharper. "But we're going to do it my way. We're going to kill Burden."

"Why?" Dennison was almost pleading. "Why make more trouble?"

Martin finished his drink and pushed aside his empty glass. His face was flat and the light angled off the sharp planes. "I pay you for your brains," he said, "and I'm wondering if I'm not paying for nothing. We've had the Pass in our hands a long time. Anyone talked back, we closed his mouth. Anybody fought back, we killed him. After a while nobody talked back and nobody fought back. They were afraid. We have to keep them afraid. They have to keep on thinking there's no use fighting us. This Burden can change that. The rest of the Pass might latch onto some of his sand. If he's dead, there's nothing to latch onto. Understand now?"

Dennison nodded. It made a great deal of sense to him. But one question still stayed with him and he voiced it: "Suppose we don't kill Burden?"

MARTIN'S tone was bland. "That's the wrong kind of supposing, George. He's killed Rodman and I didn't figure that. Maybe I should have, seeing that you did. But there are other gunmen. I can buy them" —his lips twisted into a smile—"like I can buy shyster lawyers."

Dennison kept the fixed smile on his face. "Sure you can," he said.

"You're damned right I can," Martin said. He reached into his desk and pulled out a strongbox. He opened it and scooped out some gold eagles. He dropped five of them, one at a time, on the desk. "We're even now," he said.

Dennison put the money in his pocket and stood up. "Shall I make arrangements to bury Rodman?" he asked.

"Let them plant him in Boot Hill. He's no use any more."

"No," Dennison said, "he isn't." He walked from the room, the eagles clanking in his pocket, clanking a dirge for Rodman.

Martin poured himself another drink. He could hear Dennison riding away, the sound of the horse's hoofs coming through the stillness.

Someone would have to be found to replace Rodman, Martin thought, after Burden was gone. In the old days, he would have done something like this himself. Now he hired others to do it and they never did it as well as he would have done it.

No one did anything as well for him as he would do it, he thought. Not even specialists, like Dennison. They were bought for money, and you bought only so much for money.

He lifted his glass and looked at the liquor. The light touched it and made it more red. Like blood.

—LEO KATCHER

(This is the first of three parts)

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BY LEIGH WHITE

Spain's aging generalissimo may have to speed up his program for restoration of the monarchy as a result of growing unrest in the country. Will an 18-year-old prince become king and . . .

FRANCO'S SUCCESSOR?

Saragossa, Spain

WALK down the Paseo de la Independencia any Saturday or Sunday afternoon, and you'll see the younger generation on parade—the boys ogling the girls and the girls ogling back. The weekend *paseo,* or promenade, is a familiar sight all over Spain. What makes it different in Saragossa is that so many of the young men wear the uniform of Spain's West Point—the Academia General Militar.

Sooner or later, if you look closely, you'll probably see Juanito. Officially, in this kingless kingdom, he is known as His Royal Highness the Infante Prince Don Juan Carlos, but his friends and classmates still call him Juanito, or Johnny. He is a rather lonely young man, but of late he has been making a brave effort to be a hail fellow well met, particularly with the local girls.

"It's good politics," he told me in a recent interview, "to let people know that I'm not a snob."

Last term, in spite of his younger brother's untimely death, Juanito cut the finest figure of all the cadets at the academy. Girls sighed whenever he appeared in public in his trim khaki uniform. And why not? Juanito has more of what it takes to make feminine hearts flutter than any of the others. He is eighteen, six feet two and still growing, blond, handsome and rosy-cheeked. Johnny has everything, in fact, except money. And why should he need money so long as the uncrowned ruler of Spain, Generalissimo Francisco Franco, keeps hinting that he intends, in his own good time, to make him king?

In a speech last spring to the Falange, Spain's only completely legal party, Franco reiterated that Spain is and will remain a monarchy even though she is ruled by a dictator at present and has no king. He added that no dictatorship can last for long; neither can a republic, he said, in a country as unruly as Spain; only a monarchy, restored on his own terms, can hold the country together after he is gone.

At the same time, however, he warned Spanish monarchists not to set their hopes too high. "The Falange," he said, "can live without the monarchy. Ah, but what could not live would be a monarchy without the Falange."

If those words mean anything at all, they mean that what the aging generalissimo has in mind is a fusion of his own conservative revolution—or national movement, as he prefers to call it—with the monarchical principle embodied in a young king trained and educated to carry on the traditions in which he, Franco, believes.

These traditions include the Falange, which is a bewildering mixture of contradictory forces including remnants of fascism, elements of socialism and, of late, outcroppings of both republicanism and monarchism.

Today, at sixty-three, Franco is making haste slowly in preparing for his succession. Most informed Spaniards believe that he can hold out for another five years and maybe even longer. But the growing unrest reflected in strikes, student demonstrations and outbursts of Falangist violence may force the generalissimo to restore the monarchy sooner than most Spaniards think.

Right now, though, Spain isn't ready for a king. In fact, most Spaniards don't know what they really want in the way of a new regime, except that they would like one that is more imaginative and less hidebound than the one they've got. There is no widespread demand for a monarchy, any more than there is for a republic. Nevertheless, if the succession is properly handled, most Spaniards will probably welcome Juanito as king—for a few years at least—if only because of his youth and the promise of something different.

JUANITO IS THE FIRST prince of royal blood to study at the General Military Academy in this century. His grandfather, Alfonso XIII, who became king at the age of sixteen, was too young to be a cadet. His father, Don Juan, who now lives in exile in Portugal with his wife and two daughters, was a cadet at the old Naval Academy near Cádiz until 1931. In that year, as a consequence of the bloodless Republican revolution, the royal family was sent into exile and the General Military Academy was closed as a slap at the Spanish officer class.

The commandant of the academy at the time was the youngest and brightest general in the Spanish army. His name was Francisco Franco. And Franco cannot forget that in 1945 Don Juan, now known as the Count of Barcelona, tried with the encouragement of the Allies to depose him as Chief of State.

That's why the generalissimo prefers Juan Carlos to Don Juan, who actually is first in line for the throne and still hopes to be king. Too young to be a dangerous rival, but not too old to be indoctrinated to succeed Franco on his own terms, Juanito has been doing pretty well so far as a student prince. His schedule at the academy includes morning classes—strategy and tactics, military history, Spanish history, mathematics, physics and English—six days a week. Five afternoons a week, together with the other cadets, he participates in sham battles, obstacle races, weapons practice, sports and gymnastics.

LIKE MOST CADETS, Juanito occasionally has had to be disciplined for such infractions of the rules as wearing the wrong sort of visored cap. The regulation dress cap at the academy is equipped with a 45-degree visor that forces the cadets to keep their heads erect at all times. I asked Juanito why he and his classmates were so willing to risk confinement simply to wear an officer's cap with a normal visor.

"Farda mas," he said with a smile, speaking in military slang. "It's more attractive."

The local girls, it seems, make fun of cadets who take them out in the evenings wearing regulation caps.

Actually, Juanito is a better sportsman than student. Sailing with his father on the royal yacht Saltillo off the Portuguese coast is what he most enjoys. In Saragossa he excels in horsemanship, swimming, trapshooting and tennis. The sciences, especially mathematics, are his weakest endeavors. His strongest subjects are Spanish history and English.

"It isn't that His Highness is a bad student," one of his professors told me confidentially. "It's just that he hasn't been working as hard as he should. We expect him to do a lot better this year."

Last term, Juanito lived apart from the other cadets, but this fall he lives in a dormitory with the other members of his company. His special privileges, most of which have now been withdrawn, were intended to make it easier for him to adjust himself to the Spartan life of a Spanish cadet.

Juanito's only real luxury at the academy last term was a private bathroom. His tiny bedroom, which he invited me to inspect, was simple enough. All it contained was a cot, a table, a chest of drawers, an image of the Virgin, a lucky horseshoe and a bookshelf on one wall. The bookshelf, I noticed, was short on books but long on accordion-leather frames containing photographs of royal relatives

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Educational program for Prince Juan Carlos (left) has been encouraged by Franco. He's now a cadet at General Military Academy in Saragossa, later will attend naval and air academies. In top photo, Juanito (Johnny), as he's known to classmates, shoots a light machine gun. Lower photo shows him, as the tallest man in outfit, at head of first line

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and former girl friends—or "flirts," as Juanito described them to me in English.

One of the picture frames was empty. Juanito told me that it once held a photograph of Alfonsito, his younger brother, who killed himself accidentally last Easter vacation while target-shooting with Juanito at their father's relatively modest villa in Estoril, near Lisbon. The other frames held photographs of Juanito's father and mother, his four grandparents, and various aunts and uncles. Among his few books was *La Vida Como Es* (Life as It Is), a harshly realistic novel about the Madrid underworld by Juan Antonio de Zunzunegui, one of the best of Spain's younger writers.

IT WAS NOT VERY LONG AGO that the Falange was circulating leaflets opposing the restoration of the monarchy in the person of Juan Carlos. One of the Falange's ruder efforts emphasized the unfortunate heredity of the Spanish branch of the royal house of Bourbon. "Down with the monarchy!" it read. "We don't want to be ruled by an idiot king of foreign birth."

Juanito may not be an intellectual giant, but he is far from being an idiot. And, though he was born in Rome, where his parents lived in exile until World War II, he is at least as Spanish as his distant cousin, Princess Margaret, is English. The fact remains that two of his uncles were victims of hemophilia, a blood disease inherited from Juanito's paternal grandmother, Victoria Eugenia, born Ena of Battenburg (now Mountbatten), a granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England. Both uncles bled to death following automobile accidents that would not have been fatal but for their hereditary weakness. Juanito's only surviving uncle is a deaf-mute. Don Juan, in fact, is the only one of the late King Alfonso's four sons who is apparently free of any hereditary taint. Yet the younger of Juanito's two sisters, Margarita, a bright girl who speaks nine languages, was born blind.

Alfonsito's tragic death was such a blow to Juanito that for a time he considered withdrawing to a monastery. But he has since recovered to the extent that he is now determined to complete the four years of military training that Generalissimo Franco has prescribed for him.

He returned to Saragossa this fall for a second year of general training. Later he will spend a year each at the naval and air academies. If all goes well, he will return to Saragossa for a final three months to become, in the summer of 1959, the first Spanish second lieutenant ever to be trained in all three services.

Juan Carlos will then be twenty-one. Will Franco, who will then be sixty-six, retire from active rule to act as a sort of regent while civilians acceptable to the army, the Roman Catholic Church and the Falange take over the reins of government? It all depends on what happens between now and then—whether there is war or peace, in newly independent Morocco or elsewhere, and whether Franco's health and energy, and the patience of the Spanish people, hold out long enough for Juanito to be trained adequately to shoulder the responsibilities of a king. If Franco has his way, he will probably not retire until Juanito has spent yet another two years studying engineering and the humanities at Madrid University.

Juanito makes no secret of the fact that he is not very interested in being a soldier except as a means to an end. The bearing of arms is no longer an aristocratic profession in Spain. Most aristocrats, in fact, would rather be anything but army officers. The result has been a gradual proletarianization of the Spanish army, which, though underpaid and therefore shunned by Spaniards who can afford to seek more lucrative careers, is still the most powerful element in Spanish politics today. (The Church is second and the Falange third.)

Juanito, who is beginning to show the makings of a politician, has found it expedient to emulate the habits of his humbler classmates. He used to smoke a popular brand of American cigarettes, which, though not expensive, still cost more than most cadets could afford to pay. He now smokes the cheapest of all Spanish cigarettes—an acrid brand known to the cadets as "Martin Bombers." And whereas he used to keep pretty much to himself, he now associates with all his classmates, and tries to be a good sport as well as a good sportsman.

"He'll never be one of us," a classmate remarked, "but he's as close to being one of us as we have any right to expect."

Juanito has been studying in Spain since 1947, when his father, who is now forty-three, reluctantly agreed to let Franco take charge of his sons' education in return for the generalissimo's promise to restore the monarchy if, as and when. But the generalissimo's relations with Juanito are almost as distant as his relations with Don Juan. Juanito told me that he had met Franco only three times in his life. The last time was a year ago last July.

When I asked him what he thought about his chances of becoming king of Spain, Juanito referred me to his father; and, when I called on Don Juan in Estoril, he referred me to Juan Tornos, a first secretary of the Spanish Embassy in Lisbon, who acts as Don Juan's political spokesman.

"Something is cooking," this gentleman said, "but I can't tell you what it is. It's never a good idea to worry the chef before the meal is ready to be served."

The chef, of course, is Franco, and so I went to Madrid to await a promised interview. As soon as I had submitted a list of the questions I wanted to ask him, however, the generalissimo decided that he wouldn't be able to receive me after all.

"The secret of Franco's success," a shrewd foreign diplomat remarked to me, "is that he's been able to keep everybody guessing for twenty years. He isn't likely, at this late date, to reveal his plans in advance."

NOR HAS HE, though it is evident that he is now giving more thought to the problem of his succession than ever before. He has even gone so far as to speak kindly of Don Juan, which doesn't necessarily mean that he intends to make the father king before the son. All it means is that the generalissimo, worried as he is by the restiveness of the Spanish people, is mending all the fences that he can. As Chief of State, he can name his royal successor at any time; and, if he should die without having done so, a Regency Council will automatically assume his powers and choose his successor within three days.

The Law of Succession stipulates that Franco's successor must be a person of royal blood, at least thirty years of age, acceptable to the Falange as well as to the army and the Church, and willing to swear allegiance to the fundamental laws and principles of Franco's national movement.

Some Spaniards assume that Juanito will not become king until his thirtieth birthday in 1968, in which year the generalissimo will be seventy-five. But others point out that there is nothing to prevent Franco from amending his Law of Succession at any time.

After 20 years of absolute power, however, the generalissimo is inclined to regard himself as indispensable. As he told the Falange not long ago, "I think God will grant me many years in which to do good to our country and evil to our enemies."

Last winter a secret poll of Madrid University students shattered his self-assurance. The questions, which were framed by José Luis Pinillas, a professor of psychology, were admittedly slanted in favor of "conservative attitudes." Yet the answers revealed that four out of five students were fed up with what they considered unwarranted restrictions on their liberties, bureaucratic incompetence and malfeasance in high office. Three out of five advocated drastic changes.

Not long afterward the law students held their annual class elections, and for the first time they dared to repudiate the Falange's hand-picked candidates. The Falange's answer was to rough up a number of "liberal" students and their professors on their way home to lunch one day. Somebody fired a gun, seriously wounding a young Falangist. Had he died, a real riot might have followed, but happily he lived and so the purge that followed was bloodless and relatively mild.

LATER, IN THE HOPE of curbing unrest in the factories, the government decreed a blanket 16 per cent wage increase for unionized workers. The gesture backfired in a series of illegal strikes for still greater increases, and some of the strikers were aided and abetted by representatives of the Falange and the Church.

The strikes achieved their purpose. Although the official wage increase still stands at 16 per cent of the basic wage, many employers have raised wages by as much as 40 per cent, and the Ministry of Labor has promised yet another wage increase this fall.

Both the strikes and the student demonstrations were characterized by what, for Spain, was a remarkable lack of violence. Spaniards generally seemed to feel that, if this was the beginning of the end of the present dictatorship, it behooved them to be patient and to act with caution in order to avoid unnecessary bloodshed.

Last July, on the eve of the twentieth anniversary of Spain's disastrous civil war, Generalissimo Franco delivered a speech in which he confined himself to justifying the accomplishments of his regime. Behind the scenes, however, he had already appointed a number of commissions to deal with his more pressing problems. One commission is supposed to pacify the students, another to pacify the workers and yet another is supposed to popularize the lackluster Falange. The most important commission is now drafting a new constitution, the apparent purpose of which is to make it possible for Franco to relinquish his powers gradually and in such a way as to keep his national movement alive within the framework of a monarchy.

Things are changing in Spain, and changing rapidly. But Franco is still the boss, though he is mellowing with age, and he still commands the loyalty of the army and the police. His health is good, despite rumors to the contrary, and he is by no means eager to retire, even to become a regent, until he absolutely must.

Who is to decide when the time is ripe? One monarchist predicts that the army will have to give Franco the "final push" if chaos is to be avoided. And the army is believed to prefer Juan Carlos to another general or the civilian "strong-man" sort of president that the Falange seems to prefer. None but born monarchists—and there aren't very many in Spain—are believed to prefer Don Juan.

One thing seems to be fairly certain. The longer Franco remains in power, the more likely it is that the Bourbons will have to skip a generation if Spain is ever to have another king. Only in the event of some unforeseen cataclysm, or Franco's sudden death, is Don Juan likely to rule Spain. It seems more likely, as matters stand at present, that Juanito will rule in his stead on Franco's and the Army's terms. THE END

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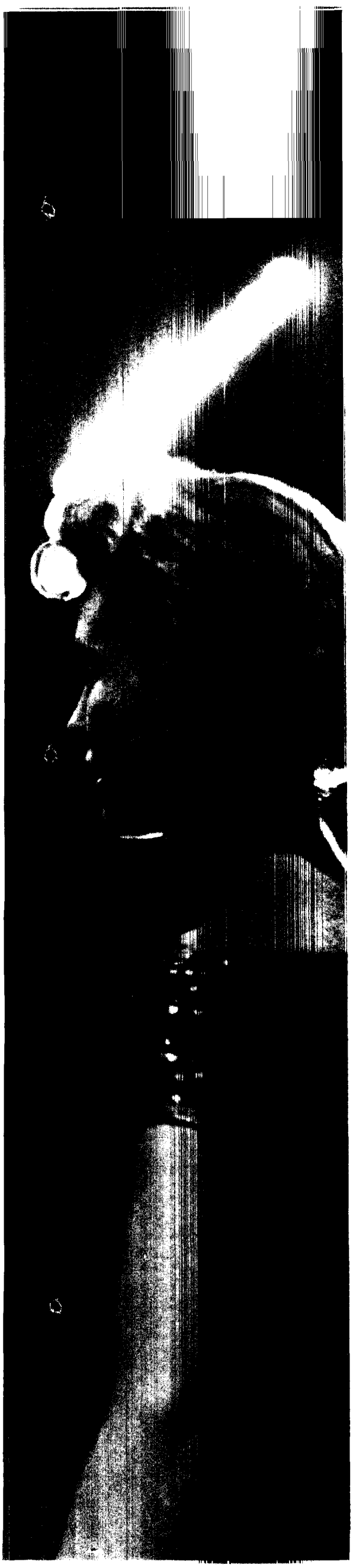

CONTINUING MY STORY *By Ed Sullivan*

The feud with Godfrey

What started the famous row? Sullivan gives the inside story —and also tells how he began his fabulous television career

NEWSPAPERMEN INEVITABLY meet the most interesting people. The first time I saw John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil colossus, I missed killing him by about six inches, the margin by which my golf ball missed his head on the second hole at the Ormond Beach course in Florida. On six occasions I've been reported dead. I've known Douglas (Wrong Way) Corrigan, who flew solo across the Atlantic in 1938, and Roy Riegels, who ran the wrong way in the Rose Bowl game of 1929. I've been put on the drop-dead list by U.S. Communists, swum in the Blue Grotto at Capri, ridden the cable car at Rio de Janeiro, won a Navy diver's certificate at the Boston Navy Yard, poled a gondola in Venice, worked as a checker in the Cambria steel mills at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, as a busboy in Chicago and pushed a hand truck in the Illinois Central freight yards; I gave Helen Wills her "Little Miss Poker Face" nickname, a deadpan reference later to haunt me.

Once, I so persistently nagged Groucho Marx, most careful of drivers, that he was arrested for speeding on our way to Pebble Beach, California; I started one of our Sunday-night TV shows by landing in a helicopter on the deck of the carrier Antietam; for one of our ASCAP shows, the University of Pittsburgh gave me special permission to exhibit to the nation the purse that was found on Stephen Foster when he was brought to New York's Bellevue Hospital, dying. (The purse contained 38 cents, his legacy to his widow, though Foster gave the world My Old Kentucky Home, Old Black Joe and Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair.)

I was with Jack Dempsey, at Chicago, when he refused to give $50,000 to fix a referee for the second Tunney fight in 1927; I've been greeted by a Confederate band at Atlanta, have received the keys to nearly every Southern city and yet was castigated by Texas papers for giving more attention on our stage, to Alabama fullback Tommy Lewis than Rice's Dick Moegle, who was tackled by Lewis from the side lines during the 1954 Cotton Bowl game.

With Congressional Medal of Honor winner Charles E. (Commando) Kelly, I strewed flowers for the war dead at the junction of the Monongahela, Ohio and Allegheny Rivers in 1951; in Honolulu, with members of the famed nisei (Japanese-American) 442d Regimental Combat team, I placed a wreath on the graves of their dead, many of whom I'd known in life; I introduced Jack Benny to radio on my CBS program in 1932; I've played in sketches with Gina Lollobrigida, Lucille Ball, Olivia de Havilland, Clark Gable, Bing Crosby, Red Skelton, Dan Dailey, Rita Hayworth, Ernest Borgnine and Phil Silvers.

I've heard the story of the introduction of the World War I song hit, Over There, from the little guy who wrote it, the late George M. Cohan; at Apawamis Golf Club, in Rye, New York, I was a fellow caddy of Gene Sarazen, who went on to become one of the immortals of international golf; I was threatened by Scarface Al Capone's mob in 1929 (they mistook me for Edward Dean Sullivan, who wrote Rattling the Cup, an exposé of Chicago gangland killings); I was feted in 1953 by the city of Paris in the Eiffel Tower; I introduced Margaret Truman to TV in 1950; I've sprinkled crumbs on crumbcakes in a bakery, wrapped bundles in a Hartford, Connecticut, department store, and in 1918 I ran away to Chicago in a vain attempt to enlist in the U.S. Marines.

As a sports writer, I scooped the country with documented proof that Bobby Jones was quitting amateur golf to make golf movie shorts; I've known the greatest showmen of our generation, among them Tex Rickard, Florenz Ziegfeld, Sam Goldwyn, Rodgers and Hammerstein, Cole Porter,

Sullivan is a Jack-of-all-trades on his TV show: producer, M.C., announcer. Here he rehearses auto commercial with Julia Meade

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARVIN KONER

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Sullivan made his television debut as a master of ceremonies on September 3, 1947—but didn't know it until the next day

David O. Selznick, John Golden, Roxy (Samuel L. Rothafel), Sam H. Harris and Mike Jacobs; I wrote the life story of the fabulous little gentleman of the theater, Lee Shubert, but couldn't print it because his brother, J. J. Shubert, refused his consent; I've met the great and the phonies—known J. Edgar Hoover on one hand, mobsters on the other. My deepest thrill was when my wife, our daughter, Betty, and I had an audience with Pope Pius XII.

I'VE HAD such diverse golf partners as the Duke of Windsor, Ben Hogan, Henry Ford and Vice-President Nixon; once I bought a race horse, Buck Benny, for Jack Benny by cabling from the liner Normandie in midocean to Saratoga; I've teased Bernard Baruch about his attentiveness to very pretty girls and chuckled at his answer: "When I no longer enjoy talking to them, Ed, I don't want to go on living"; I broke down Hollywood's decision not to let TV use any moving-picture material or stars; I've entertained the White House Correspondents at their annual dinner and been entertained by the Foreign Correspondents in Tokyo; President Truman gave me a box of matches lettered "Stolen from Harry S. Truman."

So now, at fifty-four, I think back to that day in 1910 when a group of us Pearl Street kids, in Port Chester, New York, gathered on the lawn of our playmate, Jack Tief, to gape at Halley's Comet fire-balling across the sky. Jack's mother, the wife of a ship captain, predicted:

"One of you will see strange things in your lifetime. It may be you, Edward."

Certainly, the years have been exciting for me. And they all led up to, or followed, a most important date in my life—the night that unexpectedly was to steer me into television, national prominence, unexpected feuds, travels all over the world and my entrance into millions of living rooms.

That was the night of September 3, 1947, when, for the twelfth year in a row, I acted as master of ceremonies at the Harvest Moon Ball in Madison Square Garden, the New York Daily News' amateur dancing championships. On stage, I introduced a show starring the late Bill (Bojangles) Robinson, Tony and Sally DeMarco, Diosa Costello and Lena Horne. From the audience, where I'd stashed them, I introduced Jack Benny, Lucille Ball, Alan Ladd, Jimmy Stewart, Vivian Blaine, Jack Haley, Patsy Kelly, Jinx Falkenburg, Risë Stevens and Ronald Colman. To climax the evening, I called Alan Ladd up on the stage in the center of the Garden, and asked the crowd of 18,000 to sing Happy Birthday to him.

The next day, Jack Benny phoned and said: "You should have told me the Garden show was being televised." Startled, I told Jack that I hadn't known that it was. Several times during the ball, men had come to me and told me to work more directly to cameras on the mezzanine ledge, but I'd assumed that they were newsreel cameras. I hadn't known that CBS-TV was doing a "remote." Even if I had known, it wouldn't have mattered because there were so many loose ends to hold together that I couldn't let my attention wander.

As a result of that telecast, however, and my apparently relaxed manner in handling the Harvest Moon show, CBS-TV signed me for a 13-week Sunday-night series.

Marlo Lewis, then with the Blaine-Thompson advertising agency, first learned through agency channels that CBS-TV was considering me for the series—the network's first hour-long show—and he tipped me off. We had worked together in several charity drives, and I had been tremendously impressed with the drive and competence of the big, good-looking youngster. Marlo's tip was accurate. One May day in 1948, while I was playing a three-week vaudeville date at New York's huge Roxy Theatre, he brought backstage Tony Miner, CBS-TV general manager, then producing Studio One. Miner outlined what the network had in mind, said it would be the type of thing I'd done at Madison Square Garden and presently was doing in vaudeville. I signed a contract a week later. Marlo and I have been together ever since.

It happened, all of this, during a particularly hectic week. Commies and their sympathizers were picketing the Roxy because the screen feature was The Iron Curtain, an exposé of the workings of the Communist spy ring in Canada. I was the only vaude headliner willing to appear with the anti-Commie flicker. Each day, I passed through Red picket lines and banners.

As an extracurricular activity while at the Roxy, I compelled the Hotel Taft to re-engage a doorman, the late Jim Ryan, fired because he'd given names of Taft-employed Red pickets to newspapermen. When I outlined the bizarre firing of Ryan in my newspaper column, the Catholic War Veterans immediately set up a picket line around the Taft—and the hotel quickly rehired Ryan.

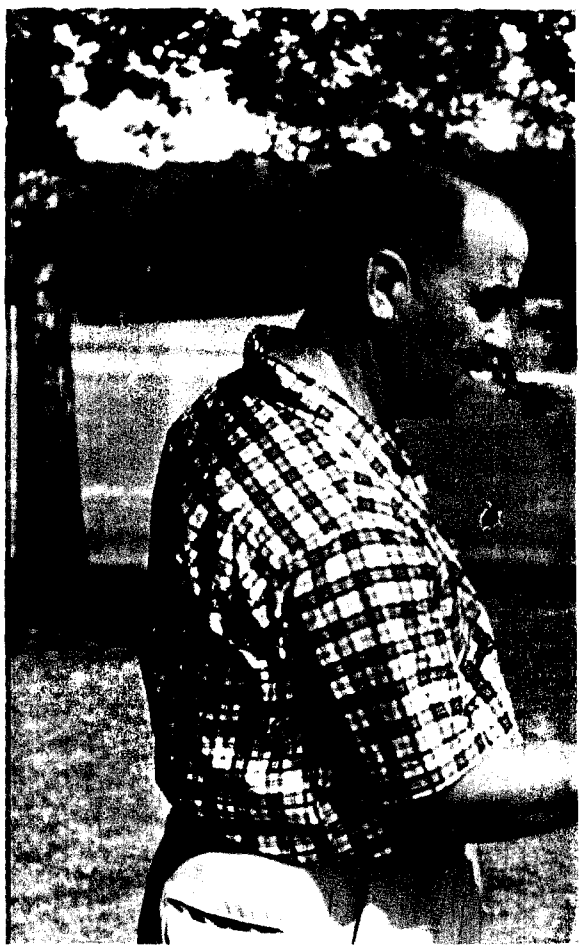
My first CBS-TV show went on the air June 20, 1948, from the Maxine Elliott Theatre, on West 39th Street. In the more than eight years since, I've done about 425 consecutive weekly hour-long shows. In all that time, we've been off the air on only one Sunday—when my Lincoln-Mercury sponsors yielded our time to another sponsor who was putting on a "spectacular."

Since June 20, 1948, I've been personally responsible for the outlay of $10,531,000, mostly for talent, completely exclusive of time charges and line charges involving the more than 200 stations in the United States and Canada (plus Honolulu) that carry our show to viewers. Our biggest single audience has been estimated at 52,000,000 by the national survey systems.

IN THAT HISTORIC first show, I lined up Dick Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, Martin and Lewis, singer Monica Lewis, ballerina Kathryn Lee, New York City fireman-singer John Kokoman, concert pianist Eugene List and fight referee Ruby Goldstein (for a discussion of heavyweight champion Joe Louis's next bout and the problems faced by the referee). Rodgers played some of the music from Oklahoma! and Hammerstein indicated how music, lyrics and libretto were linked together. Recently, I told my good friend, Jerry Lewis, that I made only one mistake on that first show: after Martin and Lewis finished their hilarity, I should have shot them! In that way, they couldn't have come back later to haunt us as NBC-TV stars, beating us every time they opposed us.

For that first show, I paid Martin and Lewis $200. Monica Lewis warbled and Kathryn Lee danced for $50; Eugene List got $75 and so did Ruby Goldstein: Kokoman received $25. Our chorus line of six dancers, a "first" in TV, got $10 each. Today our chorus girls get $140.50 a week, in contrast to the $90 a week paid chorines in the big Broadway musical shows.

The only ones who lost money on our show dur-



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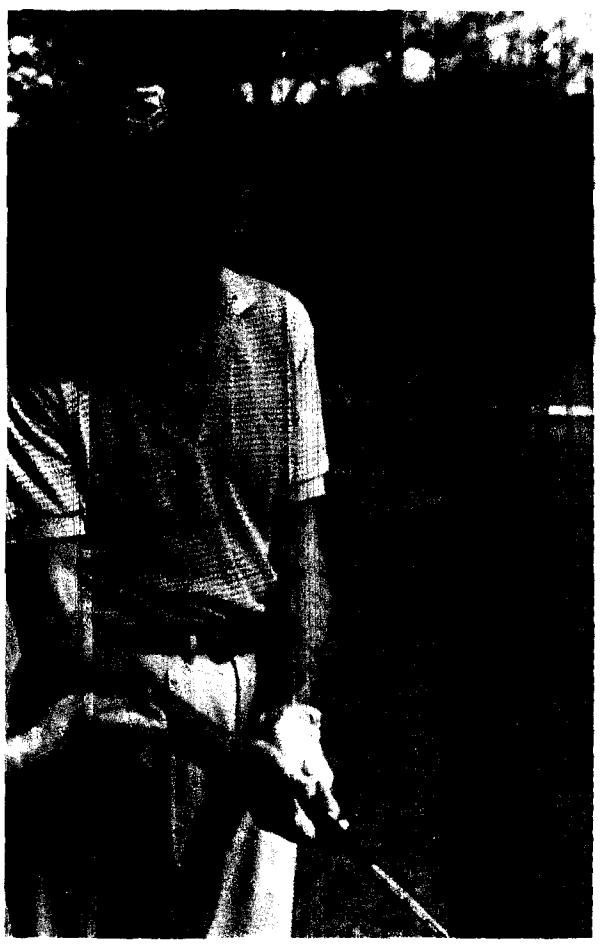
Above: Sullivan often features filmed interviews on his program. Here he's greeted by Rita Hayworth in Tobago, British West Indies, where he flew to talk with stars of movie Fire Down Below. Actor in the background is Jack Lemmon. Left: In New York City apartment-office, Sullivan types out his column on gold-plated portable, which was presented to him in 1952 by Springfield, Mass., post of the Jewish War Veterans for his "unselfish devotion and years of service to all veterans." Below: As boys, both Ed Sullivan and golf champion Gene Sarazen caddied at the Apawamis Golf Club in Rye, N.Y. Recently they got together again at Apawamis for the club's annual pro-amateur tourney. Ed shoots in low 80s



ing our first year in TV were Marlo Lewis and I. We both had side jobs, so we plowed back the money we were supposed to get, in the interest of better pay for acts.

What background qualified me for booking acts, routining them in running order, and acting as master of ceremonies of a TV variety show?

WELL, SINCE 1920, I had been a sports writer and Broadway columnist, so by 1948, I had spent 28 years familiarizing myself with Broadway, Hollywood, Europe and South America. As a newspaperman with 28 years' training, I'd learned something about public taste and—obviously—had sharpened my sense of what constituted spot news and human-interest stories. For years, I'd enjoyed vaudeville at its peak and learned, by observation, the vitally important matter of what material performers should not use. I went regularly to the Broadway theater and almost as regularly to New York night clubs.

In 1930, I had had my CBS radio program on a national network and, prior to that, had a radio show over WOR. In 1932, I'd started out with my own vaudeville revue and studied at firsthand performers, techniques and, most of all, audiences. During World War II, I produced and staged the two mammoth shows that still hold world records. The Army Emergency Relief show and the Red Cross show, both at Madison Square Garden, rolled up a total gross of $500,000. In addition, I'd learned by extensive experience with my shows in military hospitals and several hundred charity shows for all causes in New York City.

Most important, my background in the small town of Port Chester, New York, quite like other American small towns, and my family background had taught me that American families preferred, above all else, things of good taste.

From our very first TV show, we commanded a big audience. We were rated No. 1 until Milton Berle exploded on the scene in the fall of 1948, and then we became No. 2. As soon as our program got a sponsor, it was demonstrated that people believed me and that I could sell the sponsor's product (then Emerson radios and TV sets).

But at once some of the New York TV critics set up a howl for my scalp. Certainly, the contrast between me and Berle must have been startling. The critics were seeing all of Berle's tricks and techniques, to which they'd never been exposed before. He danced with the dancers, sang with the singers, piled up with the acrobats. Big charity shows scheduled for Tuesday nights at such arenas as Madison Square Garden were canceled because the sponsoring groups knew their potential audiences would be tuning in on Berle. Moving-picture theaters were empty. Even bingo games couldn't compete with Uncle Miltie.

Assuredly, I couldn't. In fact, my sober conduct of a show somewhat similar in format affronted the critics. They urged CBS-TV to get rid of me. "Why, oh why, is Ed Sullivan on the CBS-TV network?" asked John Crosby of his New York Herald Tribune readers. In The New York Times, Jack Gould actually did a serious comparison of me and Berle. Harriet Van Horne, in the World-Telegram, joined the sniping chorus.

I answered each one of them in a vain attempt to head them off, because in 1948 networks and advertising agencies knew little about the medium and so could be influenced easily by writers in important papers. Small wonder that I couldn't smile into a TV camera!

Eight years later, this same chorus still yowls at me. On our eighth anniversary, I'd thought the critics might pull off temporarily and suggest to their readers that for eight continuous years I'd brought to American homes the finest in ballet, the finest in opera, the finest in dramatic shows, the greatest of European performers. But they didn't.

On the occasion of our eighth anniversary on TV, this was the tender message in John Crosby's column: "Mr. Sullivan, of course, is notoriously and admittedly without any talent."

Helen Hayes, Pulitzer prize-winner Josh Logan, Oscar Hammerstein II and Variety editor Abel Green disagree. Said Hammerstein: "As a member of an old vaudeville family, I hereby nominate Ed Sullivan as the leading producer of vaudeville as it is known in 1956." Said Josh Logan: "Ed Sullivan has done so much for so many of us in the theater that we find it difficult to judge him dispassionately or give him the credit for being the showman he is. All of us in the theater have learned from him." Said Abel Green: "He gives a nonprofessional façade to his highly professional show."

Helen Hayes once answered what she called a new quiz game: "What has Ed Sullivan got?" Her diagnosis: "Surely all the people who have worked with Ed on his stage know what he's got. Appreciation! It's one of the rarest, most wondrous of God's gifts when it's real—and Ed's is. He is so aware of talent—so struck with the splendor of it —so altogether stage struck in the true sense of the phrase, that one can actually feel it."

Today, luckily, TV shows don't depend on newspaper critics. A show is over before the critics can get into print and, if the viewers enjoyed it, bitter criticism in a newspaper makes no impression.

Some of our New York City TV reviewers are tremendously interested in the medium. They bear no grudges when they sit down to report on shows. The other section of the New York City TV press often is inaccurate, venomous. I think this group would be just as inaccurate, just as spiteful, if assigned to cover sports, society or any other department of a paper.

IT IS PERTINENT to point out that TV writers in other cities and towns, remote from New York, do a much better and more literate job day in and day out than those to be found on the staffs of Manhattan dailies. Perhaps it is because these out-of-town writers basically are newspapermen. They hustle for news. They check their facts. They go to TV studios to see what makes a show tick. Out-of-town writers from almost every city have come to our theater to study the operation of our show. Yet, in those same eight years of weekly telecasting, only one New York TV writer—the Daily News's Ben Gross, dean of them all, from Alabama—ever has been to our theater!

The primary responsibility of a newspaperman is to check his facts. Failing in that elemental obligation, when he learns that what he has printed is in error, he should permit the victim space in which to correct the error.

In the 1948 era of TV, one Sunday night Louis Jordan and His Tympani Five were to appear on our show. They were to come down from Harlem's Apollo Theatre, but the Sunday traffic fouled up the whole deal. I'd assigned them a six-minute spot on our show, so their failure to arrive on schedule had to be compensated for. In our studio audience, that night, was young comic Al Bernie. I pulled him on stage and he did a terrific job entertaining until Jordan's jazz band arrived.

I felt so appreciative of Bernie's pinch-hitting feat that I told him that some Sunday night I'd arrange a show without any other comedy in it, so that he could be spotlighted to best advantage. The opportunity finally came, and I booked him for the night of September 26, 1948.

On the Friday night preceding Bernie's appearance, I was master of ceremonies at a benefit show

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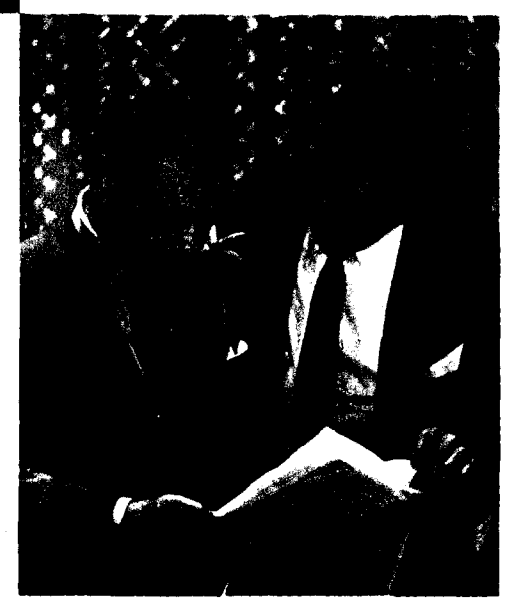
Jerry Lewis, who appeared on Sullivan's first TV show, greets Ed on his eighth anniversary

"My feud with Godfrey wasn't initiated by criticism of his TV work. It started in the public interest"

Ed chats with Miss Iceland during appearance of Miss Universe contest winners on his show



Inevitable cigar clamped in his jaw, Edward G. Robinson prepares for spot on Ed's TV program

Above: Sullivan goes over script changes with co-producer Marlo Lewis (left) and assistant Bob Precht, Ed's son-in-law. Below, left: Sullivan and folk singer Harry Belafonte discuss a song during rehearsal

During animal-act rehearsal, chimpanzee leaped into Ed's arms. He responds with a broad grin

at Madison Square Garden. Bob Hope, who was on the bill, said he was very anxious to watch a TV show. "Tell you what, Ed," said Hope, "I've got to go to a West Point dinner at the Waldorf Sunday night and then rush to La Guardia Airport and catch a plane to the Coast. On the way to the airport, if the time schedule works out, I may get a chance to drop in and catch your show."

On Sunday night, our show whipped along at a fast pace. The next act would be Al Bernie.

SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A STIR in the audience, then applause, then whistling. People in the orchestra seats were standing up, applauding. Following their eyes, I saw Bob Hope at the head of the left center aisle in the theater, bowing and waving to the people. In those days, a movie star in a TV theater was page-one news.

Hope came striding down the aisle, mounted the steps to the stage, and the place became pandemonium. He walked directly to me, shook hands and uttered some flippancy to the audience. They roared happily.

Under cover of the laugh, Bob whispered to me: "How much time do you want me to do?"

"Get off," I whispered. "Al Bernie is on next."

Hope looked toward the left wing of the stage, saw Al Bernie, nodded to him. Then turning back to the audience, Hope gagged: "How do you like this? I'm here on the cuff. Sullivan tells me to get off the stage. That's gratitude."

The audience whooped it up at the idea of a TV show refusing to let Hope appear on it.

But Bob, immediately understanding the dilemma, worked quickly and expertly, called up Jerry Colonna and Tony Romano of his troupe for quick bows, and left the stage clear for young Bernie.

In the meantime, not wishing to have Bernie follow Hope, I had told stage manager Eddie Brinkman and his crew to get our dancing chorus ready. Ray Bloch instantly went into the chorus finale music and the girls danced out on stage for a two-minute number.

Then I introduced Bernie and young Al's first classic crack, when he reached center stage, was: "This is the kind of spot you wouldn't even give a leopard." But, with real courage, the kid made a big hit.

A day or so later, in the Herald Tribune, John Crosby suggested that I had a curious and subtle way of forcing performers to come up from the audience and getting them to give a free show. He pictured Bob Hope as the unwilling victim!

I rushed Crosby a two-page letter, telling him the complete story as I've outlined it and asking him to please, please run my letter to correct a very hurtful and damaging column. Crosby never acknowledged the letter, never made any retraction. I made up my mind then that for all his wit and writing talent, here was a bad newspaperman. From that column of his stemmed the legend that our show didn't pay performers.

In eight years, as I remarked earlier in this piece, I've paid out more than $10,000,000 to performers and others who make our show possible. The highest fee was $32,000 to Goldwyn for the 1955 Guys and Dolls preview. The top fee to an individual performer is the three-show deal I currently have with Elvis Presley for $50,000. The next high-

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est was $13,000 to Sonja Henie in 1952 for her TV debut in an ice spectacular.

Then, you may ask, if you're a conscientious veteran newspaperman, Sullivan, how did your own feud with Arthur Godfrey start? What malicious thing did you write in your newspaper column?

The Godfrey feud, in fact, had no basis in anything I ever wrote about his TV career. In eight years, I think I've talked to Godfrey face to face exactly three times. On a fourth occasion, we "met" over a TV set in his Boston hospital room in 1953, when I served as guest M.C. for the hospitalized personality.

Months later, on June 14, 1953, for our fifth anniversary show, I contacted Larry Puck, then Godfrey's right-hand man, and asked permission to bring over to our stage the Mariners, Julius La Rosa, Frank Parker, Haleloke, LuAnn Simms, Janette Davis, the McGuire Sisters and Tony Marvin. Puck called back next day and said Godfrey was perfectly agreeable. I then suggested that inasmuch as Godfrey's dancing coach, Harry Rogue, and his writer, Lynn Duddy, had been very nice to me when I was subbing for Godfrey, that I'd also like to engage them for a night's salary.

Puck suggested that the top salary for this single show should be not more than $350, in line with Godfrey's salaries. I refused. I gave $1,000 to Duddy, $1,000 to the Mariners, $750 apiece to Parker, La Rosa, Marion Marlowe, Misses Simms, Davis and Haleloke, $750 to the McGuires, $500 to announcer Tony Marvin and $500 to Harry Rogue. The group did one spot on our anniversary show. Everybody had a swell time, and that, I thought, was that.

The Godfrey gang waited in the wings for me after they exited. Haleloke, apparently the spokesman, kidded: "Mr. Sullivan, you've got to come over to our show or we'll come over to your show."

That night, when my wife Sylvia and I went out for our usual late Sunday-night dinner after the show, I told her what Haleloke had said in the wings. "Maybe Godfrey's big happy family isn't happy any more," I suggested.

FOUR MONTHS LATER, early in the morning, our phone rang. "It's Marlo Lewis," said Sylvia. "Says it's important." I got on the phone.

"Ed," said Marlo, "Godfrey just fired La Rosa. Fired him on the air, during his morning show."

"It's some sort of a publicity gag. It must be."

"No," said Marlo. "It's on the level. The whole CBS building is buzzing with it."

Still disbelieving, I phoned Frank Barone, La Rosa's lawyer. "What the hell goes, Frank?" I asked. "Is what I've just heard from Marlo on the level or . . ."

"The kid's fired," he interrupted. "Wait a minute, he's just come into the office. He's crying, Ed." I could hear him call to La Rosa: "Take it easy, Julie, take it easy."

"Tell La Rosa to stop crying, Frank. I'll use him on our show next Sunday night and I'll give him a six-show deal."

"Julie," yelled Frank. "Ed's willing to take you on his show. Here, talk to him, quick."

I gave him $3,000 a week, far more that he ever got on the Godfrey show, and it was the cheapest and best buy I ever made.

Because of the prominence of Godfrey on the air and his bizarre method of firing the youngster before millions of listeners, and because La Rosa, a young Navy veteran, was so well liked by TV fans, the story had hit page one from Maine to California. Editorials were written, newspapers' Letters to the Editor columns were jammed with indignant epistles.

Our Sunday-night show rolled up one of the greatest ratings we ever recorded. Trendex gave us 47.9 to the competition's 11.2.

In line with my own analysis of show business, instead of teasing our audience by delaying La Rosa's appearance, immediately after Art Hannes introduced me I said: "I know what you're waiting for—ladies and gentlemen, Julius La Rosa." The audience whistled, cheered, applauded. La Rosa, obviously nervous and a little choked up, sang Eh

Sullivan-Godfrey feud, one of most celebrated in television, didn't start until 1954. Here they are in happier days. Ed once substituted as M.C. for hospitalized Godfrey

Cumpari and I'm Sitting on Top of the World. And he was off on a new career. He and I became good friends, real good friends, and we still are.

Did the Godfrey-Sullivan feud start then?

No.

Did it start when Godfrey fired Marion Marlowe and I instantly signed her to a term contract?

No.

I'm certain that Godfrey, as a showman, realized that I signed them because these performers were page-one copy. He did make some wry comments on the air, I understand.

The feud started when Godfrey, piloting his own plane, was charged by the CAA with buzzing the control tower at Teterboro Airport. That was in January, 1954. To me, both as newspaperman and a regular traveler on the airlines, this was a shocking thing, particularly from a semipro flier who'd sold himself to the public as a friend of aviation. In fact, at times you got the impression that Godfrey had helped the Wright Brothers build their first aircraft.

I waited for Godfrey to make a full and complete apology. Now I shouldn't have expected that because he just won't admit he's in the wrong, ever. For example, an apology after the La Rosa firing, a wholehearted invitation to Julius to return, would have squared Godfrey with the American public.

In his buzzing of the Teterboro control tower, Godfrey did more than refuse to apologize. On the air, he suggested that Fred M. Glass, director of aviation for New York's Port Authority, in charge of metropolitan airports, is "picking on me, because I'm a big name. Probably he wants to run for governor of New York State."

AT THAT POINT, as a newspaperman, I started my own investigation. On January 16, 1954, after the most exhaustive probe, I ran this column in the New York Daily News. It was entitled The Godfrey Case.

"On Nov. 1, 1949, the control tower at Washington, D.C., National Airport ordered the flier of a P-38 to make a left turn and circle the field. He disobeyed, violated the traffic pattern, crashed into an Eastern Airlines DC-4 and killed 55 people, including veteran airline pilot Captain Charles Hazelton, Tammany leader Mike Kennedy, New Yorker cartoonist Helen E. Hokinson, Massachusetts Representative George J. Bates and 51 others.

"So the flippancies of Arthur Godfrey, in answering charges of reckless operation of his DC-3, taking off from Teterboro Airport are shocking. Godfrey is 50, hardly the age for a hot-rodder.

"The Teterboro control-tower log gives a sinister pattern to Godfrey's flippancies. I asked the CAA if, following the hairbreadth escape of control-tower personnel, Godfrey had radioed an apology or explanation to the men he had endangered.

" 'The control tower contacted Godfrey immediately,' said the CAA spokesman. 'They asked him if the plane was out of control, or in trouble.'

"What did Godfrey reply?

" 'No, that's just a normal Teterboro take-off,' said Godfrey.

"That contemptuous reply to the control tower best illustrates Godfrey's major weakness, his inability to apologize. But this time it has caught him in the backfire. . . . Godfrey is sensational on a TV screen. But there's no place for sensationalism in flying. That is for the birds."

That is when the feud started!

No statement in that column ever was challenged by Arthur Godfrey, or ever has been challenged. Godfrey's license to fly was suspended by the CAA on March 16, 1954; it was reinstated September 17, 1954.

My feud with Godfrey wasn't initiated by some unfavorable criticism of his work on TV. It started in the public interest, because as a newspaperman I suspected that unless some writer expressed himself strongly, Godfrey's "big-brass" friends might smother the charges in Washington. If you think not, consider for a moment that even after a second offense in the air at Chicago on September 7, 1955, when an Ozark Airline pilot charged officially that the entertainer's plane had passed too close to the commercial plane, Godfrey's "big-brass" pals actually arranged a helicopter ceremony in New York City and gave him an award for his services to aviation!

(To be concluded in the next issue)

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By HELEN DAVIS SZOLD

Miss Bangs and the Professor

He met her in the moonlight, and she was lovely, and before long he knew he'd do anything for her—anything, that is, but put a worm on her fishhook

PROFESSOR LLEWELYN stopped typing and sighed. There it was again, that noise, that nerve-racking noise. He would have to put a stop to it or he would never finish Chapter Seven of The Ghost Screamed Ouch! tonight.

He removed his horn-rimmed glasses, blinked his mild blue eyes a few times and, slowly unkinking his long frame, ambled out to the screened-in porch of his rented cabin.

It was a beautiful summer evening, soft and scented, with a thin slice of moon riding high in the sky. The main lodge was disgorging a few late diners, but they were comfortably distant and in no way impinged on the professor's privacy.

What did impinge was the sight and sound of a curly-headed boy casting from the pier that the two cabins shared. The light was getting dim but the professor could make out a pair of blue jeans, a turtle-neck shirt, and some of the worst casting he had ever seen.

He clicked the screen door behind him and started out onto the pier. The figure turned around and it wasn't a boy. Unmistakably, it was not a boy. For a moment the professor and the girl stared uncertainly at each other. "Good evening," she said. "Did you want something?"

"Uh—yes. Excuse me." He reached over, took the rod out of her hand and pushed a little button on the reel. "The click," he explained. "You were casting with the click on."

"The what? Oh. Well—thank you."

"Not at all. Good night."

"Good night."

As he left the pier he turned and called back, "You won't catch anything. It's too late."

"I don't care."

Whirrrr went the reel, more quietly this time. A backlash. The professor

"Excuse me." He took the rod out of her hand and pushed a button on the reel. "The click," he explained. "You were casting with the click on"

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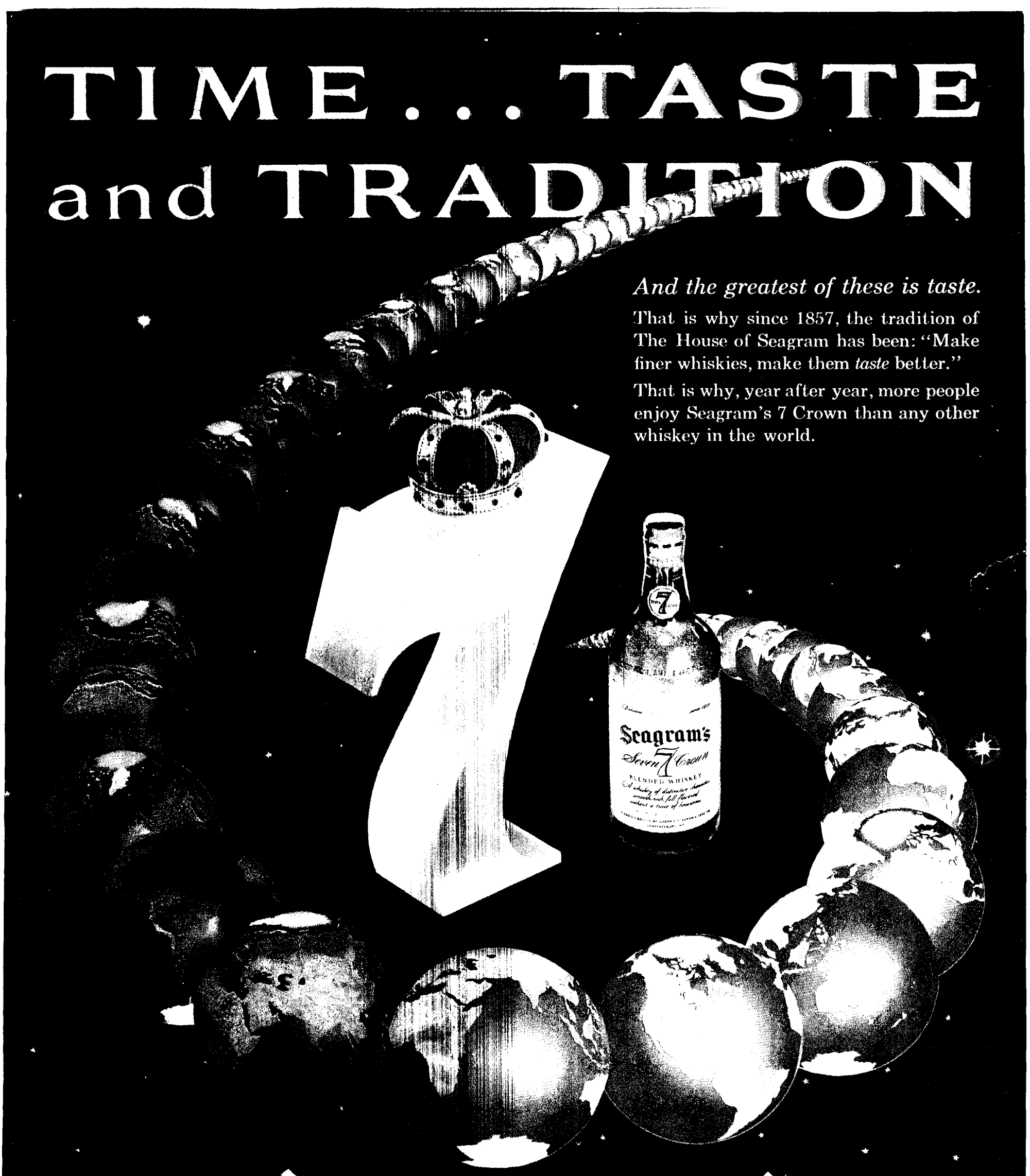

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shuddered and mounted the steps of his cabin.

He was soon absorbed in his work again, but occasionally he would pause and then he would hear the girl still casting. It wasn't the sound that bothered him now, but the stupidity of it. He felt sorry for her.

AT FIVE THIRTY next morning when he came down for his usual dip, he found her on the pier again. She was almost hidden behind an enormous tackle box. Startled, he said, "Have you been here all night?"

"Not quite." She was concentrating on tying a red-and-white plug onto her line.

"Haven't you got a leader?"

"A *what?*"

"You know, one of those wire things you fasten to the end of your line. Then you just snap your bait on. It's sort of a safety-pin arrangement. Here"—he sat down beside her—"let me look."

"My goodness," the girl said. "My goodness." She was staring at the professor's muscular body with a curious light in her green eyes. "Who would have guessed it? You're really quite—uh—well, I mean, clothes can be deceiving. I'm Jean Bangs."

"Llewelyn," he said, grinning shyly, "Harlan C."

"C. for Christopher?"

"For Cadwallader." He rummaged through the tackle box until he found a leader. His mild eyes twinkled at her. "Only a professor could admit to having a name like that."

The light went out of her eyes. "Oh, a professor. How nice." She slammed the tackle box shut.

Harlan looked puzzled. "Is something wrong?"

"Oh, no, not a thing. I just love professors. Who takes care of *you?*" She shook her head. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that. Only—well, my father is a professor, my two brothers are professors. Did you ever keep house for three professors?"

"No." He chuckled. "Is it that bad?"

"Bad! It's unbelievable. I don't know what they'll do when I get married, and it worries me to death. All those jokes about absent-minded professors! People think they're just jokes, but let me tell you, they're true—every one of them!"

He wanted to pursue the subject further but she looked so stormy he lost his nerve. "There. You'll be able to change baits easily now."

She smiled up at him. The sun glinted on her copper curls with almost indecent familiarity. "Thank you. I don't really care, of course, but what do you teach?"

"English literature. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to swim and get to work."

"Me too." The grim note was back in her voice. She picked up her rod and swung it in so dangerous an arc that the professor, whose reactions were good, dived immediately into the water. When he came up he sputtered, "Would you mind telling me—uh—what this is all about? Are you so fond of fishing?"

"I hate fishing!"

"But—"

"Arthur," she said. "I'm doing it for Arthur. Now, go away, please. I have to practice."

The professor swam off, still bewildered but strangely happy. In fact, he felt wonderful. He hadn't felt this good since he had sold his first mystery story. Under a pseudonym, of course. Edgarton College did not encourage its professors to write whodunits. On the other hand, neither did Edgarton College pay its professors very much. This quieted Harlan's occasional feeling of guilt and inspired him to dream up one blood-curdling plot after another. His stories usually had a campus background, which permitted him to kill off trustees, heads of departments and alumni with satisfying regularity.

That evening, he whistled the Toreador Song as he rummaged for clothes. A handsome pair of dark green slacks and a tan silk sport shirt were hanging in the closet. He shoved them aside, then pulled them out, grinning as he remembered his married sister Fran's exasperation when she had insisted he buy them, along with a pair of brown-and-white summer shoes.

"Really, Harlan, you're impossible. Why do you want to go around dressed like an undertaker's assistant all the time? Dark suits, black shoes, stiff collars, those awful ties! You're the stuffiest *young* man I know! Do you ever have any fun? You know, *fun?*"

Harlan had considered the matter. "Yes, I believe I do. I enjoy the concerts, and bridge with you and Steve, and, well—"

She had sighed and made what to him seemed a completely irrelevant remark, "You ought to get married."

He smiled now as he thought of it. Married. Was that fun? None of the married people he knew ever looked as if they were having much fun. Anyway, young women made him nervous—except in the classroom, where he could keep them at a distance and remain in complete command of his subject and his shyness.

Besides, he had a suspicion of which he was vaguely ashamed that they were spending the best years of their lives learning all the wrong things. Once he had stopped a lecture on Carlyle's prose writings to ask how many young ladies in the class could cook? A lot of giggles, one timid hand raised, and a bold glance from a bosomy girl in the front row had caused him to abandon the subject quickly.

AS HE dressed in his new finery, he realized that he hadn't heard the girl casting for several hours. Could she have packed up and gone? The thought should have pleased him but he had a queer hollow feeling inside. He was probably just hungry.

As he walked into the dining room, he heard her voice. "My! The male of the species in gorgeous plumage."

He spun around. "You didn't go away!"

She looked puzzled. "Was I going somewhere?"

"Never mind. Would you join me in a cocktail, Miss Bangs?"

"Oh, I suppose so." She sounded bored. "Why don't you sit down here?"

"Thank you, I will." He was amazed at himself. He didn't feel the least bit shy with this girl. She was obviously so disinterested in him that it relaxed him completely.

They ordered drinks and dinner. The professor could not help noticing how nicely her tan contrasted with the white off-the-shoulder blouse and dark skirt she was wearing. He also liked the straw belt encircling her slim waist and the straw shoes with the ridiculous green heels. He raised his glass, blinking pleasantly. "To Arthur."

She looked startled, then she laughed. "All right. To Arthur."

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"Who is this mysterious person who sends you forth before the crack of dawn with rod and reel? Not to mention keeping you up until all hours?"

"Only the most wonderful man in the whole world. My fiancé."

Once, Harlan had been kicked in the stomach during a college water-polo match. This was worse, much worse, because he hadn't known he was going to feel this way. All the glow had gone out of the evening.

He swallowed and looked out across the lake. The sky was darkening and the black rain clouds were coming up fast from the west. It would storm tonight. He felt silly in his green trousers. He wanted to go back to his cabin. Instead he said, "Arthur is not a professor?"

"Heavens, no!" The idea seemed to amuse her. "Arthur is a businessman. Insurance. *He* takes care of *me*, and it's the most wonderful thing that's ever happened to me. For the first time in my life I don't have to make decisions. Arthur always knows his own mind."

"Is it an interesting mind?"

She raised her chin. "Brains can be an awfully overrated commodity, Professor Llewelyn. A girl likes to feel—well, protected—able to lean a little."

"Oh. A clinging vine. I get it."

"You don't get it!" She bit into a cracker with unnecessary vigor. "And my father and brothers don't get it, either—" She broke off and drained her glass in a very unladylike gulp.

Harlan brightened. "They are not impressed with Arthur?"

"They're polite," she said bitterly, "and vague. Just to annoy me they talk about all kinds of crazy things when he's around. Glandular monstrosities, muscle-bound athletes, zombies." She smiled and an enchanting dimple appeared in one cheek. "But they really are sweet when you know them, only terribly helpless and off in another world most of the time. Arthur will learn to be patient with them."

"I hope so," Harlan said gently.

Miss Bangs leaned forward and a wave of woodsy perfume caused the professor to swallow again. "You're really awfully nice," she said. "Could I ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Well, do you think a wife should enjoy her husband's hobbies? What I mean is, if she doesn't know a thing—that is, how to do the things her husband likes to do—should she learn to do them so they can become companions, you know, real companions? I mean—"

"Miss Bangs," the professor said, raising his eyebrows, "if you were writing a theme for me, I would be forced to mark it incoherent, repetitious, ungrammatical and—"

She laughed, a clear bubbly sound that surprised them both.

"Obviously Arthur is an expert angler," he said. "Is that it?"

"Oh, yes. He's marvelous at all sports—hunting, sailing, skiing, golf, just about everything. But fishing—well, he's won all kinds of fabulous prizes. So we talked it over and Arthur decided—"

"Uh-huh. I remember. Arthur makes all the decisions."

MISS BANGS frowned. "Actually we *both* decided that I should learn to fish before we were married. Only I can't get the hang of it and I really don't like it very well. Is that awful?"

Harlan nodded gravely. "Makes you practically an untouchable. Didn't he offer to come along, give you a few pointers?"

"He would have loved to come with me, but he had to do some business entertaining. Arthur is a very prominent man." She looked proud in a lonely sort of way. "He'll be up this weekend. Do you think I've made any progress, Professor?"

"No," Harlan admitted.

"Oh, dear, oh, *dear*."

"Come now, it isn't as bad as all that. You still have several days."

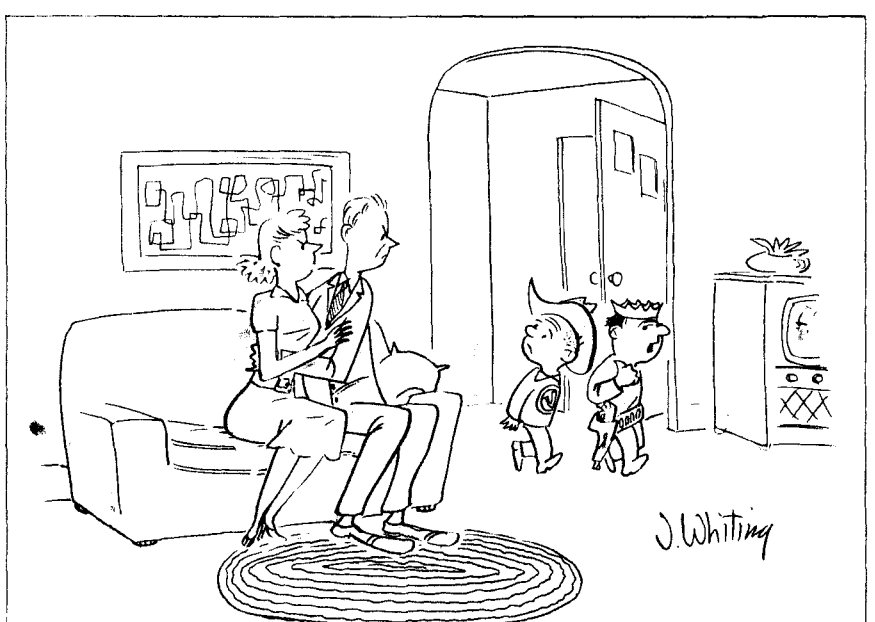
But she was not listening to him. "If Arthur's disappointed in me, I'll die, I'll just die, that's all."

Harlan cleared his throat. "I suppose since you are taking so much trouble to learn his favorite hobby, he is learning yours?"

Miss Bangs crushed out her cigarette and looked at the professor, really looked at him. He was eating his ice cream. "Don't be absurd," she said coldly. "I don't do anything interesting at all. I like to cook and sew and I simply adore making jelly. Now how could Arthur—"

"*I* could," said the professor, losing himself helplessly in her green eyes. "In fact, I imagine making jelly could be very—uh—stimulating."

She stiffened. "You really aren't as



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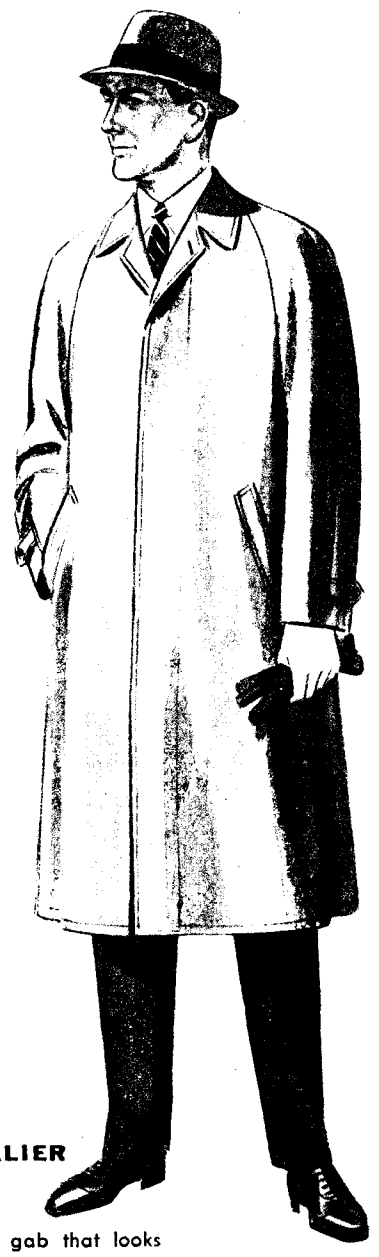

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nice as I thought you were. I must be going. Please don't disturb yourself, Professor. Finish your ice cream."

"Miss Bangs! Wait—" He rose but she was already halfway to the door, her full skirt swishing.

Oh, well. Harlan sat down again and filled his pipe. He did not want to think about Arthur. He did not want to think about anything.

THE storm broke the way Minnesota storms usually break—a flash of lightning, a clap of thunder, and every light in the Camp went out.

Professor Llewelyn accepted it as he accepted all matters over which he had no control—calmly. He looked in the least likely place he could think of and naturally the kerosene lamps were there, filled and ready for use.

He arranged two of them around his typewriter and walked over to the window. The rain was pouring down now. There was no light in Miss Bangs's cabin. Ten minutes later he looked again. Still no light.

The professor debated with himself a few minutes, then put on a poncho and splashed his way to the next cabin. He pounded on the door. "Miss Bangs!"

"Who—who is it?"

"Professor Llewelyn. Please open up, Miss Bangs."

She opened the door a crack. "What do you want?"

"Are you all right? Why don't you light your lamps?"

"I'm quite all right." But she sounded scared to death. "I couldn't find any lamps."

He shook some of the water off himself and stepped inside. "If you don't mind, I'll get them down for you."

He put a chair in position, climbed up to the topmost cupboard and struck a match. In the far corner behind a bolt of oilcloth, an old coffeepot and a piece of chicken wire he found the lamps. He didn't realize Miss Bangs was standing so close. When he stepped down from the chair, one of the lamps struck the side of her face.

She moaned softly and clapped a hand to her cheek.

"Miss Bangs! Are you hurt?" Harlan stumbled around in the dark. "Wait a minute, just wait a minute until I get one of these damn' things lighted." His hands were shaking and he had difficulty holding the match to the wick. Finally, a soft glow illumined the cabin, and he examined the bruise. It was at the corner of her eye and already swelling. Harlan was so disturbed he did the only thing he could think of. He leaned over and kissed the bruise gently; then he kissed her hair, the tip of her nose and her mouth. Not so gently.

"Professor," she said faintly, "you're getting me all wet."

"Am I?" He kissed her again.

"Please," she whispered, "please go home. Right this minute. I don't know what's the matter with me." She stared at him for a long moment. "Yes, I do know. You're sweet and darling and insidious just like that—that menagerie I left at home. And I won't be trapped in anything like *that* for the rest of my life!" She pushed him out and slammed the door—hard.

THE next morning he was far out in the lake when he saw Miss Bangs waving to him from the pier. Apparently, she wanted him to swim in. Since he wanted to swim in very much, that made everything fine—until he swam close enough to see her staring disconsolately into a tin can.

"Good morning," she said, not looking at him. "I wonder if you would help me for a minute?"

"What have you got in that can?"

"Worms," she said in a small voice.

Harlan sank to the bottom of the lake and stayed there as long as he could. He could not stand the sight of a worm. It was a weakness he deplored and nobody could explain it, not even Freud.

Then his lungs were bursting and he had to come to the surface. She said, "Oh, I'm sure the bottom of the lake is very interesting, but would you show me how to put a worm on my hook?"

"I wouldn't bother with that yet, Miss Bangs. Your casting—"

"Arthur is arriving this evening. He just phoned."

"What? So soon?"

She blushed. "He misses me."

"Oh! Well, then I'd better tell you what to do. You grasp the worm firmly by the head—"

She held out the can to him. "Which is the head?"

"The thickest end." He sank under the water again.

WHEN he came up he avoided her furious eyes. "Miss Bangs, just insert the point of the hook in the tip of the head and slide the worm right around the hook."

She peered at the slimy, writhing mass. Harlan shuddered. "Are you cold, Professor?" she asked.

It was no use. He would have to tell her. "No. I can't touch one of those things, that's all. I don't know why but I can't."

She nodded. "I know how you feel. I can't either. But I must."

She closed her eyes, clenched her teeth and reached into the can. The professor watched in helpless fascination as she tried to pull out a worm. Three times it slipped between her shaking fingers and when she did get one out, it gave a convulsive slither and fell through a crack in the pier.

"Couldn't you even hold one end for me?" she pleaded.

Harlan looked at her pale face. She was slowly turning an odd shade of green and the bruise from last night was very noticeable.

He reached up, took the can of worms in his right hand and flung it far out into the lake. "You aren't going to go through this," he said, "not even for Arthur!" Then he swam off, hating everybody, including himself. . . .

The rest of the day he worked furiously and ineffectively. By evening he was too tired to go up to the Lodge for dinner and decided to make himself a

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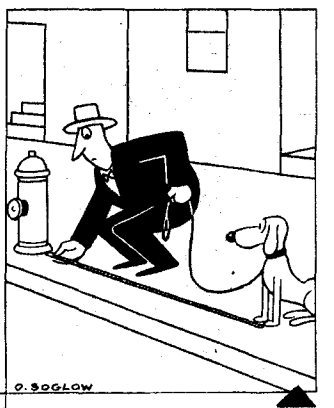
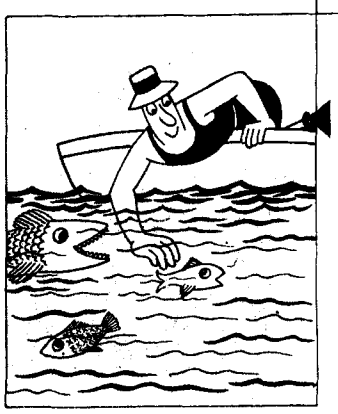
It's the Law!

By Dick Hyman

It is against the law to snore at night in Coral Gables, Florida.



In Sheridan, Wyoming, it is unlawful to permit any dog to stand closer than ten feet from any fire hydrant in the city.



It's against the law to catch fish with the hands in Newcastle, Pennsylvania.

It is illegal to sell cornflakes on Sunday in Columbus, Ohio.

an American feature

Has your state or town some curious law or ordinance? If so, send it care of It's the Law! to Collier's, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York. For each contribution accepted and published, the editors will forward a payment of $5. No contribution can be returned.

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couple of cheese sandwiches. He tucked a cold bottle of beer under his arm and walked out to the end of the pier, where he turned one of the canvas chairs around so that he could watch the sun set over the lake while he ate.

As the magnificent pinks faded into oranges and golds and purples, he thought about Miss Bangs. He did not want to, but he could not help it. How silky her skin had felt under his lips, the exciting fragrance of her hair—

Suddenly he heard her voice and then a man's. He had almost forgotten—this was Arthur, of course. They were coming down the pier.

Harlan huddled down in the big chair, wishing himself a thousand miles away. He heard Miss Bangs say, "You mustn't expect too much." She sounded strained and anxious. "Darling, couldn't I—well, wouldn't tomorrow morning be a better time?"

"Now, Jeannie, of course not. I want to see how well you've done. Hurry up, it'll be dark soon."

"But—"

"No buts," the deep voice cut in authoritatively. "That's the way Arthur wants it, baby. Catch?"

"Yes, all right. Just a minute."

Harlan felt slightly nauseated.

There was silence, then Harlan heard her reel run out. It was a short cast and, from the sound of it, a bad one. The evening was immediately shattered by a booming laugh.

"No," gasped Arthur, "oh, no! I've never seen anything so funny! That form—" Another paroxysm of laughter seized him. "What I'd give for a camera! Jeannie! That *form*—"

Arthur was indeed a big handsome guy. He had a mouthful of very white teeth, a mane of crisp dark hair and a thick powerful body. Miss Bangs was standing frozen. Suddenly, she started to fling the pole into the lake.

Arthur grabbed her wrist just in time. "Now wait a minute, baby. Don't get sore. I'll teach you—why you'll be the best damn' fisherman in the whole Northwest and Canada before I get through with you!"

"That's what I'm afraid of," she said. "Let me go, Arthur. I've decided I don't like to fish."

"Huh? Did you say *you don't like to fish!*"

"Yes"—her voice was rising hysterically—"I don't like to fish. And I don't like you very much, either. We—we've made a terrible mistake—"

"What are you talking about!" He spun her around and there was an ugly note in his voice. "What kind of mistake? You're *my* girl, Jeannie, and you'll do what I tell you to do! Understand?" He kissed her roughly.

THE professor waited long enough to make sure that Miss Bangs did not wish to be taken care of in this manner. Then he ambled down the pier and touched Arthur on the shoulder. "I wouldn't do that if I were you," he said pleasantly.

"Jeannie, who is this character?"

Miss Bangs drew a shaky breath. "Professor Llewelyn—Mr. Peasley."

"Oh! Another brain. Well, all right, Professor, just keep moving. This is a private conversation, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind," Harlan said, "If Miss Bangs doesn't."

Arthur stepped forward. "Look. Move along. You're interfering in something that's none of your business."

"This is my pier too." Harlan removed his glasses and slipped them into his pocket. "Uh—Miss Bangs, would you care to take a little stroll?"

She hesitated, and exchanged a long delicious look with the professor, during which she blushed, paled and blushed again. "Yes, thank you, I think I would," she said.

"What goes on here?" Arthur doubled up one big fist. "What the *hell* goes on here?"

Arthur swung the fist. Professor Llewelyn faded back, did some fancy footwork and delivered a hard left jab to Mr. Peasley's stomach. Arthur gulped, the professor helped matters along with a neat right cross to the jaw. Arthur sat down.

"Why, Professor!" Miss Bangs's eyes were shining.

Harlan grinned and rubbed his knuckles. "Boxing team, Dartmouth forty-six." He extended his hand. "Come along, Miss Bangs."

Arthur's color was still not good but he staggered to his feet. "Where do you think you're going?"

The professor tucked her hand under his arm. "We," he called over his shoulder, "are going to make jelly."

—HELEN DAVIS SZOLD

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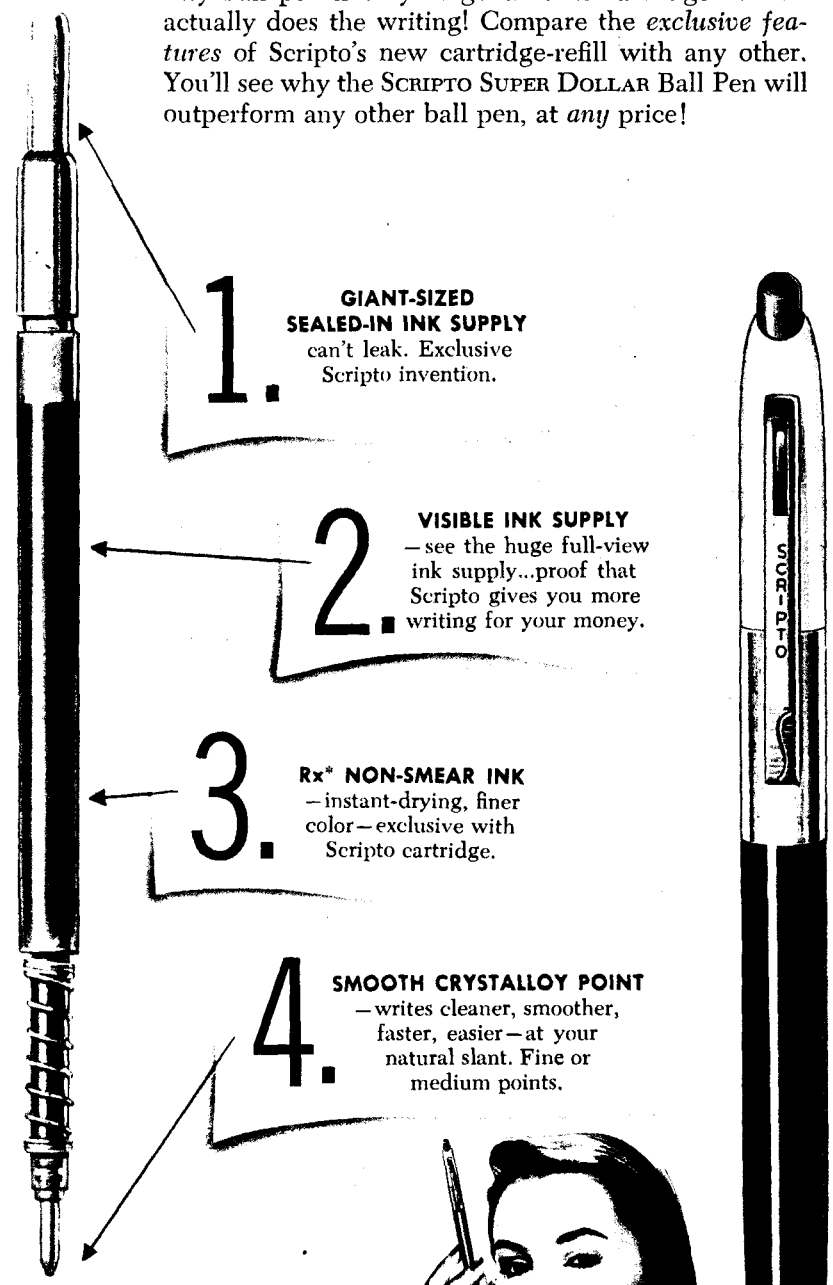

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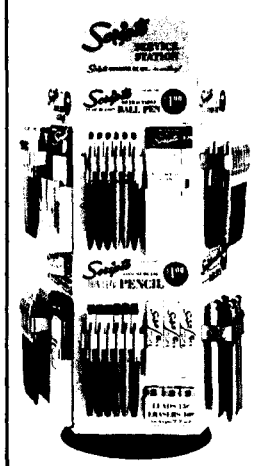

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This classically beautiful hairdo is called Poppaea by the salon. Softly coiled to the head, it achieves a turn-of-the-century effect of calm femininity. With it, Dresden liquid make-up and Perfect Bright Pink lipstick

The Long Look from Paris

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL VACCARO

The French—a nation known for its ability to understand women—are showing in the new fall fashion collections a delightful knack for understanding men. Soft fabrics, clinging lines, a decidedly "undressed" look and—welcome news to the American male—long hair, all will contrive to make the '56 woman in a man's life gently pretty. Abetting this idea is the new Paris salon of Charles of the Ritz, where hair stylist Philippe and make-up authority Danielle Arghayd worked hand in hand with the great *couturier* Pierre Balmain to bring this exciting preview of the Paris fall styles to Collier's readers. Balmain's lavish, lovely, female clothes—like the Fair Lady styles featured in Collier's August 31st issue—signify the whole new attitude among women toward color—clear and jewel-like; manners—soft and winning; make-up—light and flowerlike; hair—long or giving the effect of length (wound up, sometimes plain, often trimmed with jewelry or flowers). Make-up and hair styles shown here can be duplicated in Charles of the Ritz salons in leading American cities.

One of Balmain's many short, bare evening gowns, this velvet has a gently flared draped skirt. And with it, the long dark hair is swept severely to the left in an all-on-one-side coil

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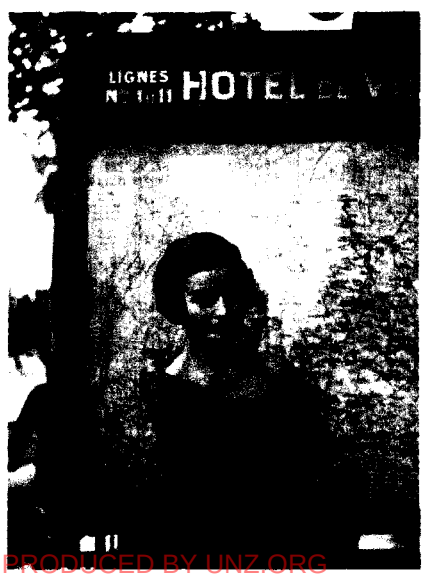
MAKE-UP AND HAIR STYLES BY CHARLES OF THE RITZ

Photographed on the Champs Élysées, Balmain's pink cheviot suit worn with huge muff and fur hat deep enough to enclose long, coiled hair

Here the hair is a short length, called Madame Tallien, brushed into the long-look style. The embroidered dress features flowing satin stole

Neat, brushed, coiled hairdo shown below looks like American girl's short pageboy. Enveloping stole is in red silk this time



Back on the Champs Élysées: Pierre Balmain produces a black velvet suit, handsomely collared in white ermine. Perfect Camellia lipstick is soft in tone

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